Jan. 25, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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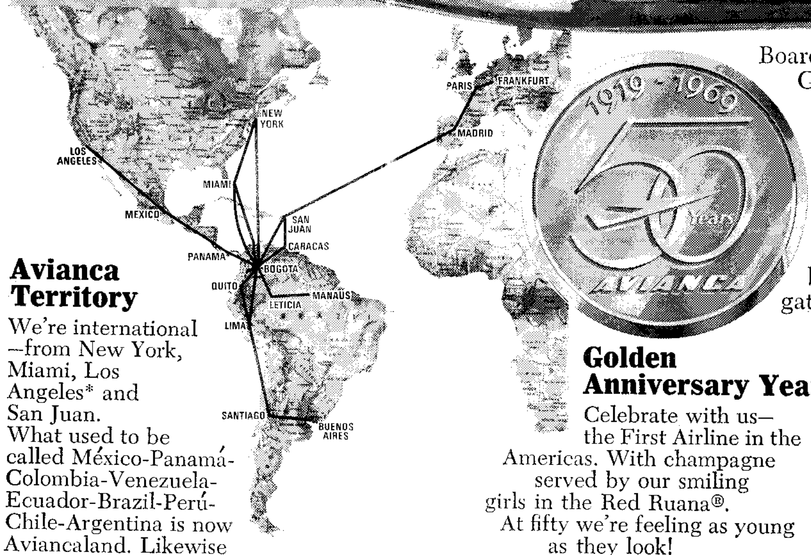
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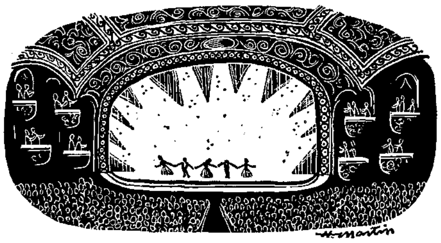
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Sean O'Casey's COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 27-28, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 30-31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is given over to the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cities in Bezique—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Fire!—A play by John Roc, with Peter MacLean, Carolyn Coates, and Roy K. Stevens in a cast directed by Charles Werner Moore. Previews Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:40 and 8:40; Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3; and Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of the Jules Feiffer play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Mother Lover—Eileen Heckart, Larry Blyden, and Valerie French are the entire cast of Jerome Weidman's comedy. Directed by Mr. Blyden. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 30. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2.... Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)...¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—Charles Dizenzo's AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2.... John White's BANANAS: Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8.

Riot—A workshop production from Boston about the current Negro revolution. The energy and violence are strong, but the theatrical effect is almost nil. Weekends only. (Broadway United Church of Christ, Broadway at 56th St. 245-5587. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8.)

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Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The company does well, Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki being particularly good. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. May close Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Tango—An English translation of Slawomir Mrozek's Polish comedy. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

2 from Column A—A double bill ("History," by Martin Duberman, and "Next," by Terrence McNally), directed by Elaine May. Preview Thursday, Jan. 23. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 24, at 7:15. (Stage 73, 321 E 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... PLAZA SUITE: Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... THE PRICE: Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy. Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, and Kate Reid compose the family, and David Burns is a funny old outsider. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)... SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply moving evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Celebration—A musical with book and lyrics by Tom Jones, music by Harvey Schmidt, and a cast that includes Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith. Directed by Mr. Jones. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on mu-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 49, January 25, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
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sical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Get Thee to Canterbury—A musical based on Chaucer's tales, with a libretto by Jan Steen and David Secter, music by Paul Hoffert, and lyrics by Mr. Secter. Previews through Friday, Jan. 24. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Horseman, Pass By—An annoying show in which seven quite good actors recite, sing, and generally monkey around with the poetry of William Butler Yeats, unfortunately to its detriment. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Red, White and Maddox—Jay Garner in a musical written and staged by Don Tucker and Jay Broad. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 25. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

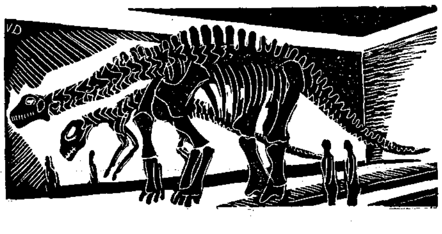
Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** An account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey plays him. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "La Source Pas de Deux," "Fantasies" (première), and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Variations," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:15: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Concerto Barocco," "Tarantella," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Tarantella," "Allegro Brillante," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:15: "Bugaku" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Dim Lustre," "Illuminations," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Cage," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Illuminations," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," "Fantasies," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Feb 1, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Harkness Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Stages and Reflections," "Sylvia Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Sebastian."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30: "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Abyss," "A Season in Hell," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Moments," "After Eden," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Youth," "Canto Indio," and "A Season in Hell."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3: "Madrigalesco," "Abyss," "Moments," and "Sebastian."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Moments," "Sebastian," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Abyss," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Stages and Reflections," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "A Season in Hell."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30: "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Moments," "Canto Indio," and "Monument for a Dead Boy."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Stages and Reflections," "Moments," and "Sebastian."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "After Eden," and "Monument for a Dead Boy."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3: "Madrigalesco," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "A Season in Hell," and "Souvenirs." (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636.)



José Limón Dance Company—Thursday, Jan. 23, and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: "There Is a Time," "The Winged," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30: "Psalm," "Comedy," and "Missa Brevis." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Monday, Jan. 27, at 7:30; Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:45; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Tocato," "Icarus," "Quintet" (New York première), "Black Belt" (New York première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 29-30, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Blues Suite," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Starting Friday, Jan. 24, the Everly Brothers will share the stage with comic David Steinberg. The Everlys should be pretty good after all these years, and Steinberg is good without qualification. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. From Saturday, Jan. 25, the Colwell-Winfield Blues Band will take turns with a folk singer named Vince Martin. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and music by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 28, Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca will lead a quintet. Both combos are smooth and persuasive. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts,

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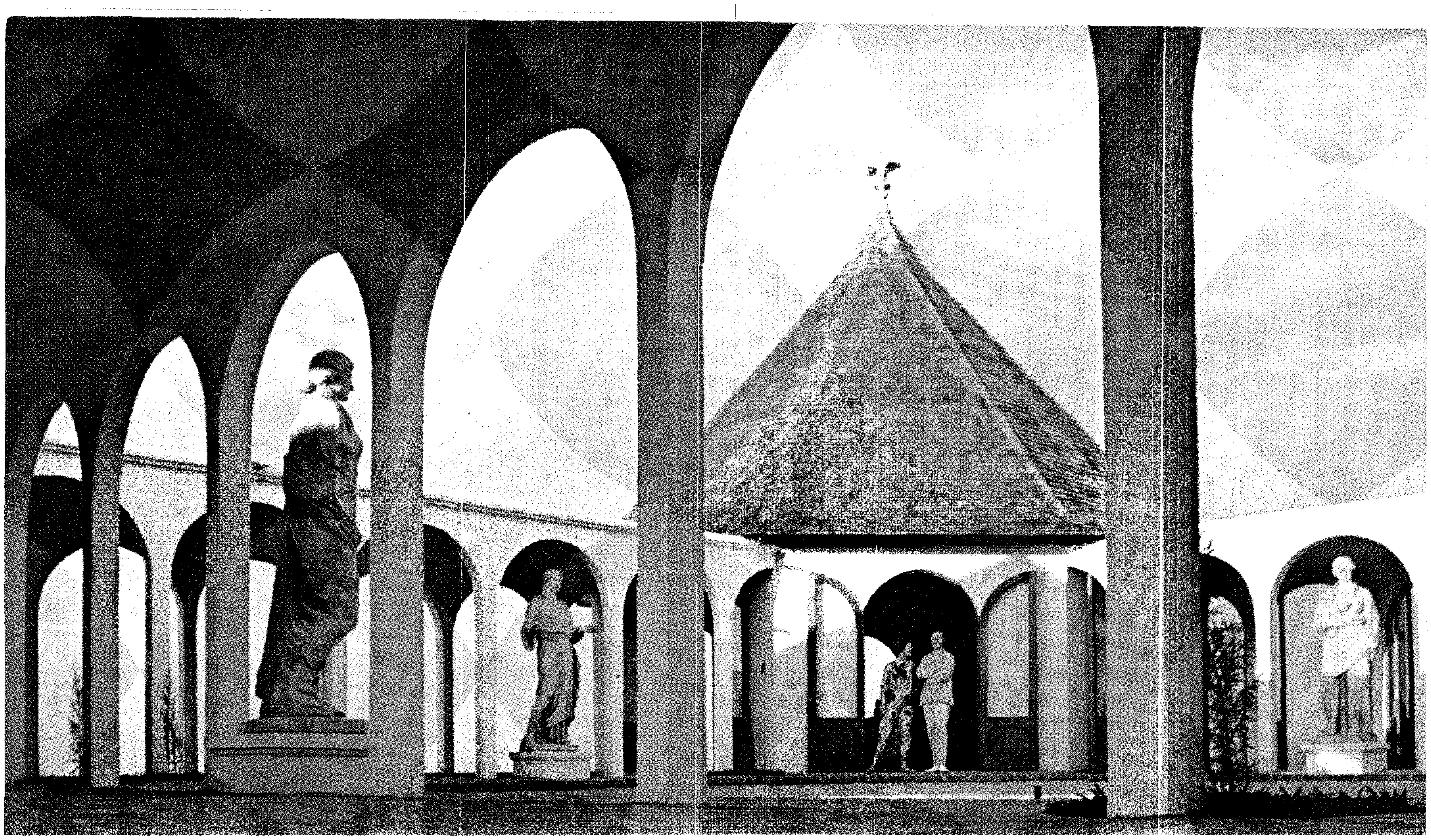

Whenever Mr. Cooper gets bogged down over a sticky design problem, he escapes to Jamaica. Mrs. Cooper likes to go along for the ride.

Jamaica's a great place to go to think. Especially if you have the right place to think in.

Mr. Cooper has the right place to think in. (See above.) It's called El Cerro. And it sits high on a cool, breezy bluff across the harbor from Montego Bay.

It was here Mr. Cooper arrived at the best way to (1) break up the greatest collection of black opals he'd ever seen and (2) redesign it. The original was fabulous but outdated. It had obviously been gathered together and mounted in the 19th Century. It would be impossible to find such superbly matched gems today. Anywhere.

The necklace below is but part of Mr. Cooper's new opal and diamond parure. Along with it are two pendant-brooches, a bracelet, a ring and fabulous drop earrings. Prices and pictures of individual pieces available upon request.

The jeweled Dr. Bird shown below (we're not giving the Latin because we always misspell it) is the latest addition to our Jamaican bird cage. We still have the diamond-eyed 18 karat gold Dr. Bird, $85. And the ruby-eyed 18 karat gold and enamel Dr. Bird, $145. This exquisite creature has a diamond eye and is created of sapphires, emeralds, and topaz quartz, $650.

The charming little rascal starting things off, also a Dr. Bird, is either a spiral brooch or tie tac. In 18 karat gold with a ruby eye, $24.

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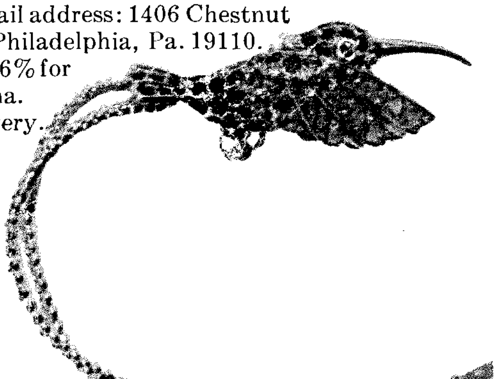

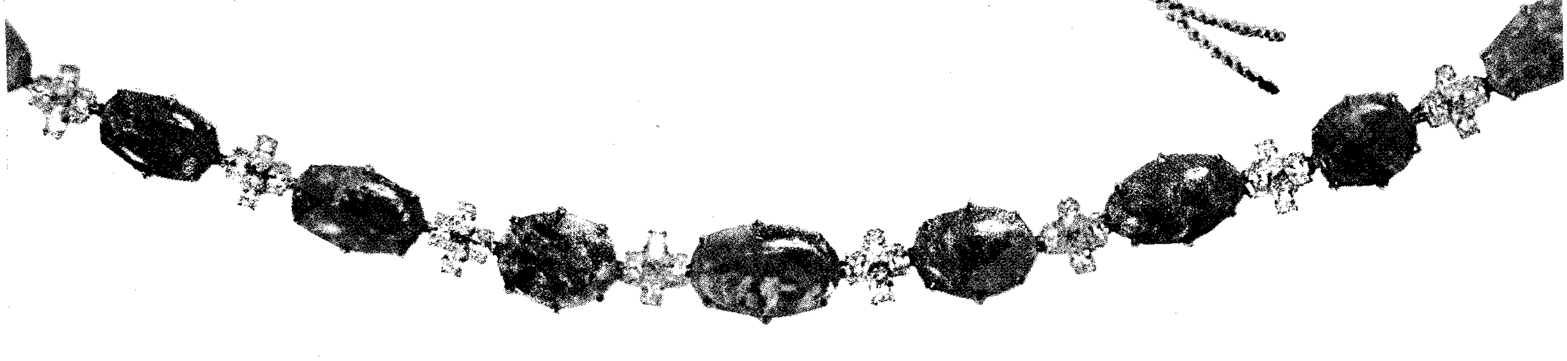

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine-thirty until closing by the McCoy Tyner quintet. On Tuesday, Jan. 28, the Stanley Turrentine quartet will move in. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Jan. 25, a sextet that includes three baritone saxophones, and Sunday, Jan. 26, Frank Foster's concert ensemble. Mondays, from nine to four, are one-night stands for sundry jazz groups.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5 20)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio plays some intricate, if unstartling jazz, for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, Nina Simone will play and sing with her quintet, trading sets with Montego Joe's septet and two singers called the Swordsmen. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, three bands—those of Albert King, Buddy Guy, and King Curtis—will blow a lot of twelve-bar blues in a show called the Memphis Sound. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.) Mondays, starting at eight-thirty, are mixed bags of soul and rock performers.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Beginning at nine-thirty, Thursdays through Saturdays, Thelonious Monk's quartet and singer Novella Nelson perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, Jan. 26, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band performs from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of the Candymen alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, Jan. 28, the Epitomé replaces the C. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system. Dancing from nine to two Tuesdays through Thursdays, as well as Sundays, and from eight to four Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. Alcohol? No.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up (by day it's a restaurant called the Penthouse Club) and filled with sleek-looking people, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Snacks. Dancing to records from ten to three or four every night.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a Brazilian group known as Tamba Four makes some bossa-nova-type sounds. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

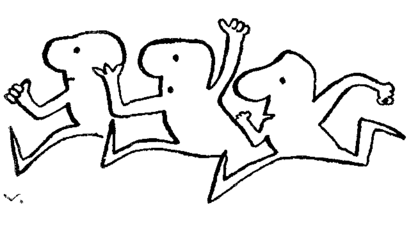
WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Los Banditos do. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Son of Suzy Creamcheese," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Sort of beer-and-skittles. The worshipful company of plumpers for jazz-with-a-tradition assemble at eight-thirty for Bobby Hackett's first reveille. His band is supplemented thereafter by Urbie Green's conglomerate, an excellent second choice, which begins at six-thirty. No noise Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain as day, this décor, but there is a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling the equal-but-separate choreography of the discothèques), permanent dance music, and a modicum of sustenance. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. A triad of bands, the leading (and most Latin) of which is Argueso's, disport themselves. Closed Mondays.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Women's rites, however capricious, are defended to the death, and to the rafters, by Joan Rivers, a practiced barrister. Ten is the usual starting time, but it's nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A meeting of minds and mimes, all of them Mediterranean—Greek, Israeli, Armenian. Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard are the moderators, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the local mini-revue, can't quite make up its mind: when it's good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad. it's . . . Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

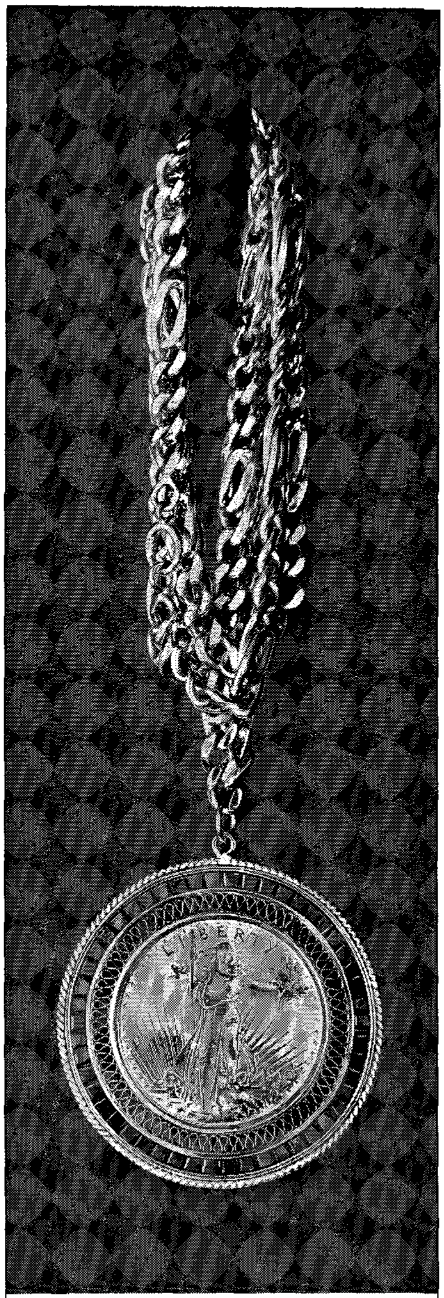
(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Among the winter's pleasures is seeing Shelley plain: the original (in every sense) Shelley Berman of the Second City Theatre years, speaking his words of wisdom in excellent jest. His companions are the Three Degrees, young ladies who, though they must appear solemn as they voice such lyrics as "the unmade beds of dreams that can't come true," are coryphees and sprites of delight. Dinner and supper in the Royal Box for all of them. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The light fantastic cavalry of José Greco, two dozen strong, is in possession of the Andalusian hacienda. Among his supporters, the ones named Luis Rivera, Maria Sota, and Carmen and Justo Quintero deserve, like Señor Greco, an extra accolade. Their last night is Sunday, Jan. 26. Next evening's arrival is Amalia Rodriques, the fado singer who amply represents Portugal's uncrowned royalty. A flamenco troupe from next-door Spain arrives the same evening. Seven nights a week is the scheme here. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the offbeat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Let him who thinks he is without sin cast a stone at Jack E. Leonard, and kindly old Leonard will cast three bigger and better ones back at him. This inexplicably merry give-and-take ends on Wednesday, Jan. 29, and so does the singing of Peggy March, a blessedly gentle swallow. Other players arrive the following night. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music begin as early as ten.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Davidson, whose manner is Foreign Office rather than frenetic, supplies the well-tempered singing in the Persian Room. Dinner and supper are his shining hours; all the rest belongs to the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Mousie Alexander's crew is seething when it plays for listening and sedate when it plays for dancing. The show pieces are the piano-and-song sessions conducted by Hazel Scott, who knows what it's all about. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed



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Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary, and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sky is the only limit on this rooftop, aside from the two-o'clock curfew. From seven until then, Joe Cabot's musicians provide serviceable rhythm. During dinner and supper, there's a bit of floor show involving Frank Sinatra, Jr., a card from the old Pack. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is a night nursery, too, setting forth one novitiate soprano after another during the dinner and supper hours. The current newcomer is Arlene Fontana. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—One has the feeling that the recipes for the humor of Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, the amiable clowners of the Empire Room, have been tested by *Good Housekeeping*, and maybe by time. Their foolery occurs at ten during the week, at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen Friday and Saturday. On Thursday, Jan. 30, they give way to Carol Lawrence, who will sing on the same schedule while she's there. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From dusk until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): How sweet it is to hear a voice grown so infinitely wise! That is, Mabel Mercer, narrating with artful simplicity the best songs we know, and resting lightly on just the equally wise piano of Buddy Barnes. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Sobriety that is nevertheless affectionate, society that is affluent. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West India's coral strand. The comber of the beach speaks fluent calypso. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Dan Ruskin's piano may sometimes be mildly rose-colored, but it has many ideas of its own. No music Sundays. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is so often Second Best, and so are its piano-bars-and-grills, but here, at least, is Charles De Forest, whose tongue and keyboard keep in touch with the bittersweet ways of New York lush life. He lays off Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **Pier 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **Grenadier**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The time of night is always Greenwich Mean. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the jovial sound of late-evening Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Polo Bar**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Four Seasons**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The hall of the mountain kings and the grand panjandrums becomes a conservatory at ten, which is when Joel Shulman sits down, as though he had four hands, at his piano and electronic harpsichord. His effective music goes on until one, and he takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **Umberto**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Stephen Antonakos—One twenty-foot neon barrier; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eugenie Baizerman (1899-1949)—Paintings by the wife of the prominent American sculptor, who died in 1957; through Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Battenberg—Fibre-glass and bronze sculptures of war subjects; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Joseph Binder—Pure abstractions by a Viennese designer; through Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Bliss—Figures and New England landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.

Bill Bollinger—Seven sculptures in various everyday materials; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Carroll (1892-1959)—Paintings by an artist well known in the first half of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Moshe Elazar Castel—Relief paintings representing, by means of lettering and depictions of stone walls, an Israeli artist's impressions of the Middle East; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toni Costa—Diamond-shaped combinations of glass and plastic producing optical effects; through Feb. 8. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Recent drawings by the West Coast figure painter; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier—Landscapes, mostly of Maine; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Feigenbaum—Black-and-white steel and plaster sculptures in simple forms abstracted from nature; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

James FitzGerald—The first one-man exhibition here of assemblages cast in bronze by this West Coast artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Cape Cod and Rockland County; through Feb. 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Ten important paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.

John Hultberg—New paintings in the highly personal semi-Surrealist landscape style developed by this artist over many years; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Philip Jamison—Paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Donald Judd—One room-filling minimal metal structure, and a few smaller works; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent—The artist, now in his middle eighties, presents recent oils and stage and costume designs; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Interiors with figures and landscapes; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Franz Kline—Caricatures of Minetta Tavern habitués drawn during the artist's pre-Abstract period; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done in the past three years; through Feb. 8. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Berto Lardera—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A variety of optical novelties by this maker of gadgets and environments; through Feb. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Clemente Orozco—Vigorous drawings of the human figure; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Ortman—Emblematic paintings and constructions composed of set-in pieces; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Pettet—Abstract paintings in huge dimensions; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Henry Potthast—Landscapes, figures, and beach scenes by an American Impressionist; through Feb. 28. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometric color areas by a veteran New York artist; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Sargeant and Evelyn Taylor—Impressionistic still-lifes by the former, and photo-realistic landscapes by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—A black artist shows semi-Abstract Expressionist canvases and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ernest Trova—New versions of the "Falling Man" sculptures; through Feb. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **bertha schaefer**, 41 E. 57th St.: Large sculptures by Lynn Chadwick, Joseph Konzal, Anthony Padovano, Robert Cronbach, and others; through Feb. 6. . . . **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by five new members of the Guild; through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Examples by Rickey, Bertoia, Chryssa, Donati, Etrog, and others; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Pieces by five California artists; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **artists equity**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by sixteen members of the Association; through Feb. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by twenty realists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **east hampton gallery**, 22 W. 56th St.: A selection of Op art done in 1965 by artists of the gallery; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A ten-foot-long painted and chrome-plated steel sculpture by Robert Hudson; a large painting on the theme of the Negro in American life by Peter Saul; and a suite of lithographs, together with the box for the suite, by H. C. Westermann. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty paintings on a variety of subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings of American scenes and personages done in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by such figures as Copley, Charles Willson Peale, Cole, and Homer; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **nordness**, 236 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve black Americans; through Feb. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: June Hildebrand, Ira W. Schwartz, William Lowe, and Walter K. Gutman; through Saturday, Jan. 25.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **feigen**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works in a large scale by gallery artists, including Hans Breder, Enrique Castro-Cid, Charles Hinman, and Richard Smith; through Feb. 9. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About seventy paintings and sculptures on the theme of birds and beasts by a mixed bag of artists, from pre-Columbian to Andy Warhol and Elaine de Kooning; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—Outstanding twentieth-century artists, from Brancusi, Matisse, and Bonnard to Dubuffet, Mondrian, and Vasarely; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Six decades of Harlem, presented through photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibit is supplemented by the showing in the auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio Gonzalez, pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, an important patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, presents a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The sixteenth national print exhibition, consisting of two hundred works by a hundred and twenty-four artists, the majority of them well known; through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Landscape and still-life paintings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962); through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and thirty-eight drawings from Stockholm, on loan from the National Museum; through March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of English and American manuscripts, 1440 to 1940; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, for instance whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An environmental show which is not only to be seen but affects the spectators' senses of hearing, touch, and smell; starting Saturday, Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

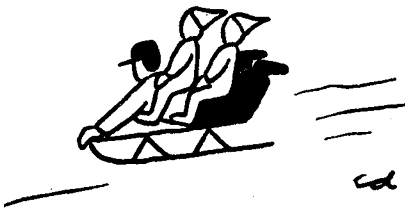
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: A new production of Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Morley Meredith. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Carmen." with Grace Bumbry, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Jean Fenn, Flaviano Labò, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Montserrat Caballé, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Phyllis Curtin, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Montserrat Caballé, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance.)

MANNES OPERA PRODUCTION WORKSHOP—The first American performances of Chabrier's "L'Etoile," in a new English version entitled "The Horoscope." Paul Berl is the musical director and Robert Ackart the stage director. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 24-26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)



ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 27, at 7:30 (all with John Browning, piano); and performances of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 31, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 (all with Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass; and the Westminster Choir).

HAGUE PHILHARMONIC—Willem van Otterloo conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30, with Leonard Pennario, piano; and Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30, with Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Gary Bertini conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 5:45.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30, with Janos Starker, cello; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sir William Walton conducting a program of his own music, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3, and Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MARIO ESCUDERO—Flamenco guitarist. (Spanish Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 9-4747. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Schubert recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Raya Garbousova, cello. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of medieval, Elizabethan, and German baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

LORIN HOLLANDER—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

EUDOXIA DE BARROS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND ROBERT VEYRON-LACROIX—Flute and harpsichord, in a sonata recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-69—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Richard Moryl and Russell Peck. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

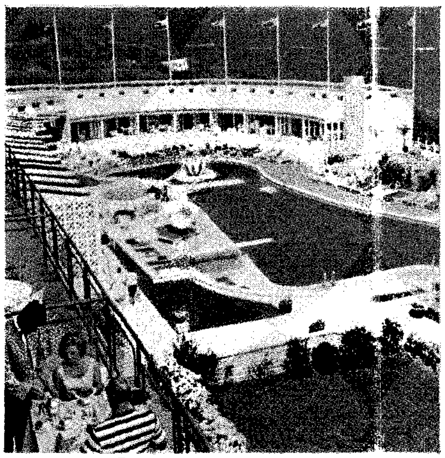
MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Pina Carmirelli, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Thomas Paul, bass; and John Barrows, horn. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

JEFFREY SIEGEL—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

MUSIC OF THE ROYAL COURT—"The Sun King:

1,001 things to do at Elbow:


1. Breakfast on a terrace.
2. Admire the views.
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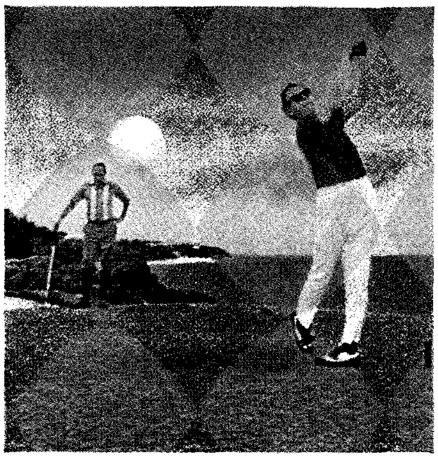
4. Play on the courts.
5. Enjoy excellent service.


6. Take off for golf.
7. Or water sports.
8. Or fishing.

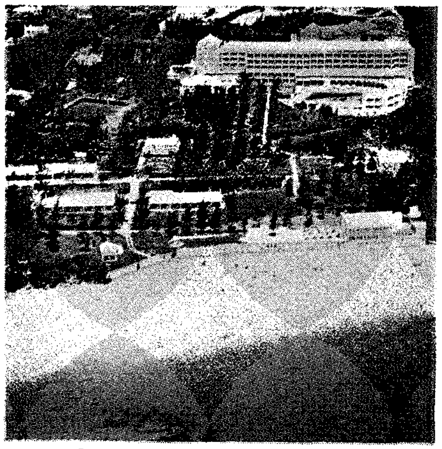
9. Lunch at the Beach Club.
10. Tan on pink sand.
11. Swim in the ocean.

12. Rent a motorbike.
13. Have a picnic.
14. Go sightseeing.

15. Shop in our shops.
16. Feel free to go casual.

17. Discover the swizzle.
18. Dine bountifully.
19. Forget those calories.

20. Go to the nightclub.
21. Dance past midnight.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Louis XIV and Versailles," the first in a series of five programs, this one performed by the New York Chamber Soloists, with Charles Bressler, tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3 1391.)

American String Trio—With Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Note—Janos Starker will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 27, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Doors and the Staple Singers—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Jethro Tull; and Savoy Brown Blues Band—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, and the Move—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Joni Mitchell—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.

Red Onion Jazz Band—Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Jan. 25: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 25.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Jan. 31, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—By the **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau directing the première of "The Triumph of Punch," a children's opera by Ashley Vernon and Greta Hartwig, based on Feuillet's "Life of Punch and His Adventures." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.) . . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil and cora baird's marionettes:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. [illegible]75-0647.) . . . **pixie judy troupe:** "Pinocchio," Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2. . . . ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1 and 3. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4000.) . . . **rod young's puppet theatre:** "The Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Winter Antiques Show—American, French, and English furniture and decorations, exhibited by sixty-nine dealers, plus several complete room settings. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 23-25, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Jan. 26, from 1 to 6.)

National Boat Show—Cruisers, sailboats, and runabouts, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. The biggest vessel is a forty-eight-foot yawl; the smallest is a four-foot Tahitian kayak. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 26 and Feb. 2, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 27-31, from noon to 10.)

Empire International Championship Cat Show—The most posh of pussies. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 25, at 10:15 and 1:45: American furniture and decorations, Tiffany glass and other Art Nouveau, Chinese porcelains, a collection of butter molds, Oriental rugs, and decorations; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 10:15 and 1:45: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gold and jewelled watches and boxes, and Russian works of art; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 25.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "The General Line: Old and New" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "The Peach Thief" (1964), a Bulgarian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 11:30: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 3 and 5:30: "World Without Sun" (1964), directed by Jacques-Yves Cousteau. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Aelita" (1924), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2: "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy; and "Sky High" (1922), with Tom Mix. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Iron Mask" (1929), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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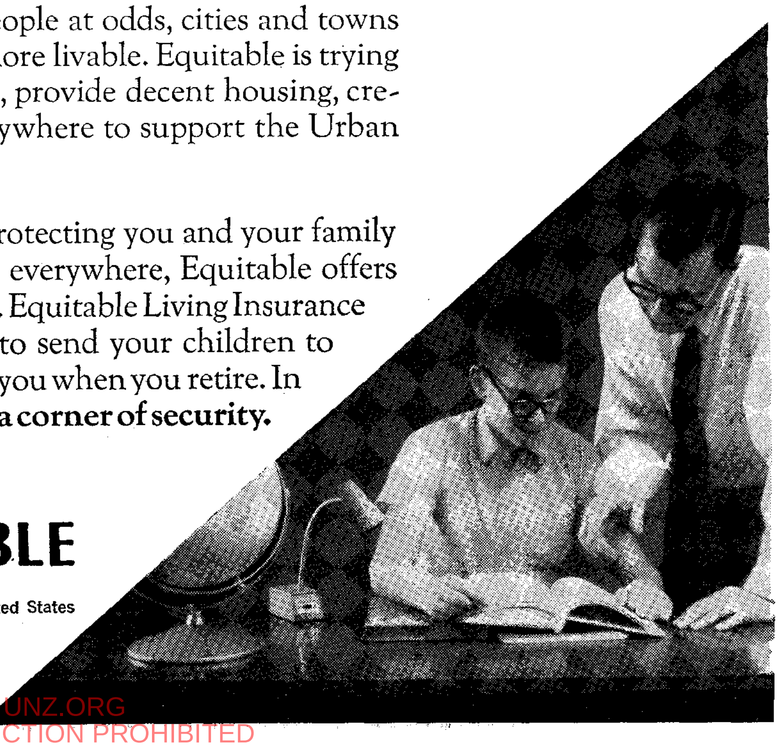

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Symphony B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 29.)

BELLE DE JOUR—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock; he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 28.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 28.)

FACES—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR (1964)—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in Prague during its occupation by an anti-Semitic power. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA -8037; through Jan. 28.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take, but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FUNNY GIRL—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU -1706. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GREETINGS—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 29.)

I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 28.)

THE LION IN WINTER—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 2 5 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 28.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 29.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S—Some good satirical dances and re-creations of traditional routines grace this lightweight, disorganized, yet charming tribute to burlesque. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, and Joseph Wiseman, at his comic best. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 29.)

OLIVER!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

PICKPOCKET (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 25.)

PIERROT LE FOU—Jean-Luc Godard's picaresque narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

PRETTY POISON—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

RACHEL, RACHEL—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bald statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. No afternoon performances Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passion. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

SCORPIO RISING (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23.)

THE SEA GULL—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

SHAME—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

WEEKEND—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Jan. 24.)

ITALIAN
Bakery
S. SCALZO
VOTE
Albert Hubbell

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 28: "The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.
From Jan. 29: "Les Biches" (in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 28: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson; and "A Patch of Blue" (1965), Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From Jan. 29: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; in French), Essy Persson; and "Brothers in Law" (1957), Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
RACHEL, RACHEL. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Jan. 25-26, "A Challenge for Robin Hood" will be shown instead.)

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 28: "Dr ?? Coppelius !!," Walter Slezak.
From Jan. 29: "Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 28: **MATA HARI**; and **CASABLANCA.**
From Jan. 29: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 28: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Dear John" (1966; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Jan. 28: "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian); and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; in Italian), Totò.
From Jan. 29: "The Three Sisters" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
"The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 28: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 29: "Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly, except Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Jan. 23: "Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.
From Jan. 24: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Jan. 25: "The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.
From Jan. 26: "Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher," Felix Aylmer.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein," a documentary film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 25: **PICKPOCKET** (in French).
From Jan. 26: "Bad Company" (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 28: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
From Jan. 29: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and **BEDAZZLED.**

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 23: **SCORPIO RISING** and four other Kenneth Anger films; plus another underground film.
Jan. 24-27: "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Jan. 28: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (1967; in Italian), Virna Lisi; and "To Be a Crook" (1967; in French).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 28: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 29: "Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.

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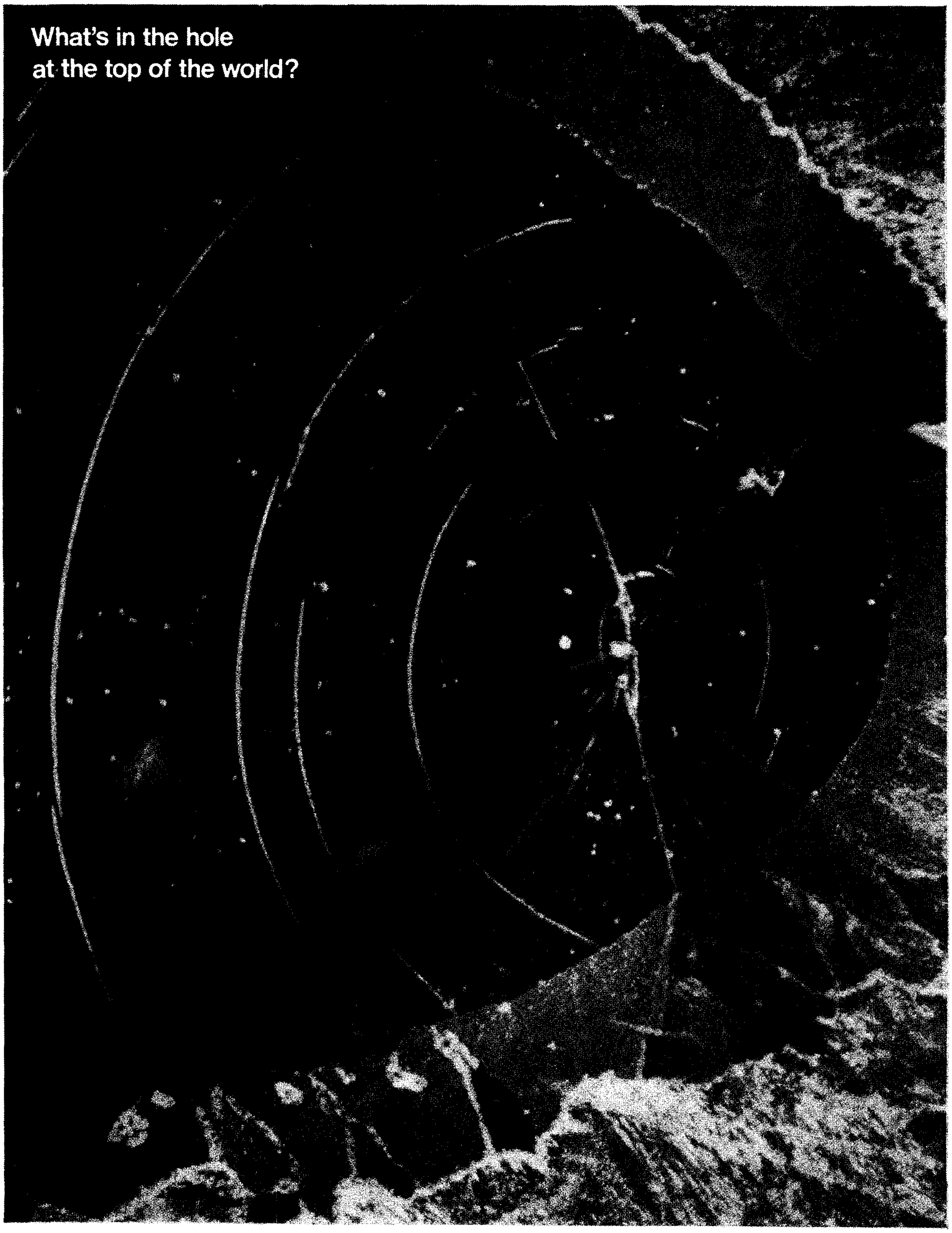

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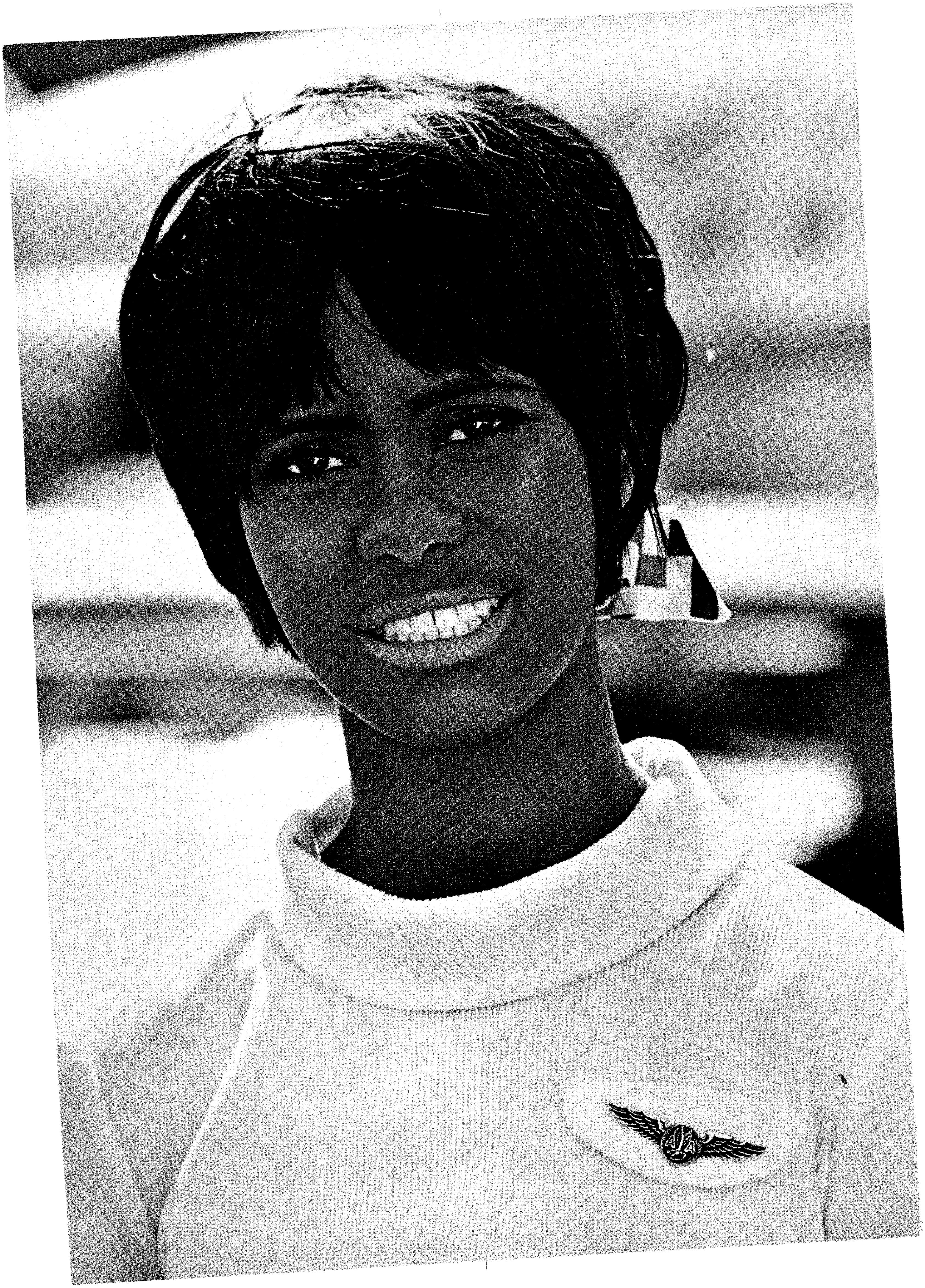

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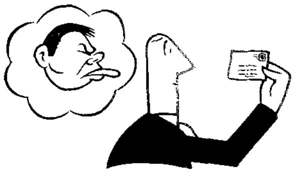
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

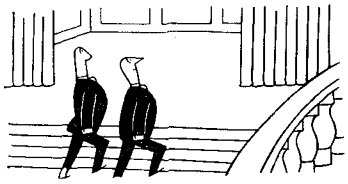
WE have come to look on our desk as something of a battlefield, with each day's mail bringing varied reinforcements, which are always welcomed, at least by the philatelists in our midst. Last week, however, a frail blue butterfly of an envelope descended on us bearing the unfamiliar stamp of the People's Republic of China—a stamp distinguished more by its rarity than by its design. We have not yet passed it along to the junior philatelist next in line, for it seems to us to testify to many things more thought-provoking than those in a philatelist's philosophy. When we commit our private thoughts to the mails, dropping our frail offerings into a chipped and, to all appearances, abandoned mailbox, we never fail to be awed by the immensity of this act of faith—a faith that is, most of the time, sufficiently sustained by the postal services of the world to be considered scarcely worthy of mention by most of our fellow-correspondents, whose lives might be considerably disrupted by any small rebellion on the part of the global post office. In fact, the only recognition generally granted to the postal services of the world is an occasional grumble, whereas everybody ought to be giving thanks for it daily. Our letter from Red China must have been handled by people who certainly do not wish us well, and who had no reason to speed our letter on its way except a basic respect for the institution of open postal exchange. They may even have snarled when they cancelled the stamp, but they did not impede its progress. With international accord so elusive, and with the rumble of international animosity never letting up, we feel we are allowed occasional twinges of despair, and yet we must acknowledge that the postal services at least enable the nations to continue their arguments at a distance, and are, indeed, one of the brightest examples of exactly the kind of international coöperation we hope to see. We have always admired the high poetry of the United States postmen's motto, and this last week we have been wondering whether or not the quilted postmen in the People's Republic of China have to take a similarly lyrical vow when they sign on. In any case, we are carrying our Chinese letter reassuringly in our pocket for a while before passing the stamp along. In the same spirit, we feel like passing along a quiet thank-you to post offices everywhere and to those who keep them going.



Important

A VERY social young friend of ours is growing more and more critical of the invitations he receives, and now consents to attend only those social functions that take place in Architecturally Important Houses. We know his definition of what constitutes an Important House to be quite a strict one, so when he called the other day to ask us to accompany him to a reception at a Very Important House, we immediately agreed to go along. The address he gave us was on Sixty-fourth Street off Fifth Avenue, and when we arrived there we found our friend (dressed rather impressively in a seasoned chesterfield) standing on the steps of a house we can describe only as elaborate. "This," our friend said, somewhat stiffly, "is New India House, the Indian Consulate. We are here to eat samosas, to listen to a sitarist, and to watch politely as Peck & Peck presents its resort and early-spring collection—of clothes, presumably. That is our cover. Actually, this was the house of Mrs. Orme Wilson, and we have come to look at her ballroom. It is a rare opportunity. As a rule, the ballroom of Mrs. Wilson is rather heavily guarded by a pack of receptionists." Our friend added significantly, "Mrs. Orme Wilson was Carrie Astor."

Our friend, who was by this time talking animatedly, told us a bit more about the Wilsons ("The marrying Wilsons," he called them) and a good deal more about the Astors, and then led us across the street, the better to contemplate the façade of the house. The façade, he said, was of molded limestone (elaborately molded limestone) and had been designed in 1903 by the firm of Warren & Wetmore—the architects, also, of Grand Central Terminal. Warren & Wetmore and Carrie Astor taken together, he said, make for a Very Important House. "It is true that there remain some Very Important Houses," he went on, rather sadly. "The troublesome thing is that no Very Important People live in them."



Upon entering the house, we passed into an impressive hall, then went up an impressive stairway and into what our friend said had been an impressive ballroom. Our friend said that it was unfortunate that the Indian government had taken down the chandeliers, and unforgivable that it had painted the panelling green, but that the room was nevertheless a good one. Around the room were scattered a number of little tables, and to one of these our friend led us. The table faced a small podium, where an attractive young lady was introducing some even more attractive young ladies, who were modelling Peck & Peck clothes. The young lady on the podium said that all the clothes showed what she called "the Indian influence." She said that gold and orange would be strong in the spring, and perhaps strong in the summer, too. She introduced a model who was wearing something with "its own little wrap skirt." Other models followed, in bathing costumes that had "the wet-suit look" and didn't seem to us to have been much influenced by anything Indian. Then a model came out in knickers, and an attractive Indian girl named Pallavi Shah, from Air-India, draped a sari on a very tall American girl who had been sitting at one of the little tables at the back of the room.

The modelling part of the thing came to an end soon after that, and we left our friend, who was staring fixedly at the green-painted panelling, and wandered about a bit. We talked with a tall, distinguished-looking man named Nazre Rahman, who said that he worked for the Tea Board of India, and who asked us if he couldn't get us a cup of buttered-rum tea, and then with a young man named Carl Barrows, who had played the sitar during the modelling, and who said that he was an American of Indian descent and that he often played the sitar at fashion receptions. Next, we spoke briefly with Mrs. Ameena Ahuja, an extraordinarily vivid lady, who is the wife of the Indian Consul-General, and spoke at some length with a lady from San Francisco, who said that she always comes to Peck & Peck receptions, because Peck & Peck manages to merge the flair of various countries with classic sportswear. She said that last year the theme of the Peck & Peck reception was Irish and the year before it was Mexican, and that on both occasions Peck & Peck merged the flair of the appropriate country with classic sportswear. This year, she said, she was particularly impressed by what Peck & Peck had done with Indian-inspired prints in Ban-Lon. "Ban-Lon by *itself* isn't very distinguished, you know," she said.

A few moments later, we rejoined our friend, who was looking carefully at the parquet floor, and, with him, we headed for the front door. He cast appreciative glances all about him as we left. We asked him if he was still feeling sad because there was no Important Person for this Important House. "It's not the same thing, of course," he said, "but India, at least, is an important *country*."

Alec McCowen

THE British writer-artist Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, who called himself Baron Corvo, and sometimes Father Rolfe, was a talented and wretched man, and a classic Victorian weirdo, if not a little too weird even for England, where eccentrics have always multiplied like gerbils. His obsessions included a spectacular hangup regarding Roman Catholicism; having been rejected for holy orders, he published a novel, in 1904, called "Hadrian the Seventh," in which he imagines himself picked for Pope—truly a long shot—and institutes a one-man *aggiornamento* that would give the Curia the shudders. Peter Luke's play "Hadrian VII," based on the novel, is now a hit on Broadway, owing largely to an outstanding performance by a splendid British actor named Alec McCowen, who plays Rolfe. McCowen succeeds in turning Rolfe—a sour, hostile man—into a vivid and rather appealing human being; early in the play the audience begins rooting for Rolfe. We went over to see Mr. McCowen one afternoon last week at his hotel, on the West Side, and found him to be a most pleasant man. He is short and slight, with large, solid hands, and he is soft-spoken, considerate, and unpretentious. There is no aura of show business about him. He seems like a man who would make or discover things—a cobbler or a physicist. He is forty-three years old, he is alert and quick, and he laughs and smiles a good deal. The only theatrical quality about him that we noticed—and it was not synthetic—was that when he spoke, the room appeared to close in around him, distractions vanished, and all our attention focussed on what he was saying.

McCowen has won many prizes for acting, but he is not given to talking much about his craft. In answer to a question about how he had constructed the character of Rolfe, however, he did say, "I put it together like a crossword puzzle, line by line. I try not to be conscious of how the character is looking or sounding from the outside. I like to be as unaware as possible. When you start to read a script, you naturally have a visual impression of the character—you see and hear him straightaway—but I've learned to distrust this, because it becomes an impersonation, a character in the Dickensian sense. I try never to set a gesture or an inflection; in that way, I try to be fresh. The physical reaction should vary according to how I'm feeling. Rolfe is a gorgeous part to play. He's someone who gets his wish, and—for the actor—the part runs the gamut. It's a very exhilarating play. I adore the language and Rolfe's sense of humor. In his encounters with his enemies, he always gives them a very satisfying tongue-lashing—something most of us don't think of till later." McCowen smiled. "If I brought anything to the part originally"—his tone suggested that this was questionable—"it was that you could have no play, no patience with the character, unless you felt he was a man of faith, no matter how bizarre. I don't think he's a particularly spiritual man, but his faith sustains him, as someone else's faith in the Democratic Party or in Wall Street might sustain *him*."

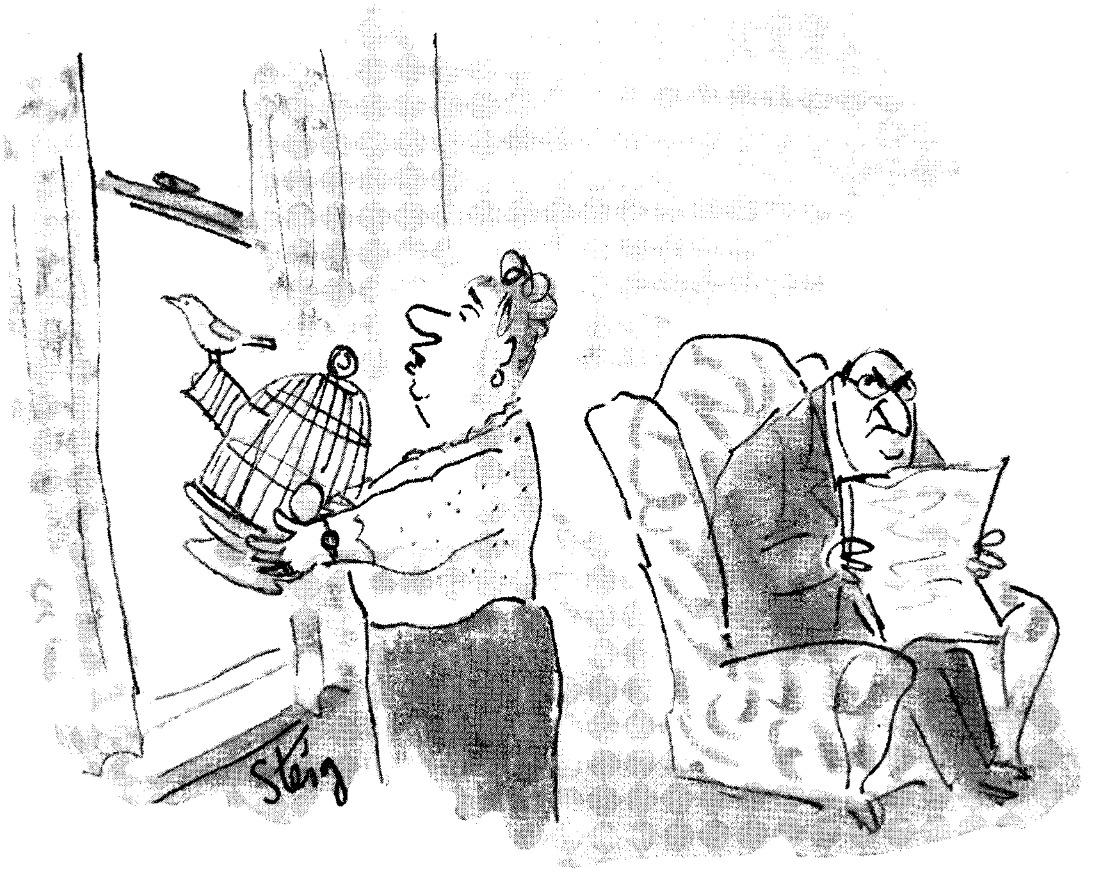
McCowen played two hundred and thirty performances of "Hadrian" in London. "I thought rehearsing here would be very boring indeed, but a new cast demands new reactions, and it freshens me up," he said. "The theatre—the Helen Hayes—is totally different, too. Architecture is very important. The London theatre was oblong, but this one is wide. In London, you never had to think about playing out front; in this theatre, when I'm talking to the right, the left can't see me. Actors are supposed to like playing out front, and my worst instincts *do*"—he smiled—"but I've found that whenever I'm enjoying myself I'm giving a bad performance. If you are having a good time, the audience is not." As the curtain goes up on "Hadrian," Rolfe is sitting in a squalid room, writing, and McCowen said that he actually writes onstage. "I force myself to write something each night. Rolfe had to spend a good deal of his life writing things that he despised, so I write something that I despise."

"What?" we asked.

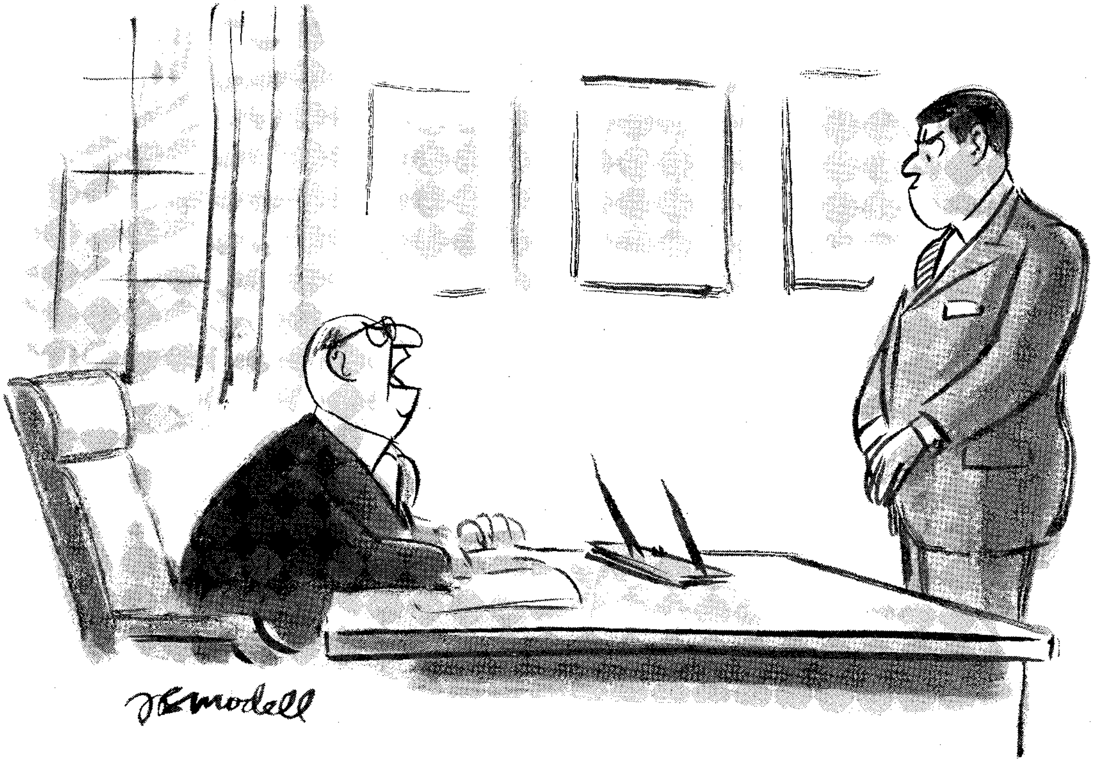
"Oh, I'm usually writing a sickening nature tale," he said. He grinned. "There's a dreadful one going on at the moment—something about Chuffie and Chloe coming out of their holes, and the sun is shining."

McCowen, the son of a baby-carriage dealer, attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art when he was sixteen and then went into repertory. "At the time I left the Royal Academy, where I'd been an indifferent student, there were about three hundred provincial companies in England—a lot of work for actors," he said. "My first job in weekly rep was in Macclesfield, Cheshire, and the theatre was a tiny hall, which always smelled of people. God, it was very high indeed!" He beamed. "I was also the stage manager and prop man; I was the entire backstage crew. Eight performances a week, a new play each week; I was paid three pounds, and saved one. We'd rehearse in the morning, and afternoons were free, but I was always busy with a barrow, borrowing clocks, ornaments, cutlery, and linen for the next week's show. At the opening performance each week, one of the actors would give a curtain speech, saying thank you and announcing the next play. I remember my first time—doing it very grandly, then standing back with the other actors for the applause, and suddenly realizing that there was no one to pull down the curtain. I had to walk over and pull it down. A great hazard was wardrobe. You provided your own clothes, and in that period you had to have morning clothes, dinner suit, tennis whites, and jodhpurs. Actors all had hampers, and you learned to swap. It was very good to get 'seaside rep'—I remember those Victorian piers, like Llandudno, in Wales, where you can hear the sea all through the performance, and sea gulls. Very nice." He smiled. "The rep days were gorgeous things to have done. I did about seven years of weekly rep—fifty-two plays a year—or, if it was very grand, fortnightly rep, and it was most enjoyable, but I don't think I learned very much. In a small town, you are the only company, and there is only one of your type in the company, so there's no competition. You're not being judged, and you can stretch yourself. There was a breed called 'repertory actors,' some brilliant, who thumbed their noses at London. I remember people saying, 'I think I'll use my nasal voice this week,' or 'I'll give the palsied-hand performance,' or 'What walk shall I use this week?' I remember one old actor telling me how to get an 'exit round.' In this case, I was a spy who was shot in the arm as he was reaching for the papers, and I'd stagger off, to no applause. 'If you want an exit round,' the actor told me, 'hold the spot where you've been shot.' " McCowen clutched his arm. "It was true," he said. "I got my exit round." He smiled again. "When I finally got to London, in 1950 I learned I was a terrible, tricky little actor. A tricky actor tends to play for effect, like a conjurer, or play to sympathy, or to enmesh the ladies—not as a character but as himself."

Rep carried McCowen as far as Newfoundland and Burma ("I remember an old theatre in Rangoon. The dynamo failed during a performance, the lights went out, and the theatre filled with bats flapping around. The whole cast hid under a dining-room table onstage, and when the lights came on again, we all had to emerge. Very humiliating"), and at the age of twenty-four he reached London at last and made a success playing a schoolboy. "I found a new hazard—type-casting," he said. "It was very difficult to get out of my teens." He mostly played teen-agers for the next six years. Then, in 1959, on the basis of some TV appearances, he was offered a job at the Old Vic. "I thought being a Shakespearean actor would be quite different—I thought I couldn't do it. But I was forgetting that Shakespeare wrote about human beings, just like any other playwright. I got to love doing it. A great turning point for me was Touchstone—a tough nut to crack. To make this man funny was a big problem. He became funny not from his lines but when he played off other people—that's when he came to life. It was a great year. I was in 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' 'Saint Joan,' and 'Richard II.' I played Oberon, Mercutio, and Malvolio. I've been very lucky for the last ten years. I've played parts I liked. I turned down Henry VI at Stratford—I thought he was a very boring young man. I like a character who can make me laugh. When I was in rep, every town would have a variety hall, and I love to see comics. In the lodgings, incidentally, the landlady would always have a lounge for straight people—actors—and a lounge for variety people. Variety people tend to think that actors are grander than *they* are, and actors tend to think that variety people are cleverer than *they* are. I know *I* do." He smiled again. "Sid Field is the greatest performer I've ever seen. The essence of comedy is worry and trouble, and you're so glad it's not you. Frankie Howerd is a great comic. He has an extraordinary knack of being perpetually surprised. He'll tell a blue joke, and everyone roars at the ambiguity. He glares at the audience and says, in an outraged voice, 'You filthy lot!' " McCowen beamed. "Gorgeous!" he said happily. "I love the old teams, like Morecambe and Wise, and the old routines. Murray and Mooney." McCowen imitated both



"Go! Be free!"



"*We've never doubted your ambition and drive and self-confidence, Higgins. It's your lack of ability that concerns us.*"

• •

voices, speaking terribly rapidly. "'*I* can't do it, *you* can't do it, Lloyd *George* can't do it.' 'Do what?' 'Milk chocolate!' And on to the next gag before you've caught your breath."

It was getting late. We rose to leave, and asked Mr. McCowen how he felt as curtain time approached each evening. "If you're giving eight performances a week, it's important to make each as good as the last," he said. "I hate to give a 'less good' performance. You have a responsibility to each audience. So around five each day I tend to be conscious of eight-thirty drawing nigh. You should empty your mind of other worries." He paused, and added softly, "To be—I don't mean this in a religious sense—to be in a state of grace."

Interest

LAST week, about when Lieutenant Colonel Vladimir A. Shatalov, in Soyuz 4, was meeting Lieutenant Colonel Boris V. Volynov, Lieutenant Colonel Yevgeny V. Khrunov, and Flight Engineer Aleksei S. Yeliseyev, a civilian, in Soyuz 5, some hundred and forty miles up in space, and when Khrunov and Yeliseyev were floating out of Soyuz 5 and were being welcomed by Shatalov aboard Soyuz 4, we were sitting in the East Sixty-seventh Street headquarters of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and facing a white marble bust of Lenin. Two male receptionists, both with heavy head colds, were talking on telephones at separate desks. One was complaining, in English, "I am from the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, and we want to know: Where is the refrigerator you promised to deliver to us today?" The other receptionist was asking Gennady Stashevsky, one of the Mission's First Secretaries, to come downstairs and talk to us. There were four other men in the room, all sitting on a row of folding chairs, all wearing shiny leather jackets, pointed Russian shoes, and fur hats, and all smoking Russian cigarettes, filling the room with the smell of a sharp tobacco. They all had heavy head colds, too, and they were talking about how the flu epidemic was said to be coming next to Russia. Nobody said anything about Shatalov, Volynov, Khrunov, or Yeliseyev.

First Secretary Stashevsky, a calm, round-faced man with Mongolian eyes covered by round, steel-rimmed spectacles, emerged from an elevator and briskly shook our hand. He was wearing a chocolate-brown suit with wide lapels and a navy-blue necktie with narrow gold stripes, and he didn't have a cold. He led us behind the bust of Lenin and into a large, drafty room with Oriental rugs on the floor and with bars against two of the walls. We sat down on a worn gray tweedy modern chair, and Mr. Stashevsky sat on a matching sofa opposite us.

"Where's the excitement?" we asked.

"Why excitement?" Mr. Stashevsky asked, with a little shrug.

"Well," we said, pointing up, "isn't there some excitement about what's going on up there?"

"No," Mr. Stashevsky said. "There is *interest* here. We do not have *excitement*. We have a modest, determined approach. The spaceships connect, and, according to the plan that I heard, some of the cosmonauts go from one spaceship into the other spaceship. And we take another new step forward in our space-flight program. But please don't ask me how. I am not a technical man. I am a politician in outer space." Mr. Stashevsky smiled, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes.

"How did you hear about the plan for this space flight?" we asked.

"I listened to the radio," Mr. Stashevsky said. "I always listen to the station of the New York *Times*, or sometimes to the station that has the 'Music in the Limelight.' I was shaving this morning when I heard on the station of the New York *Times* about the plan to have the connection between the two ships."

"It's so quiet around here," we said. "Isn't anybody talking about the space flight?"

"When my son Sergei came home from school today, he asked me if the cosmonauts had gone from one ship into the other," Mr. Stashevsky replied. "I did not know. I told him to listen to the radio."

"How old is Sergei?" we asked.

"He is thirteen," he said.

"Is he listening to the radio now?" we asked.

"I think he is making his homework now," Mr. Stashevsky said. "We have a small apartment—in this building, unfortunately, because I work here and must spend so much time working. And I have just left Sergei and told him he must make his homework."

"After the homework," we asked, "will you listen with Sergei to the news on the radio?"

"After the homework, Sergei will watch 'F Troop' on television. It is the program with the captain, with the sergeant, and with the Indians," Mr. Stashevsky said. "And I will work."

"When will Sergei learn about what happened to the cosmonauts?" we asked.

"If he does not hear about it on the radio, he will hear about it at school. Every day, at the school we have for our own children in New York the teachers have a review and a discussion of the national and international news. Sergei is interested, but what he is dreaming about for himself is the sea and of becoming a sea captain. Unlike ninety-nine per cent of Russian children, who all want to be cosmonauts, Sergei spends his time building model ships and reading about the sea. He is very serious."

"What do you know about the cosmonauts up there now?" we asked.

"Only what I heard on the radio," Mr. Stashevsky said. "What they are doing shows that the Soviet space program is developing successfully according to previous plans. What they are doing makes the Russian people proud and happy, but our approach does not need to be officialized. It needs no special manifestation." Mr. Stashevsky rubbed his eyes again and put his glasses back on.

"When our astronauts in Apollo 8 orbited the moon, did you care?" we asked.

"At the United Nations, the representatives of the nations meet each other, and when we meet the Americans we congratulate them," Mr. Stashevsky said. "We always congratulate each other. In the United Nations, people work together in spite of their differences. The achievements in space are not of only one country but of humanity as a whole. I am on the Committee on Outer Space, and we are always discussing various matters of coöperation for the benefit of all people. We have been instrumental in drawing up two very important international agreements—the Treaty on Outer Space and the Treaty on the Rescue and Return of Astronauts, both of which have gone into effect. There is an expression in the Treaty on Outer Space—it refers to astronauts and cosmonauts as 'the envoys of mankind in outer space.' They are the envoys of humanity as a whole."

"Do you remember who suggested the expression?" we asked.

"I don't remember," Mr. Stashevsky said. He laughed. "But, I assure you, the words were born on *our* side."

"Do you ever get any advance word of what the Soviet Union is going to do in space?" we asked.

"No. Our scientists do not discuss details of their work in public. We consider such publicity an exploitation of scientific work—work that is done by serious people in a serious situation."

"What are you doing it for?" we asked. "Why do we need orbital stations in space?"

"To get new knowledge," Mr. Stashevsky said.

"And what good will that knowledge do Sergei, for one?" we asked.

"It will give him and his generation a better understanding of the laws of nature for the betterment of the earth," Mr. Stashevsky said quickly. "A Russian scientist named Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who was a very modest teacher of science in Kaluga—a small provincial town in central Russia—before the Revolution, was writing books about making voyages by rocket to distant planets, about orbital stations in space, about the conditions of weightlessness in space. He was the first scientist to write about these things. And he said some important words: 'The earth is the cradle of man. But man can't live always in his cradle.'"

"What happened to Tsiolkovsky?" we asked.

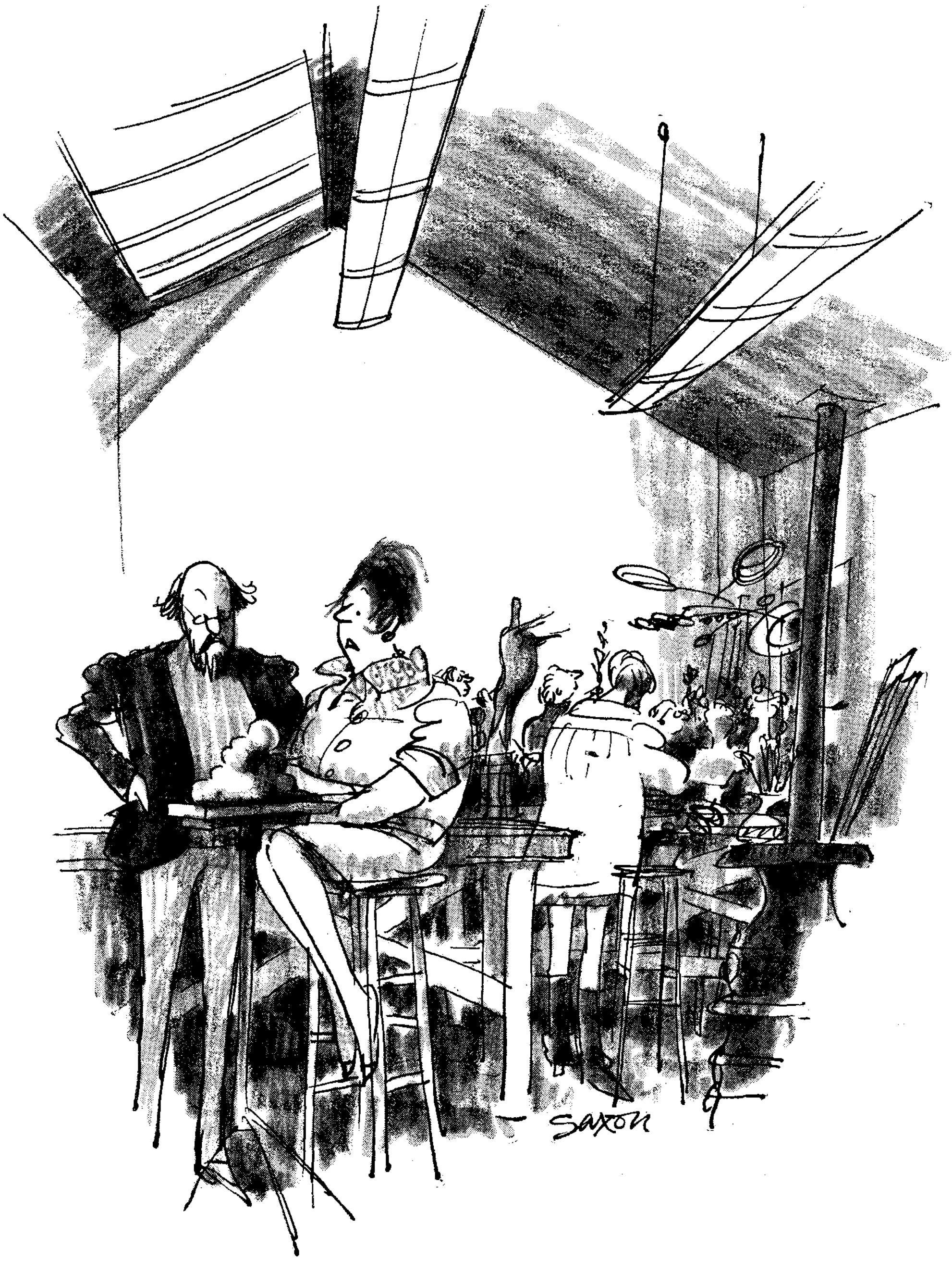
"After the Revolution, Lenin encouraged him to work writing books, full time," Mr. Stashevsky said.

"How did *you* get here?" we asked.

"I am a typical diplomat," Mr. Stashevsky said. "I am a graduate of the Moscow Institute of International Relations. I went there in 1949."

"Where were you born?" we asked.

"In the Amur region, in the far east of Russia," he said. "If there had been no Revolution, I would not be here. I would still be *there*."



"Maybe clay isn't my thing."

HOFSTEDT AND JEAN—AND OTHERS

I

THIS is what happened when one forty-five-year-old professor (of English) slipped into an affair with a twenty-year-old student. Whom he did not quite manage to love. I will try to make it edifying.

The narrative will be colored like a map, according to the geography of my spirit, the prickliness of my temper, my perversity, which I am told I possess to an unbearable degree, my lunges at and occasional capture of intelligence, that armored and fatal lizard, and by those other elements of my desert—sand, rock, sunbaked stone, which surround and protect the oasis, the nerve in the tooth, the exploitable ores of my spirit. Can a man indicate and not vindicate his own geography? My long-dead mother inside the glass museum case of memory is bitter with me still, as she often was when I was small: "Why are you such a fool, Leo? Why do you let people take advantage of you? Why don't you use your head?" I use my head, Mama. She saw my character as having at its center a place where I became the victim, a witless servitor, not clever, and unable to get the best of any bargain.

II

I WAS bicycling in Central Park with my friend Ettringhelm and his wife one Sunday in April just a few weeks after I separated from my second wife. It was too early in the year for New York to empty on weekends: is it possible a million people were in the Park that day? Beneath the watery April sun, an occasional police car or jeep cruised slowly, watchfully, among the bright shoals of cyclists who floated, flushed, moist, openmouthed, above wantonly pumping legs, curiously disowned, jumping knees, and the transparent whirr of wheels. While in the glens and glades and on the paths visible from the roadways a whole other crowd moved, and everywhere there was the delicate dull gleam of skin, among the bicyclists and pedestrians, in the yellow-green shrubberies, and on the black paths and roads: chests and shoulders made block forms among the slyer flickers of necks and legs. The hint of nudity enlivened this catalogue of races, life styles, hair lengths, adolescents in indescribable costumes, this example of urban swarm—cynical, carnal, mixed in degree and grade, and tautly, warily festive. Perhaps, as forty years before, as in the twenties, our national life was a party; money lit up faces and shining legs and made them Japanese lanterns for the celebration of our prosperity. God bless Technology! The clannishness, the new solicitudes, the fragile and tentative anxiety for brotherhood reminded me of a high-school dance. So much was in abeyance, the future pivoting uncertainly in front of us, the past askew or lost, and in the present ambiguously happy disorder any emotion might emerge, any presumption occur.

"When you use a word like that—" Ett said. I had used not "presumption" but another word, some word like "quaint" or "picturesque." Ett is a molecular geneticist, the third best in the country—"the best American-born one," he has said to me with an earnestness that softened the boast and made more patent the disappointment; we were, as I said, bicycling. "When you use a word like that," Ett asked, "is that Camp?"

"You feel I can't use that word normally? That the word no longer truly refers to anything real?"

"Why?" persisted Ett. "Why do you use words like that?"

His wife, Inez, bicycling on his right, Inez who is half Spanish, half Danish (Ett is American-Swedish by descent and marvellously gloomy behind his fair, high coloring), Inez who has large breasts, is short, almost dumpy, who is unremittingly devoted to Ett, who blankets his back and sides with warmth while he stares out into the cold molecular reaches of his discipline—Inez said, "Leo feels old."

She was already puffing a bit from the unaccustomed exercise, although we had been bicycling only a short time; she had pinkened; she pedalled industriously, but she was trailing slightly behind. Ett did not slow to match his speed to hers—she was his handmaiden—and my mind, which is often somewhat out of control and never more than at a time like a divorce, watching her legs pump dutifully, thought, *Rotary votary*.

"Yes. Leo feels old," I said, and speeded up slightly; we were ascending a slight grade not far from the Seventy-second Street crossing, heading north, I believe. I set the pace a little faster because it is my nature to instruct, and at this headier speed they might soon see that time had made us cousins; they, too, ought to feel old.

Ett and I are friends of such very long standing. One keeps one's pike levelled when one is with him and Inez. Ett is a science-fiction, universal-rule-desiring sort, he is both New Left and New Victorian—worthy, self-approving, blind to his past, quick to use the condemnation "outmoded," anxious to substitute for any pragmatics his adored science, science being a mother whose breast teems, a father whose brain will bring us a corrected politics, tranquil psyches, and teach us useful and accurate methods for apprehending reality and fending off death: Ett's science has the attributes of Rosicrucianism. Inez is of the genus of wives that blindly uphold a husband's inanity. I say inanity with affection.

We met at Harvard, Ett and I, he a prodigy of fifteen, I a less prodigious prodigy of sixteen; we were drawn to each other with an almost audible thud, rosy-cheeked freshmen, dazzlingly new-brained and younger than everyone. But I had been adopted by half a dozen boys in my hall as a mascot, whereas by November, when Ett and I finally began to speak—I had noticed him often enough before, he was so short, so blond, so rigid-looking, so young, and so clean—he still knew no one by first name except his two roommates, both of whom he held in contempt, and a boy from Minnesota he had gone to school with and did not much care for, either. Which is to say my loneliness was transcendental—I wanted to be an effectual male, not a mascot—and his was real. Our first conversations were at passionate cross-purposes, Ett complaining in a dry, logical tone of Harvard's backwardness, of the uselessness of most of the studies, of the aged futility of the ideas the professors so proudly, ironically, in clumsy Massachusetts Anglophilia, offered, while I spoke of certain emptinesses that oppressed me, a murderous atmosphere of heartless ambition. I wanted no more splendors of an ambitious kind, no more heroes, but only open and active hearts, while Ett wanted to be a super-hero, the superest-hero of all—he was a Scandinavian with Persian tastes, a boy who spoke of relativity with absolute force—and when I realized this, for I listened to him actually once the initial nervous glare of making friends died down, it was too late for me to disregard him. He was my friend; the train was in motion.

I have a rather terrible drive toward teamwork, which fits into my notion of friendship, and for a while that year I was Ett's team and followers: he was coach, father figure, brother figure, Beau Ideal, and perhaps even Lady of

"Cool it, Conover. Here in Senior City we're all spry."

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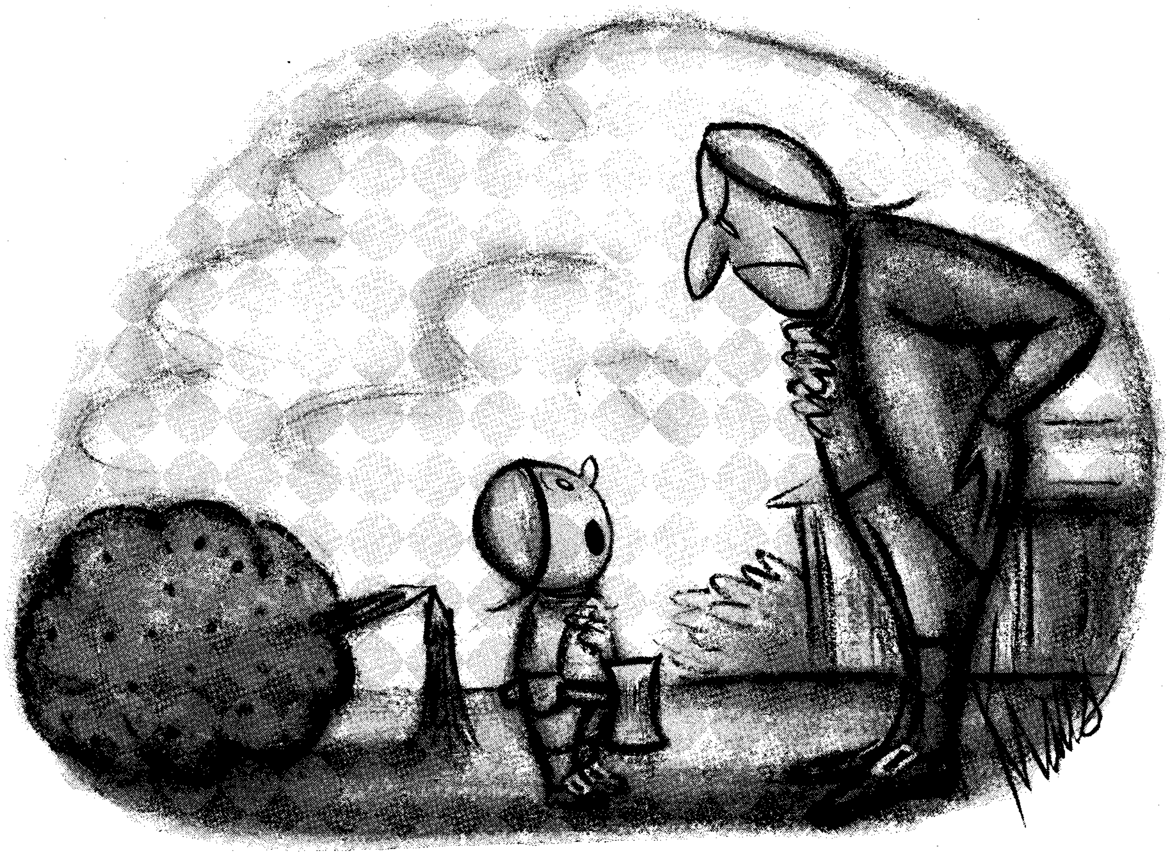
the Lake to me. I went so far as to take chemistry to be near him, and rather self-consciously, like wearing a brother's ruffled shirt, I took to the notion of an Élite; I, too, saw Harvard as a reactionary bastion of daydreams dead at the core. But not much in my nature runs entirely through me—indeed, my life can largely be defined as pauses and rebellions: no state endures. Ett and I, it appeared, were ranked at the top of our class, and Ett insisted we were rivals; he disbelieved me when I said he deserved to be top man, that I was merely facile, and that I wanted him to be top man. He disbelieved me! He thought me ambitious! I had been seeing a maternal and overweight Radcliffe girl, but at that time I shifted to a thin girl from Yonkers, who had what seemed an incurable fever blister: we kissed *around* it, as around an externalized conscience. She egged me on against Ett, saying with angry Freshman Perspicience that I was under his influence. Under her influence I belabored Ett with sarcastic revelations: he was maladjusted; *in any Élite I would be* a more useful member than he because I at least would be able to get along with the other members. "Here comes Lionel Coldheart," I would say when he entered the room; it was the usual masculine antagonism, but with that faint early-adolescent sob in it that fills so much of our fiction, for I had been cast out of Utopia and was bitter at my exile.

He believed my sarcasm, his sense of assurance began to crack, and he took to reading treatises on human psychology, especially when my grades began to inch ahead of his, which they did because I spoke to everyone and "everyone" supplied bits of such scholastic lore as which professors liked foreign-language quotes in papers and which ones thought them precious. Also, I listened to the professors, and Ett did not. I admired his integrity, his thoughts were his own; I was intellectually corrupt, and quite thoroughly at the head of the class. Ett could no longer treat me as the first of his disciples, and he had no equipment for dealing with an equal; his solution was to look up to me briefly, then down at me, and to treat me—with averted eyes—like a mascot. It was then I discarded any predilection I had for a notion of an Élite.

We settled into a pattern that has endured with parenthetical irruptions of simple and intense affection until the present day, a pattern in which—aha—many threads are woven. He will say, "Fiction is outmoded. I only read fact. When I read novels, I skip and read only the sexy parts."

"Ah," I reply, "I never do math at all. . . . You know, sex is to a modern-day novelist what social ethics were to Dickens. Sex is what we study, it is the area of our competence—" I keep on until Ett cannot miss the point, which is my claiming a sexual experience and expertise greater than his. Inez says I am good for him, I wake him up. A blow launched by a comparative realist, of my sort, strikes him like a kick in the back of the knee; he *looks* staggered—by the new shape reality takes for him, for all realities are shaped, and a new thought, a new jog in the structure of the life of a man he knows, of the life that man might be living, shakes him.

He does the same for me with such scientific pronouncements as "It is proved that life is an electrochemical accident." He crushes and instructs me, and I require it. In me still, the peculiar adoration of Ett that began nearly thirty years ago continues with adolescent passion, in some floating park out of time, free of sequence; it is as fierce as sunlight, as self-love. Ett *is* a somebody. It is partly a joke: his father burned with ambition in the Minneapolis grain business, and said to Ett as he tossed a softball at him in the twilight, "You can be for science what Charles A. Lindbergh was for airplanes." His father managed to embody himself in Ett like a wasp laying an egg in a spider, or a sculptor working in transient bronze, or someone mailing a thought to coming time; there are ghosts in Ett, and they enlarge him somehow. He may save us all. Or a few of us. But I like the feeling I have when I part from him;



"*Give a kid a hatchet, he's going to chop things.*"

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some of the dust rubs off on me, that traveller's dust he has picked up while edging in his crablike—and crabbed—way through adult years toward a perhaps ill-conceived but still stirring hope (no more defective births if his experiments work out). I do not feel lessened by sharing his sensibility: he has been married only once and been faithful. When he works, he leaves behind this world's fairer aspects—fields, faces, seductions—descends into a dark where he forces his intelligence to pinch ever inward, where he is ever more and more cramped and alone as he steals toward a micro-thought no one has come upon before. It is not what I do at all.

I PEDALLED harder; he caught up, kept up; Inez slipped a bit more behind. Ett and I are fitness-minded; Inez is, too, but chiefly in her mind. I turned and said over my shoulder, "Inez, I think your husband and I are having a race. We'll wait for you farther on."

As I turned, I briefly saw beside the road a not entirely familiar girl, her face set inside coarse-textured wavy brown-blond hair.

Ett said, "We aren't racing." His honesty has areas of clouded interference.

"I was joking," I said, for no reason that was yet clear to me, and settled back and pedalled alongside him; we were on an upward slope, and when he slowed I did not, but maintained my speed and pulled somewhat ahead, whereupon he kept up. I increased my speed modestly; he kept up. He muttered, "You've stopped doing isometrics."

I am moved by fashions in exercises as in everything, and while I was in my isometric phase my wind and stamina were far less than Ett's; however, I had in the meantime switched to Aerobics, and my lungs and heart were correspondingly mightier. Ett had grown used to a noticeable superiority as a bicyclist—which is why, to cheer me during my divorce, he had suggested we go bicycling.

He is short, very muscular still; once, in a dream, he appeared to me as a general and as a dessert, a sweet Napoleon. He strengthened his leg thrust, moved faster, pulled ahead; I pulled even and passed him toward the crest of the hill, saying—untruthfully—"I'm out of breath—whew!" and sailed on downhill. He passed me halfway down; he was not coasting, he was secretly pedalling: I caught him out of the corner of my eye.

It has always been true between us that his long-term determination—one marriage!—is greater than mine, while for anything short term my will and fruitfulness in tactics can beat him; so it was best to avoid racing openly—and he had been the one to deny we were racing—until we were both tired and then to set a short sprint. I am at my best when I am in extremis, which my second wife once remarked was very tiring for everyone and gave one an entirely new attitude toward the question of whether excellence was worth bothering with or not.

I am not competently competitive; like most verbal men, who become judges, after all, or newspaper editors, or politicians of a certain type, I keep avoiding argument by pleading, "But it is obvious"—that is, past argument. I put everything past argument if I can. So a race is a bit difficult for me. My mind wanders. To help myself concentrate, I thought of myself bicycling to win the hand of Inez. It was a mental game. I increased our average speed but frequently said, "God, let's slow down! I don't want to have a coronary."

Our minds interflow, his and mine; we wear each other's thoughts.

I began to practice Yoga breathing, something I had learned during the winter. Near Harlem—or rather, as one turns to leave Harlem behind—the road becomes very steep, with a symbolic aptness. It was there that I said, "I'll race you to the boat lagoon."

The speed with which I pumped up the long hill, the way my wind lasted, the ferocity with which I kept on without looking back attest, I think, to my jealousy that Ett was not getting a divorce. And to my wish that he love me, since he, like most of us, loves best someone he can look up to. His mind is on the stars. In beating Ett, I practically insured a weekly or even twice-weekly dinner invitation. I could hear him—his breathing is distinctive—a very short distance behind me. I saw again, somewhere on my left now, that slightly familiar girl—her face.

I BEAT Ett by a great many yards, slowing down in the end in fear that I had overdone it. I halted on the concrete bridge. The trees around me were in new leaf, shyly *pointillist*, but I hardly noticed. On the boating lagoon, a carefully landscaped spoon of water partly ringed with picturesque and miniature cliffs, moved an enormous regatta: a da Vinci enclosed a Guardi, multitudes of prows and figures on gray, dancing water, a democracy's shabby mock-festival, crowded, sordid, and beautiful.

I briefly glanced at, largely ignored the extraordinary scene.

Will someone one day soon build a model of a human personality—soul, heart, spirit, mind, shifts, magnetic eccentricities, perverse connections? As they build models of molecules? Would such a model show how a victory led to the adoption of certain traits possessed by the defeated, a spiritual cannibalism? To cannibalize—can you imagine such a word? "I'm going to cannibalize two of my essays on Rilke and do a monograph," Malcolm Glick said to me the other day. Never mind.

Ett met Inez during an International Science Congress of some kind, in Copenhagen, and when he returned to New York he came to my lair (I was an assistant professor then) and said, "I have met someone."

I was newly divorced—the first divorce. It pains me now to remember suddenly how young I was. My hands, my God, my hands—I was a great one for clasping my hands in front of me on my desk in those days—my hands were not *thin*. How stupid I was; how cakey, sugary, ill-nourishing, and doomed that last rim of youth is. He said, "I think I've found the right girl, Leo," and there was a glimmer of cakey satisfaction in his handsome, Viking's face. I had, of course, just been parted from a *wrong* girl. Ett said pseudo-scientifically of his find, "She seems sensible." My first wife had not been sensible. I said, "You poor ass," and began to question him, mimicking a cold-minded dean: who were the girl's people, what was her schooling, her attitude toward religion, was she giddy, sexually up-to-date, had he committed himself to her?

He said, "It's half settled. She is willing to put my career first. She's very intelligent."

"I assume she's good-looking."

"She has a fantastic body," he said with a self-satisfaction that made me think, not for the first time, he was incapable of love.

"She does?"

"Fantastic whim-whams," he said. "Her legs are great."

Then at some point his self-satisfaction ebbed; he sat there, in my absurdly tiny office, a squat Viking, and said with half accusation, half envy, "I don't know if *you*'ll think she's so great-looking."

"If she's a good wife to you, I will," I said, staunchly sentimental.

He said, "You know, Leo, the wonderful thing about her is that she's not just passionate, she's also got good sense."

I did not believe him, but I envied him his finding such a girl just in case and his having me for a friend; I had only him.

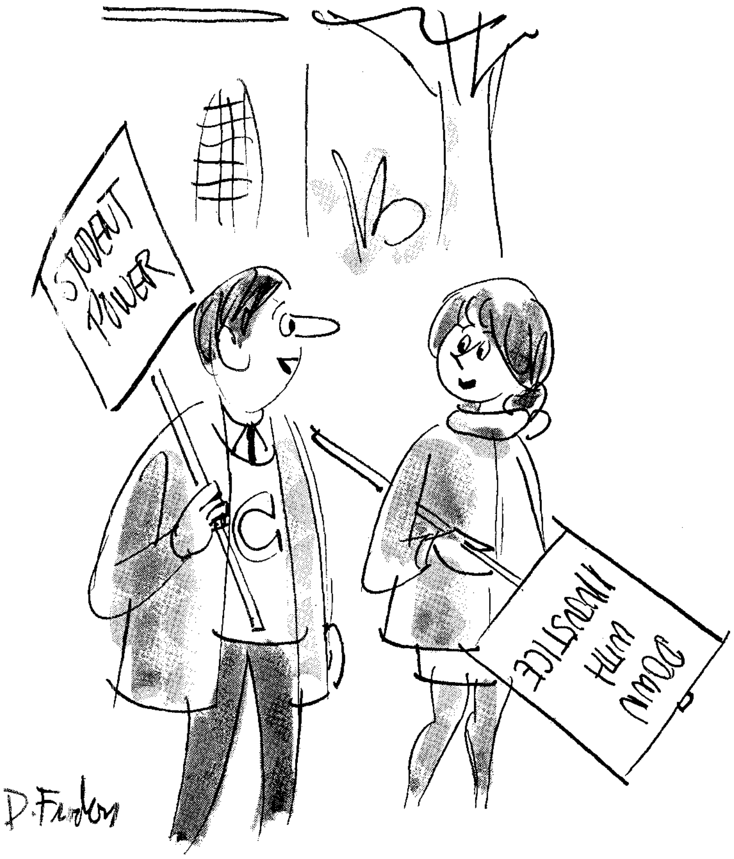
He said, "You've always been flighty about women." I thought, Ah, he and I are father figures for each other.

When we flew to Copenhagen—I was to be best man, of course—and I met Inez, I saw a girl, twenty-two, with a heavy coil of dark hair and blue eyes, slender legs, and a pigeon-y breast—she seemed a bit dowdy, quite proper. Her father was a government official concerned with teaching science or some such thing. But there was in her an astonishing sexuality. At once monomaniacal and pedestrian, she was and is a bureaucrat's Carmen.

She has some good sense, much good nature, and her attachments are profound. Ett, neuroses and all, was always quite sturdy, but he has not been able to stand up to Inez's monomaniacal assaults. Her gaieties can be as earnest and bruising as muggings. Ett has moments of sturdy jollity, but he prefers a smiling, understated gloom. Within two years Inez had reawakened in him his self-doubts. She was a fanatic mother; after their first child appeared, Ett came to see me and said in a defensive, hearty tone, "I'm jealous of my child. I'm going to see an analyst."

I was about to marry the second time, and often felt engulfed in music. I said, "Ett, look at this functionally: you have the aphrodisiac torments of Proustian jealousy without having your wife play around with another man."

But Inez *wanted* him to see an analyst. One looks on and wonders about the interplay of judgments, wishes, vengeances; youth falls away, the thumbnails grow ridged, that moral scrofula the young hate so in their elders sets in, that semi-permanent, delicately power-mad and cool ambiguity. Age! Age! The body ceases to be an ally when one is twenty-eight or so; the next phase runs sourly, corruptly, on toward thirty-five, when idealism often returns, that or a nervous breakdown, and fates begin to be clearly marked. Ett became well known, his analyst became little more than a sycophant, Ett's self-approval soared eagle-like and looked down on all the kingdoms of the earth save that of the two molecular geneticists who were better m.g.s than he. And when he was not grandiloquent Ett was querulous—his insomnia, his diets, his devious colleagues made him peevish, as if he had a vision of himself as a living statue of an eminent and gentle and useful man who was con-



"Susan, may I carry your sign home from school for you?"

stantly being yanked into ungainly poses, who was de-pedestalled by the envy of his co-workers and the frailty of his physical being.

But he climbed back up on the pedestal again and again and did good work. It is not easy to admire him: he is absentminded and selfish, and he approves of his own selfishness, perhaps rightly; he and his analyst have decided Inez is an emotional masochist—God!—but one can observe the war in him between the analyzed monster and the gentle Ett, for he is afraid, whenever he is roused from his self-absorption, that he might be treating Inez badly. He cares for her and does not want her hurt or too badly mauled by time and himself.

She is not much wiser than he. She, too, has been analyzed; if anything, she is more monomaniacal than ever: "I must develop a sense of humor," she will say, frowning. "I am humorless on both sides, Spanish and Danish." She laughs self-deprecatingly, somewhat tragically, although whether more in the Norse or in the Iberian mode I cannot say.

Like paint on a wall, they grow cracked and yellow, those two, but they adhere. Perhaps they are weak and too frightened to change, or lazy; they are certainly not well equipped for adventures; but perhaps also they are good people and sound in some mysterious way: they have stuck not just to the marriage but to each other. They become elegiac about the reasons they don't get along. Inez will say proudly, "We have very serious problems, Ett and I." Ett, who is practicing to be a Grand Old Man and is beginning to experiment with a folk manner, will say, "Logic doesn't suit women, and a good thing, too. If they were logical, why would they settle for being wives to a man like me?"

III

THE face I have glimpsed in the Park, the girl I have not yet spoken to, has said to me since that day, "Your friend Ett is awful—his attitude toward his wife. He has deformed emotions." (She has also said, "You're as much married to Inez as Ett is.")

I said, "I enjoy insights. What do you mean Ett has deformed emotions?"

"Oh, if you can't see it!" she said despairingly. "Why do you like him?"—also despairingly.

"Why shouldn't I like him?"

"He's not the sort of man a man like you should have as a friend!"

"What kind of friends do you think I should have?"

"Other men like you, sensitive and with it and sexy. . . ." She did not look at me as she spoke.

She imagines my kindness exists; she sought it in someone older—an experienced kindness, which is perhaps only the reflected safety of a bargain with someone who cannot easily afford to hurt her.

I had made it a rule never to touch a student, and when I heard of a colleague who had no such rule I thought how fitting it would be for him to be delivered to the wrath and jealousy of the outraged parents. I don't blame the young. It is impossible for them to check their appetites and still be young; they have their youth to offer, and they will offer it. Sometimes there is love; we'll pass that by. But when a girl drifts up to a professor, looks at him with wide brown eyes, he must not respond as a man; he holds the title of professor, not of a man. But why be cruel and withhold from the girl the happiness she craves? Because she does not know what she is doing. It is not kind or sensible to imprison anyone in the consequences of a partial lust. But she will learn so much. Too much. Why cannot we be happy animals? Because that is not how happiness works—quite.

If a girl has been failed by her father and needs to find that strength in someone, or if she was so happy she wants to repeat that happiness, why be puritan?

Why, indeed?

The father of the glimpsed face, Mr. Macardling, works for Continental Electric, is an associate vice-president, is a water-worn brook pebble of a man, hard, interchangeable with others of his type, and with tints especially clear when he is in the water that shaped him. He said to me a number of times, "It's a simple matter." My affair with his daughter.

I replied, "Yes. Of course. But it *feels* complex."

"Would you say you were an indecisive man?"

"I will say almost anything, I fear."

"I don't disapprove," he said. Of the affair.

"I do."

"Ha-ha," he said and grasped my arm. "I like you, Leo."

"I find you acceptable," I reply cautiously.

"Tell me, Leo, are you pretty much what a New York intellectual is?"

"Good God, no!"

"I didn't think so. What impresses me is your fantastic honesty."

"Well, I'm not a businessman," I say and pat his arm. He starts to tighten up. "I am under fewer pressures," I continue. He begins to smile. I smile, too, and say, "I have different tricks up my sleeve." We both laugh. Then he looks at me with a mock—is it a mock?—scowl.

I do not know where we stand, he and I.

He is orderly, and children admire order, and he is cheerful, and children like smiling fathers; he is open and not weak and he must always be off to business. If he were my father, I would

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MY LIFE

The huge doll of my body
refuses to rise.
I am the toy of women.
My mother

would prop me up for her friends.
"Talk, talk," she would beg.
I moved my mouth
but words did not come.

My wife took me down from the shelf.
I lay in her arms. "We suffer
the sickness of self," she would whisper.
And I lay there dumb.

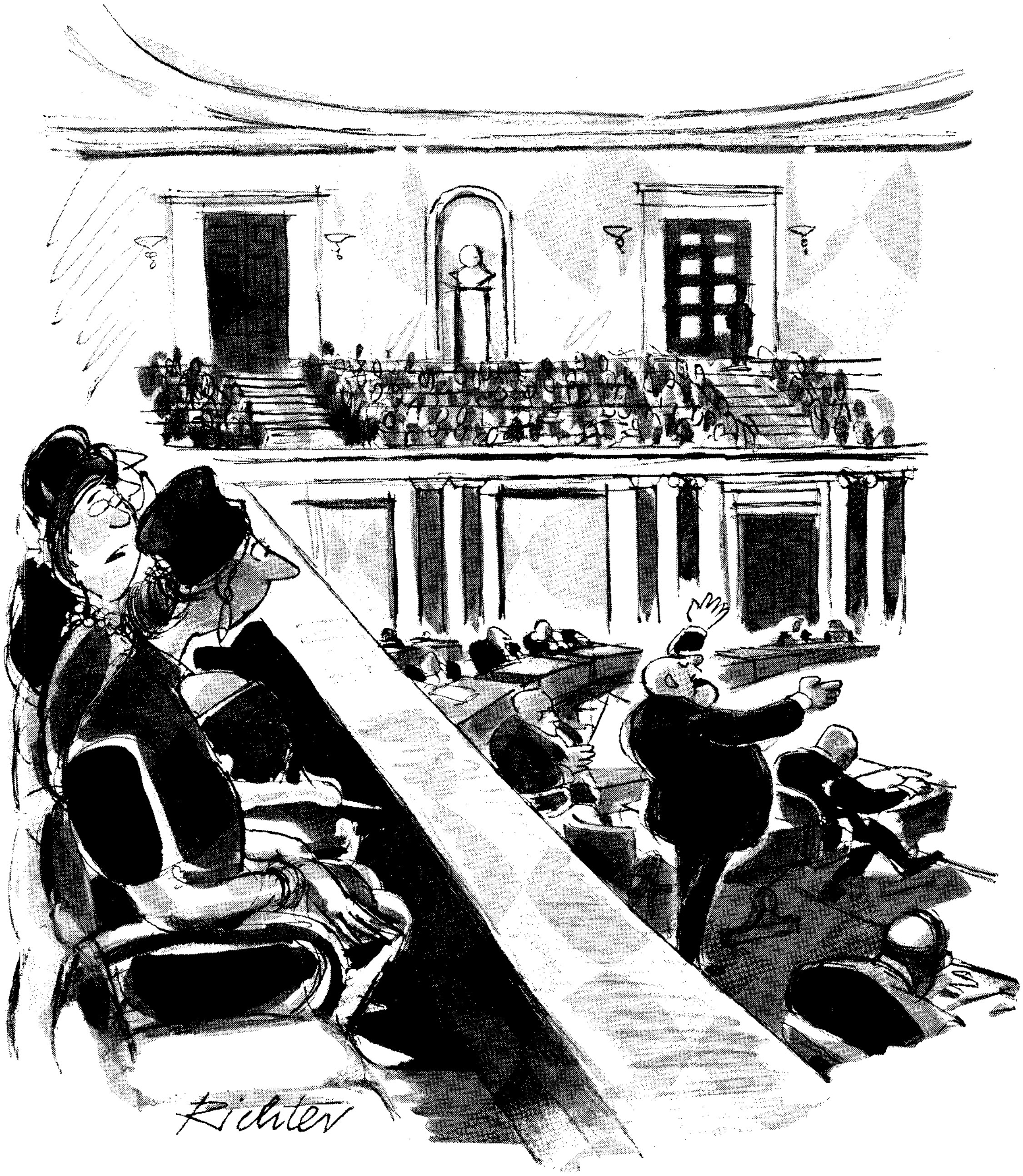
Now my daughter
gives me a plastic nurser
filled with water.
"You are my real baby," she says.

Poor child!
I look into the brown
mirrors of her eyes
and see myself

diminishing, sinking down
to a depth she does not know is there.
Out of breath,
I will not rise again.

I grow into my death.
My life is small
and getting smaller. The world is green.
Nothing is all.

—MARK STRAND



"What's the opposite of charisma?"

admire him—indeed love him distractedly—I would re-create him in myself or in someone who has a good deal of time and patience or who is indebted to me, and then when I had him where I could hold his attention and devour his time I would pity him and soothe him, quarrel with him at leisure, in pain or with raw delight, I would rebel, forsake him, return to him—Jeanie Macardling finds no young man so elusive, so orderly, so capable of stirring her imagination as her father. Damn her father!

I am a great lover. Of respectability. I never saw respectability as a lie or a hard bargain—harder than any other—or a trap: it can be misused, but what can't? What isn't? In return for taking heed of appearances, one is rewarded—that's what respectability means—and, of course, appearances can't quite be kept up without some reality, therefore sacrifices. When I was a child in the Midwest, there were little centers of sin every so many hundred miles, and men who could not endure respectability much longer went on business trips to Hot Springs or Cairo (Illinois) or Chicago. Respectability never omitted sin but put it in a place—and after all, why not? The worst scandals were when grownups interfered sexually with the young.

After that Sunday in the Park, often in my enormous lecture course when I stood at the podium and looked out at the rows of pale, unformed faces and saw Jeanie's, I wondered if she was sturdy or neurotic, adept at affection and creating a warm atmosphere, if she was honest or giddy or hollow. It was not at first with anything more than curiosity that I searched out her face, to see if she was indeed in my course—not in simple paranoia but as reflection of something which had been vague and duplicitous in her manner that Sunday, or it could be simply that I was pleased to have had any human contact with one of that vast number of the swarming young.

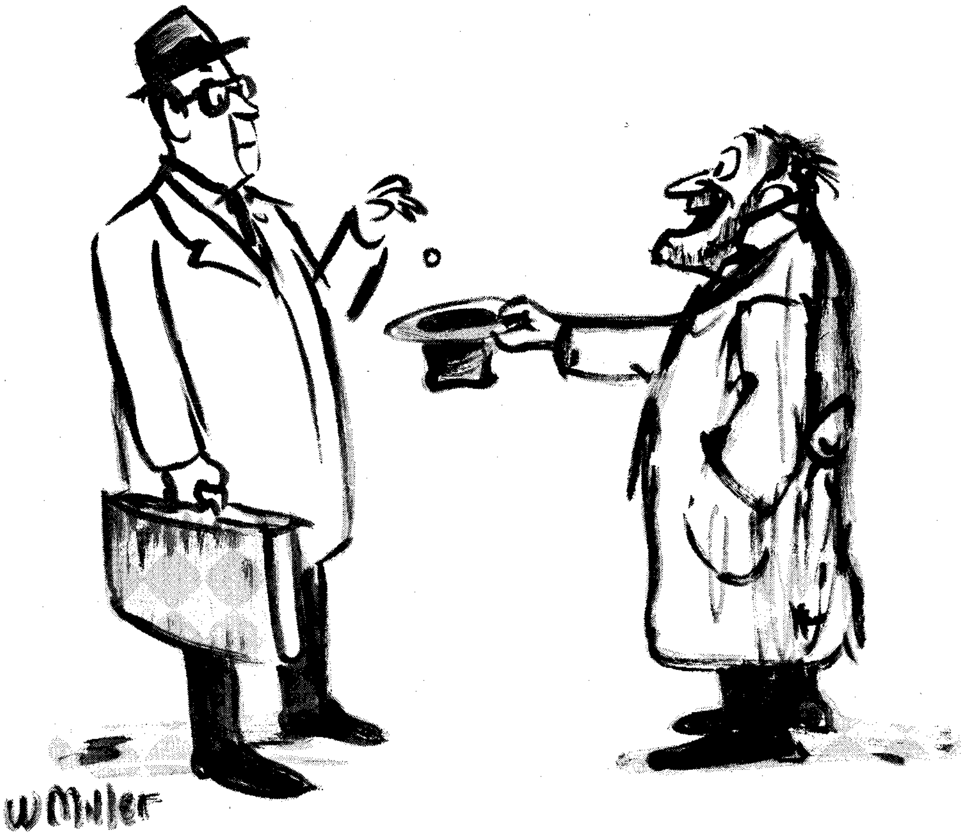
There is something intoxicating in lecturing and something corrupting as well, something I spoke of in a speech to the National Conference of English Instructors, a sort of damning mythicization of the self, an overwhelming sense of one's comparative truth opposed to their comparative error, them, sitting out there, the unenlightened, Babbitts, Antichrists, blindhearts.

Sometimes it is merely a sense of one's own beauty, one's voice pouring out in almost endless profusion words of penetration, images, points, arguments. My second wife accused me of being "a vocal Narcissist." I use my voice. I argued with her once, "Only three things hold people's attention: money, gaining or enjoying superiority over others, and sex." So I—oh, what a realist *I* am—build every lecture about one of those three: the money that might go with clear thought, the superiority that so delicately and firmly accompanies knowledge, and sex. I take sex where I find it; sometimes I supply it by a generic flirtation with the entire class—it is a scholarly device.

I never dwelled on her face; I merely wondered what I missed in not knowing her; I wondered if I would become as firm as Ett if I were in the care of a woman of the sort he liked. A good woman to steady me.

Now blur the faces in the lecture hall, whirl them around like a montage turning into wheels, the wheels of a plane; and there I am, in Paris, the summer after that term, delving into documents in the Bibliothèque Nationale, wandering in the Luxembourg to clear my head or to read. There had been an affair that spring, after the day in the Park, with a straight-backed philosopher lady whose stinking self-assurance and righteousness had frozen my timid lust—no, not my lust, my heart. One had to cheat one's thoughts past her, bootleg notions of this or that. She was a relativist and could have easily forgiven infidelity, but never unclear thought. Infidelity is not my problem. It's belonging to people and yet wanting to think my own thoughts. As everyone knows, an affair or a marriage leaves bruises all over one's psyche and one's fantasies, and one wants to be left alone. A man of open and stupid heart, I elevated my condition into a moral style, I was chaste and I was happy, and I credited my happiness to my chastity: one must be moral or suffer. But one day, doused in French prose, pinched and stung by the French sun and by the cries of serious-eyed and somehow gently, interiorly stiffened French children at play—cries rendered haunting by the careful pessimism that seemed to be lodged in the intelligent rigidity of their bones—I plunged into another mood. It was toward three o'clock. Even though I was a tourist and a tourist is a simpler man than a man at home, I did not at first see any further into my mood than that it was a restlessness—as if French prosody had affected me with a muscular itch. Then at three-thirty the sun clouded over; Paris became misty, became clearly the forest city it is, dominated by Druidical rites of passage (the buildings are like forest rows in stone, the air is both warm and cool with mortality and damp and with faint gradations of temperature that stir the nerve endings in the skin), and I decided I was lustful in a sense. I do not know about other men, but in me a mood is simply a climate in the skull, a quality of light, something quite real but unnamed. Sensibility is not only perceiving; it is attaching names. It was tentatively that I put the label on my mood, saying "tourist's lust" as I walked up the long allée toward Montparnasse. It was with the first appearance of an argument—"Christianity seems so out of place in Paris," I began—that I realized how powerful a cramp had attacked me; other men may move more swiftly and surely among their instincts.

One's appetites nip at one's heels, distract one's senses, until one sets them on the hunt; distracted, resistant, I sat at the Coupole and drank Pernod; slowly the moral level at which I thought it necessary to live sank, until by six I had rearranged my thoughts to fit my loneliness and my body heat. It was shortly after six when in a beret sort of thing and a shiny vinyl, almost stylish raincoat, with coarse-textured hair slightly lifted by the moisture of the evening, Jeanie appeared, obviously by herself, and said with a funny, nervous, broken-breathed laugh, "You're Professor Hofstedt. You probably don't remember me. I was in your English Prose and Poetry 804 B last year."



"Congratulations, sir! You're the five-hundredth person to help this brother in distress since the first of the year."

Before Paris and after the day in the Park, one of the teaching fellows brought me among the sample papers from his group a paper written by Jeanie; she had written, "The goal of poetry is to excite and teach. Sometimes it teaches by being shocking." She used two quotations:

> Poetry marries the mind to voluptuousness and seduces the senses to sense.
>
> Poetry is about as much "a criticism of life" as a red-hot iron is a criticism of fire.

In Paris, when I suggested if she was not busy or did not have to rush off and meet her parents or friends or some young man, I remembered her paper and that I had thought, reading it, she was a girl of no extraordinary intelligence but of a passionate disposition.

THE awareness quickens: the wallpaper in my room, and after kissing her the sudden conviction that I had ought to love this girl or not touch her because her soul was so naked, her kisses so alive, unconcealed, unselfprotective, but not unskilled; then the conviction becomes a clouded French sensuousness, a preliminary regret for the loss to come of her innocence—not her virginity; innocence—and with that loss a loss of what in her held me to this line of action so contrary to my customary rules. I spoke in a sex-deepened voice, as I undressed her: "You understand, I never go to bed with my students." She sighed, she trembled, she gazed wide-eyed. "You must never take another course of mine," I said. In sensual moments even good humor blends indistinguishably into fatuity. What is wise is silence: the nerves will speak. I was immensely grateful to her for being so susceptible to me. I felt I would love her very shortly: she had only to be in essence what she was in appearance—fresh, young, simple, good—and I would love her warmly. Yes. Indeed.

The important thing soon came to be not to let her talk too much *before* lovemaking or I sometimes became unexcited; she caught on and was silent while I rambled on, winning her. Afterward was her time to talk: "I hate it in Glencoe, you really see the war between the sexes in a suburb. . . . Everyone *works* at being insensitive; I'd help Momma in the kitchen and there'd be a package of biscuit mix with some terrible picture on the front and I'd say, 'Oh, how ugly,' and Momma would say, 'Oh, Jeanie.' Or she'd say, 'I don't pay attention to those things,' but I knew it was me she didn't want to pay attention to. . . ."

Sometimes in the woods, in the sunlight, at Fontainebleau or in the Bois de Boulogne, a sweetness would seize her, a gentle lovingness that would terminate in hideous solicitude: "The future must be horrible for you to look into, isn't it? Maybe I can help you against the shadows." She meant because I was old. And she said things like "I'm good for you, I make you feel young," when I laughed at something—say, two dogs running in a circle, chasing each other, bodies, necks, legs stretched like held notes in Mozart: I am much amused by animal exuberance.

At times she would be bored; she would wait while I worked and come in suddenly to the room where I was writing and say, "I'm going out." "To do what?" "I don't know. Something." And she could not meet my gaze. *Tell me what to do, tell me something interesting to do.*

When I was young, I saw people as sheer appetites, fish leaping for flies, smooth, beautiful, and hungry. But I was perhaps appetiteful myself then. I'm older now and I see people as complex things, held in and mysterious, streaked with virtues and ridiculous with vices; I see them perched on time, each on a breaking branch the buds of which are sticky, new always, ready to unfold into green moments.

Doodling one day, I wrote, "the time and energy it takes to instruct her . . ."

I did not want to take her back to New York with me or explain her to my friends or be seen with her: Hofstedt's child, Hofstedt's embodied lust, all my secrets revealed in her reasonable sweet ordinariness.

And then there was her conversation, the words she used: "That was an icky movie." Some people are austere with silences, others not, but I feel that for us as for primitive man it is language that enables us to move in unison with others, and I did not want to totter with Jeanie.

But I liked her body.

Villon wrote:

Je congnois mort qui nous consomme,
Je congnois tout, fors que moy mesme.

I know death, who eats us, I know everything—but not myself. I wanted her; I wanted to set her free; I wanted to be free of her. Above all, I did not want to be guilty of any crime toward her. Gifted with intelligence, aided by thought, we advance on folly.

"Say, let's generate a little excitement around here! What's on television?"

• •

"Jeanie, I cannot persuade myself that what is happening is good for you or that anything is right except to separate for a while and study our feelings—"

Hofstedt at the window not long after, with his back to the girl he did not just then know if he loved or not, a girl with coarse-fibered hair, white bandages on her wrists; Hofstedt hearing echoes of the wild-voiced, unconvincing, yet wholly terrifying scene in the bathroom—a scene reflected in mirrors, in glossy white tile, in the razor blade itself she held: she had said, "You don't love me, I want to kill myself"—standing at the window after the scene had ended, Hofstedt said in reply to her (but he did not say it; he thought it), *You are a spoiled, passionate, perhaps unloving child.*

The shock echoed in him, caused concern and anger; his nerves and feelings were startled. The girl was monomaniacal—Inez-like.

"God knows," he said aloud, his back to her, his face looking out at plane trees, at what, after the scene in the bathroom, he could not help seeing as leaves spilling as if from razor-slit bolsters, "I'm a clumsy ass and a bastard and all of that, but can't we do without the melodrama?"

The girl with that childish hair and dulled eyes said simply, "No."

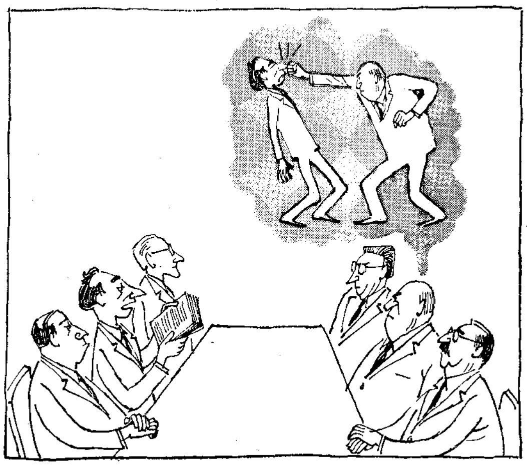
The wisdom of conventional rules had never seemed more unexceptionable, and the powers of my own mind more problematic. "Leo," I asked myself, "what do you want to do?"

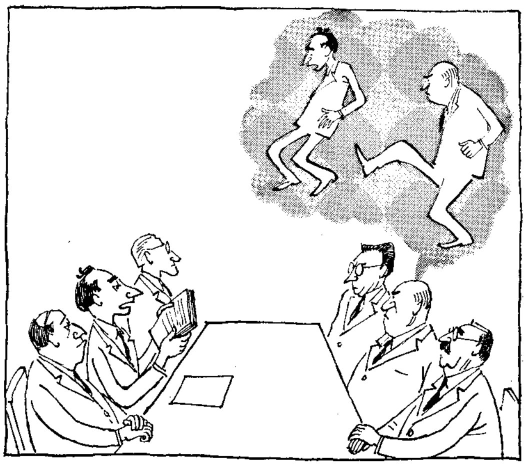
I had no idea.

A French friend of mine, Charles N., came to Paris just then; we talked; he was killed a week later in an automobile accident. But the day we talked he said to me rather crossly—I had been saying unkind things about Sartre's prose—he said, "Leo, I don't feel your fundamental optimism proves you are a fool; it merely indicates that you occupy a private world."

I said, "But I know it for a fact. None of us is going to die."

I TOOK her back to New York; Ett was mad with jealousy; he said, "How do you rate such a pretty girl." I announced Jeanie's and my engagement; the college was most indulgent; I met Jeanie's parents—they seemed normal, clumsy, child-crippling people. I began to write essays to earn money to buy furniture; my second wife had taken everything—"to teach you a lesson, Leo," she said. "You underrate what people do for you. Legally—the law thinks I did a great





deal for you and that I have a right to these things."

At a party, my second wife met Jeanie and came up to me later and said, "You've shifted to plain girls, have you? Well, at least she's not a Tahitian." I have no idea what she meant.

Jean decided Jeanie was too childish an appellation, and she became Jean, giggling. "It's about time. Maybe *no one* will ever mention my light-brown hair again." She told me she was beginning a novel.

I wrote:

> It has been many years since I have had an affair of any length with an American woman who did not have a manuscript for me to read sooner or later.

One night at Inez's and Ett's, Jean held forth on the magnificence and importance of movies, and I said movies were to her what sermons had been to her Presbyterian grandmother—inspiring, part of her Sunday morality, hardly ever intelligent or the source of intelligence but, rather, the source of a good deal of hypocrisy, and so on.

"Don't start a quarrel," she said.

"I didn't mean to—I was making an observation."

Ett had a special, peaceful gaze—with unwrinkled brows—with which he looked at Jeanie. I think he daydreamed about her unremorsefully always whenever he saw her.

"You're tired of me," Jeanie said.

Inez said mysteriously, "Leo is a very sophisticated man."

"My dear," I said, "if you want to quarrel, let's go home and get drunk and quarrel in peace and not upset our friends."

"We must talk about it!" Jeanie said with a sort of fine desperation.

"Here?"

"You talk better than I do. When we're alone, you win the arguments. But Inez and Ett know you. They know how unreasonable you are."

"How unreasonable am I?" I asked, turning to Ett.

"God," he said and threw up his hands.

"Very," Inez said. I smiled at her.

"You need me to bring you down to earth," Jeanie said.

I was suddenly very uncomfortable. I said peevishly, "Life will do that, don't you think? Earth or ashes. Life is instructive."

"Don't put me down," Jeanie said.

"My dear, we can't quarrel on fair terms if you make up all the rules."

"Please," Jeanie said. "You're still hostile because of last night. Tell me now why you were so mad at what I said."

I turned to Inez and Ett; I said, "Last night we were at Simmy Watts', and Alice Mary Ott said I represented the unsuccessful mating of ghetto Jew with George Bernard Shaw—no: it was George Bernard Shaw and the reform rabbinical tradition. Never mind, I can never keep her epigrams straight, but Jeanie—Jean—yelled at her, 'Don't you castrate Leo,' and—"

"She *was* trying to castrate you!" Jean exclaimed.

"Yes. Of course. But I don't need you to defend me in that fashion, I don't want the public image of a virago helpmeet."

"You know what he said to her?" Jean demanded. "He said, 'I'm afraid you've nailed me to the cross again, Alice Mary—you never miss.' I think that was wishy-washy and *awful*."

Inez said to Jeanie, "I wish I had your courage."

JEANIE has several hundred virtues and finenesses and is not dull so much as merely young, but when I think that what I want chiefly from her is to grow up and be like Inez, I think I must find a way to break off the affair.

I encourage her to flirt with younger men. I think she is interested in Max Rankin, who is in his late thirties and who is very celebrated; he is the one who began a novel:

> Hello. My name is Max Rankin. I wish I were a poet. What is a poet? A poet is a man whose words ring—non-counterfeit.

But I am not quite sophisticated enough really to wish it or push it, not in the way I won the bicycle race that day.

IV

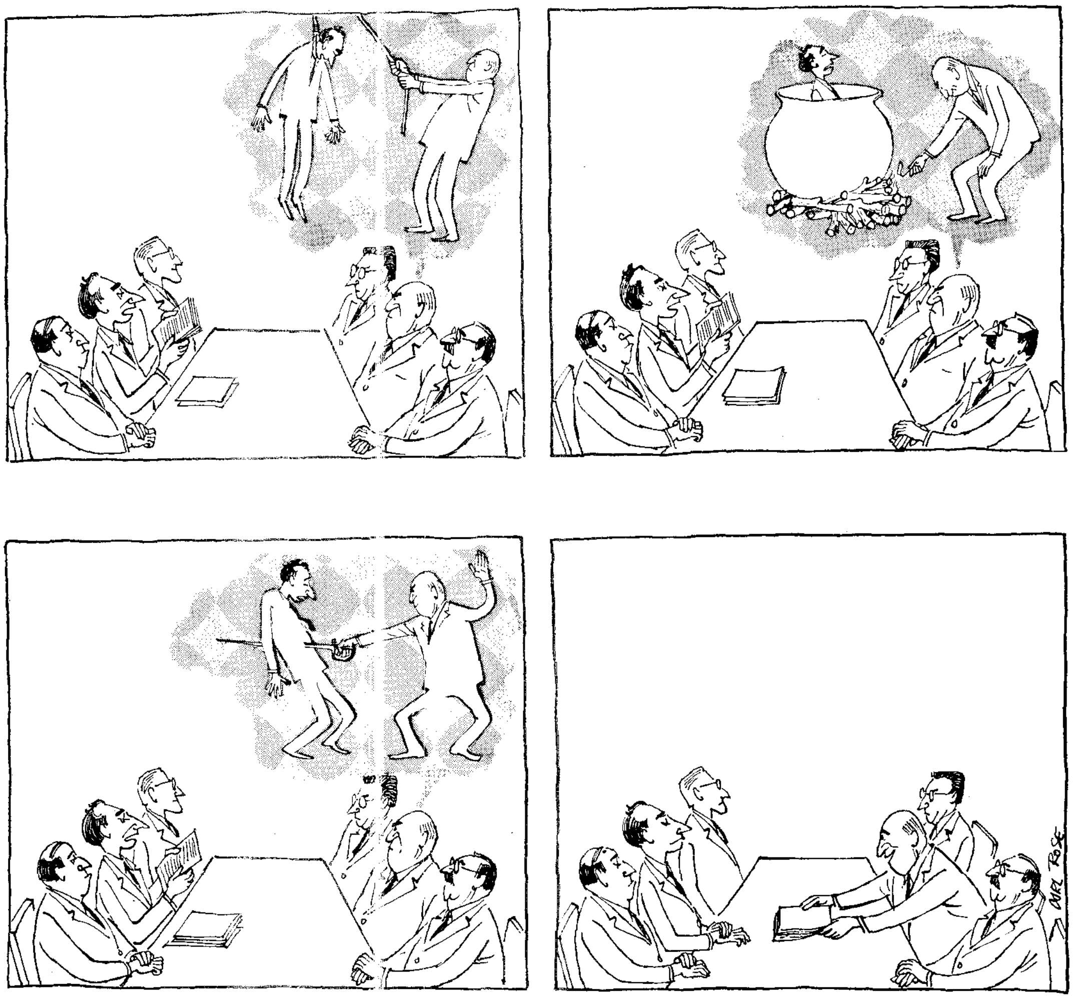
THAT day. Let us go back to that day.

Anonymity is a tribute to virgin birth and is sought after as a quality of soul and of physical being in religious orders and by some ascetics in their marriage to sanctity and is considered a dilemma of the democracies. Hard-boned souls feel it a premature burial, as if only special voices have a special endurance, or as if to be unknown were such a grave symptom of injustice as to be a form of Berkeleyan murder, a casting into nonexistence.

Inez has not been anonymous to me since Ett married her: I could make out her figure among the swimming cyclists some distance away. "Here comes your better half," I said to Ett, but he was not looking for her.

He said, "How long have you been doing Aerobics?" She was in part anonymous to him. Isn't that odd? He was a stony-faced audience for whom Inez was no longer a star, was almost a mother to be escaped from, not to be seen as human. My mother—I have omitted her. She said to me a year or so before she died, "You get tired of people, but when they go away you miss them." I miss her. Is she necessary to explain how it is that I am cold-eyed and uncharitable? Shall I say my mother rarely reached inward toward the heart, or if she did, I managed to elude her with some Bedouin-child's play? But that on the other hand we never made each other cry?

I spoil Jeanie. I lead her into low emotional habits, I am so easily blackmailed. Is that in memory of my mother? I encourage masochism—that inept term. I do not believe that Jeanie



"The Corporation appreciates the clear and cogent outline of your union's demands and promises to give it the most serious consideration. May I suggest that we set a date for our next meeting that will give us enough time to formulate counter-proposals?"

• •

loves *me;* I am merely the frame in which she wedges the immense Dutch landscape—all thatched villages and dancing villagers—of her great girlish lovingness: the more difficult I appear, and she will tease me into being very difficult, the sharper grows the sense that *she* is being loving, that it is her love which is occurring and her identity glows in an ideal light.

On the other hand, although I believe in divorce, mind you—but I do think people who divorce show they are playing a different game from those who do not divorce—is it not an excellent bargain for a man like me who perhaps *needs* special lighting or a transposed love of some kind? I feel no great discomfort with Jeanie—yet. She attracts me still, if not so much that I haven't managed to stave off hungering strongly after other women. One does not want to hurt her; one will lie—lie! what a fine language English is—in the beds one makes. It is not certain we have made a bad bargain (and she claims it is no bargain at all, but love). I haven't the stringency to inscribe a finish when she is unprepared.

I am waiting to see. To see what? If Jeanie will tire soon of going on with a man who does not quite love her. If Ett or Rankin will make a move. Ett? Rankin? Rankin envies me and Ett is a friend: it is impossible to envy or admit the worth of anyone without desiring his women.

We are, in our connections, a linkage of sensibilities, like lawnmowers rigged like reapers to mow the fields of what shall I say? American Life?

Inez: how many years have I known her? Fourteen? It does not matter if I speak to her or ignore her, if I am mannerly or forgetful, if I protect her from Ett or start mischief between them, everything I have ever done or not done, everything she has done or not done has helped piece together an intimacy in which there are so many intertwinings of awareness, familiarities of spirit and conversation and neurosis that it is like a garden growing rank, a wild and untouched sweetness, a tangle of leaves and stalks: it is as if we have already slept together. The smallest of incidents, and the largest of lapses of conscience, could bring us to the actuality. Inez, once a year, drunk, will complain, "I know Leo doesn't find me attractive," and she will sulk. I will reply, "But I do," and laugh: the danger comes if we permit our eyes to meet. Then the joke falters.

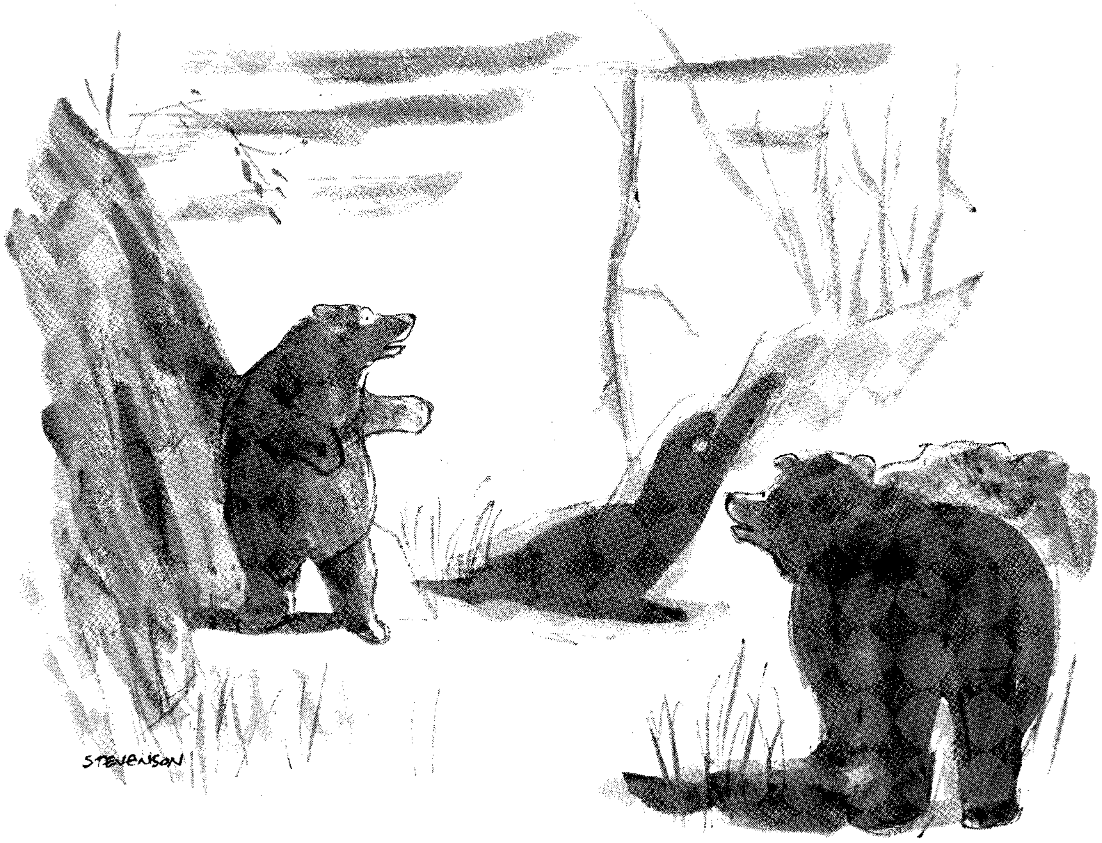
In Ett's feeling for her there is a masculine element of surprise; he is astonished that she is there, that he is married, that it is her voice he hears. One could easily be persuaded he was a poor husband to her, that Inez deserved consolation—but honor, so far, that tiresome notion, has made me too lazy to indulge in the wretched strain of such a strenuous insight.

The discontent is there, in her eyes, even as she bicycles, as she glides, pinkly flushed, not young, delicious, good-hearted, wicked, too, in the way of people who are not professedly wicked—that is, by accident, with eyes closed, striking blind blows. It is easy to prefigure her words; she is not clever enough—or loving enough—to be surprising. She at once serves and reassures and punishes those near her with her durable repetitiousness.

She said, first displaying the admiration she regularly hands out to Ett: "You men are so strong. You go so fast—like the wind." She said, "Oh, I'm out of breath, this must be very good for me, I don't get enough exercise, I think." She looked at Ett: "Did you win?"

It was not a hugely wicked thing for her to ask, nor was it so bad of Ett to say, without generosity, "No. He's switched his exercise routines."

But that day, at that moment, my



"Why can't he just hibernate, like everybody else? Every year he has to give us his damn 'To sleep, perchance to dream.'"

• •

affection for her, for Ett, passed into a sort of tantrum of a lesser order—it *felt* like weariness of spirit at the time (*Je congnois tout*), a boredom with *their* childishness; they seemed so cramped and pitiable, Inez and Ett, so petty and competitive, falling like hammers on my nerves and on each other's like parents fastening children to dead urgencies. I was tired of the dinginess of Ett's heart (actually, he has quite a good heart as hearts go: he is loyal) and of Inez's blindness (she is not so unenlightened, all in all). So that when the girl with the almost plain, nice face inside its cap of course-textured, unfashionable, wavy hair, with its exercise-reddened cheeks and rather dim nose and modest chin, riding by on her bicycle between two girl friends, smiled and flicked her hand shyly at me, that girl who was most likely a student of mine, since she had that lectured look and her smile and hand flick were so decidedly tenuous that it seemed she knew my reputation for extreme rudeness in public to students, I smiled back. I cannot abide students' pussyfooting after father-surrogates, after extra attentions, their attempts at quasi or real seductions—their way of becoming instantly human. I cannot abide it, I am too easily shaken; I like formality and approaches and smiles as careful as flower arrangements. I smiled merely to express my attachment to the freshness that semi-unknown girl represented. I did not smile at *her*. I smiled to assert my separation from Inez and Ett and from the stale and intricate branchings of their still living but spindly and often graceless affection for each other. The girl's face broke. The unexpectedness of the intensity of my response pulled at her composure, gave her face a harsh twist: a collapse of preconceptions. I am not a handsome man, but I teach English prose and poetry. I stink of romance in a marginal way. Too late I wished to retract my smile.

The three girls glanced at each other, pulled over to the side of the road—I had not really looked at any of them. One of the other girls waited, I think, until my glance moved that way: she had her hand in the air—waiting. When I saw her, I smiled irritably as I usually do and continued to talk to Inez; I suggested we ride on, but Inez said, "A moment—I must catch my breath." Jeanie's friends said to her (she told me later), "He only recognizes you." Jeanie said, "He smiled at all of us." "No," said the others, "he only really smiled at you. He likes you."

Jeanie said to me later, "They teased me into talking to you."

I think Jeanie still sees me as Yeats' Vicar on earth; she was a young girl. No two souls met that day in the Park: two types encountered each other.

Walking her bicycle, hands on the handlebars, her breasts pressed into a diagonal, her face naïve and bold and stupid and lovely in its carnal aggression rising, a dotted square with rounded chin above the oblique lines of her twisted breast—head and breast, head and breast—she moves through the stream of cyclists on that day of easy presumption. Does she think life is safe or kind? Will she wake in my arms, naked, see me looming over her and fear me and the way I think, and cry out despairingly, inwardly, "How did this happen to me?"

That day. Ett and I notice her simultaneously. It is very soon after a divorce, and what I feel chiefly is nothingness. The girl swallows bravely; a flush has overspread her nondescript face; her back is straight. Youthful inanity makes her voice gawky, touching. But I have closed my eyes to her; I am irritated, horrified by her *presumption*. She is an intruder. She says boldly, "Hello Professor Hofstedt, do you go bicycle riding often?"

I am completely unattracted by her, but Ett is looking at her. I see him looking at her in such a way that it is as if someone is underlining a passage in a book.

"Oh," Jeanie says angrily to me from time to time, "why do you make everything so complicated?" I shrug, and have yet to reply, "I know no simple stories."

Ett's gaze drew something like a line of light around her—I thought, *He sees her as a younger Inez*. From that moment, the girl was never to be anonymous to me again.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

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They will meet in the same room previously used for U.S.-North Vietnamese talks at the Majestic Hotel.

The allied and Communist sides each may bring 1012 persons.—*The Post.*

No wonder there was all that fuss about seating.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BREAD IS RISING

"WELCOME to Emmaus House!" the priest said. "Shall we begin? Let's gather around." Father Richard Mann, a dapper young man dressed in gray trousers, a striped shirt, and a fastidious Paisley tie, set a loaf of bread and a bottle of Chianti on a table. He clapped his hands, and the Sunday-evening service at Emmaus House began. The members of the congregation took their places on several dozen folding chairs that had been set up around the table. It was a brightly lit room in a Manhattan brownstone, whose furnishings had clearly been assembled out of charity. One wall was covered with photographs of Teilhard de Chardin, Bertrand Russell, the Beatles, and Pope John receiving African pilgrims. A mural had been recently painted on the opposite wall, under the motto "Fly the Friendly Skies of United," in that post-Matisse floral style which characterizes the art of progressive nuns. The worshippers were of various ages, scholarly in appearance, neatly and modestly dressed. A bearded young man seated under an enormous photograph of Che Guevara strummed on a guitar. Father Mann lit a narrow cigar and said, "Our *Kapellmeister* has to fill us in on the tunes. What's on the program, Jim?"

"We'll sing 'A Little Help from My Friends' at the Offertory," the guitarist said softly. "And as a recessional we'll sing 'Pack Up Your Sorrows.'"

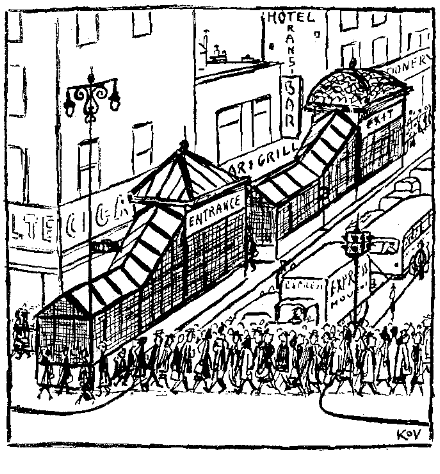
"That fills me with Christmas cheer," Father Mann said. "Well, as usual on Sundays, we'll start with announcements. I want to say that the new issue of our Emmaus House magazine, *The Bread Is Rising*, is out. It's swinging. Help yourself to a copy. Also, I hear that there's a peace vigil at the U.N. Plaza on Tuesday from five to nine. It'll be bloody cold, but let's all try to get there and pray or picket, or something. Any other announcements?"

A young girl with long black hair got up and said, "Over here on the bulletin board there's a new list of boys who've been imprisoned for refusing to fight in Vietnam." She pointed to a leaflet titled "Send a Christmas Card to Jail." "Please let's all try to give them our sympathy by writing them a note." The congregation clapped enthusiastically.

Another girl of student age stood up and said, "At four o'clock every day this week, at Marymount Manhattan College, Father Roman Verosko, from Saint Vincent's Abbey, a way-out Benedictine poet, painter, musician, et cetera, will put on a performance of multi-media art. I recommend it to all."

"Wild," Father Mann said, flicking a bit of ash from his cigar. "I guess that's all the announcements, so let's get on with the service. Joyce, will you take over?"

Every Sunday at Emmaus House, a radical Catholic community in East Harlem that includes many non-Catholics, a different member of the congregation prepares the Liturgy of the Word. The Liturgy of the Word is the part of the service that, in the traditional Roman Catholic form, begins with a confiteor and the Gloria and ends with the Gospel and a sermon. This Sunday, Joyce Richardson, a pretty Negro girl who does social work for Catholic Charities, had been asked by Father Mann to prepare the liturgy. She talked in a low, gentle voice, holding a sheaf of notes on her lap. "Christmas is just a week away," she said, "and so I want to talk about how hard birth is, how hard it is for all of us to get out of the womb. By that I mean that once we are born we re-create wombs for ourselves—we limit our identities by our race, our religious denominations, our homes, the street we live on, the social class we belong to. True Christian rebirth would mean to break through these definitions." She waved impatiently at a reproduction of a Raphael Nativity scene that had been tacked up on the wall, and went on, "We're all fed up with that conception of Christmas, as we're fed up with the impersonal traditional liturgy that's been imposed on us since we were children—the coldness, the separatism of it all. Christmas and rebirth really mean being with people who help us get out of our own identities, who help us create a sense of true community. Well, I've chosen a set of readings about this theme of rebirth. Our first reading is from Henry Miller's 'Tropic of Capricorn.'"



Miss Richardson nodded to a middle-aged, schoolteacherish woman, who read:

> "Everything that happened to me happened too late to mean much to me. It was even so with my birth. Slated for Christmas I was born half an hour too late. It always seemed to me that I was meant to be the sort of individual that one is destined to be by virtue of being born on the 25th day of December. Admiral Dewey was born on that day and so was Jesus Christ . . . perhaps Krishnamurti too, for all I know. Anyway that's the sort of guy I was intended to be. But due to the fact that my mother had a clutching womb, that she held me in her grip like an octopus, I came out under another configuration—with a bad set-up, in other words. They say—the astrologers, I mean—that it will get better and better for me as I go on; the future, in fact, is supposed to be quite glorious. But what do I care about the future? It would have been better if my mother had tripped on the stairs on the morning of the 25th of December and broken her neck."

The worshippers laughed uneasily. Without prompting, the bearded guitarist said that he was going to read an excerpt from a book called "The Politics of Experience," by R. D. Laing, and began:

> "Most people most of the time experience themselves and others in one or another way that I shall call *egoic*. That is, centrally or peripherally, they experience the world and themselves in terms of a consistent identity, a me-here over against a you-there."

The guitarist cleared his throat.

> "And yet with the consensual and interpersonal confirmation it offers, this identity-anchored experience gives us a sense of ontological security, whose validity we experience as self-validating, although metaphysically-historically-ontologically-socio-economically-culturally we know its apparent absolute validity as an illusion . . ."

"Ouch!" Father Mann moaned, cradling his head in his arms. "Ooh, is that square!"

The guitarist went on imperturbably:

> ". . . a veil, a film of maya, a dream to Heraclitus—and to Lao-tzu, the fundamental illusion of all Buddhism, a state of sleep, of death, of socially accepted madness, a womb state to which one has to die, from which one has to be reborn."

"Whew!" said Father Mann.

"Don't fuss, Dick. We have a light

touch from the *Village Voice*," Miss Richardson said.

"*You mean all these years we've been laughing together, Al, you've really been crying on the inside?*"

The girl who had been concerned with writing postcards to boys in jail held up a copy of the *Village Voice* and read, in a declamatory tone:

> "Several years ago when an artist showed various foam rubber contraptions, including one you could crawl into, many people wished they could own one of these pseudo-wombs for times of stress. Now they can: The new creator of pseudo-wombs, Ted Briedenthal, says: 'The idea originated in my own brain-damaged skull.' Constructed to individual body measurements, foam rubber inside and Paisley fabric outside, it supports the body in a semi-fetal position and has white sound and circulated air as part of its total environmental effect. Six hundred dollars plus shipping."

The congregation laughed. Father Mann smiled and nibbled a few crumbs from the loaf of bread. Several latecomers, not finding any free chairs, stood attentively just inside the door of the room. The readings ended with a poem of E. E. Cummings, presented by a young man who wore a cluster of large anti-war buttons:

> "may my mind stroll about hungry
> and fearless and thirsty and supple
> and even if it's sunday may i be
> wrong
> for whenever men are right they
> are not young."

Miss Richardson looked at her sheaf of notes again, and said, "I would like to end the Liturgy of the Word with part of the Roman Catholic Collect for the Vigil of Christmas. 'O God, you fill us with gladness each year as we look forward to our redemption. We joyfully receive your only begotten Son as our Redeemer.' And also I would like to end with one of the wildest of Jesus's many wild sayings, from the Gospel of St. John: 'A little while, and now you shall not see me; and again a little while, and you shall see me. . . . Amen, amen, I say to you, that you shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice; and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman, when she is in labour, hath sorrow . . . but when she hath brought forth the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.' "

Miss Richardson bowed her head. A silence fell over the congregation, and lasted for some fifteen minutes, broken by expressions of random sentiments.

"That was a good liturgy," someone said. "Sermons are out. Dialogues are in."

A middle-aged woman gave a sad little talk about how hard it had been to spend Christmas alone before she found Emmaus House. "Here we reveal our true identities," she said. "People of different beliefs breaking bread together. It's wonderful. The disciples did not recognize Christ at Emmaus until they had broken bread with Him."

A young man in blue jeans said angrily, "And what does it mean to 'go home for Christmas'? Usually it means just crawling back into the same old womb. With parents who don't understand us, who make the big commercial fuss over Christmas."

"I guess we're all disgusted with the goods in the store windows," the guitarist said. "We're more concerned with stopping all church-building and trying to feed the hungry. Poverty's in."

"Poverty's in," Father Mann repeated thoughtfully, blowing a small cloud of cigar smoke into the room. "That's good, Jim." He rose and clapped his hands authoritatively. "Let's proceed with the agape. Fold up your chairs, kids. Push them against the wall and let's gather round the table, nice and crowded."

There was a scramble as chairs were folded and stacked. Father Mann broke the loaf of bread in two, and everybody sang lustily, "I'll get by with a little help from my friends, I'll get high with a little help from my friends." Father Mann, clapping out the rhythm, led the chorus with a powerful tenor voice. The congregation swayed to the music with revivalist fervor.

Three people took turns reading a free-verse poem that Father Mann had written for the service. Holding his hands outstretched, Father Mann read the last part himself: " 'Celebrate, let us celebrate every upset, confusion, imprudence, foolishness, joy. Celebrate Jesus the light, life, the gadfly, He Who is always annoyance, wisdom, power, meaning, absurdity, confusion, harmony, Who is alive wherever there are people.' "

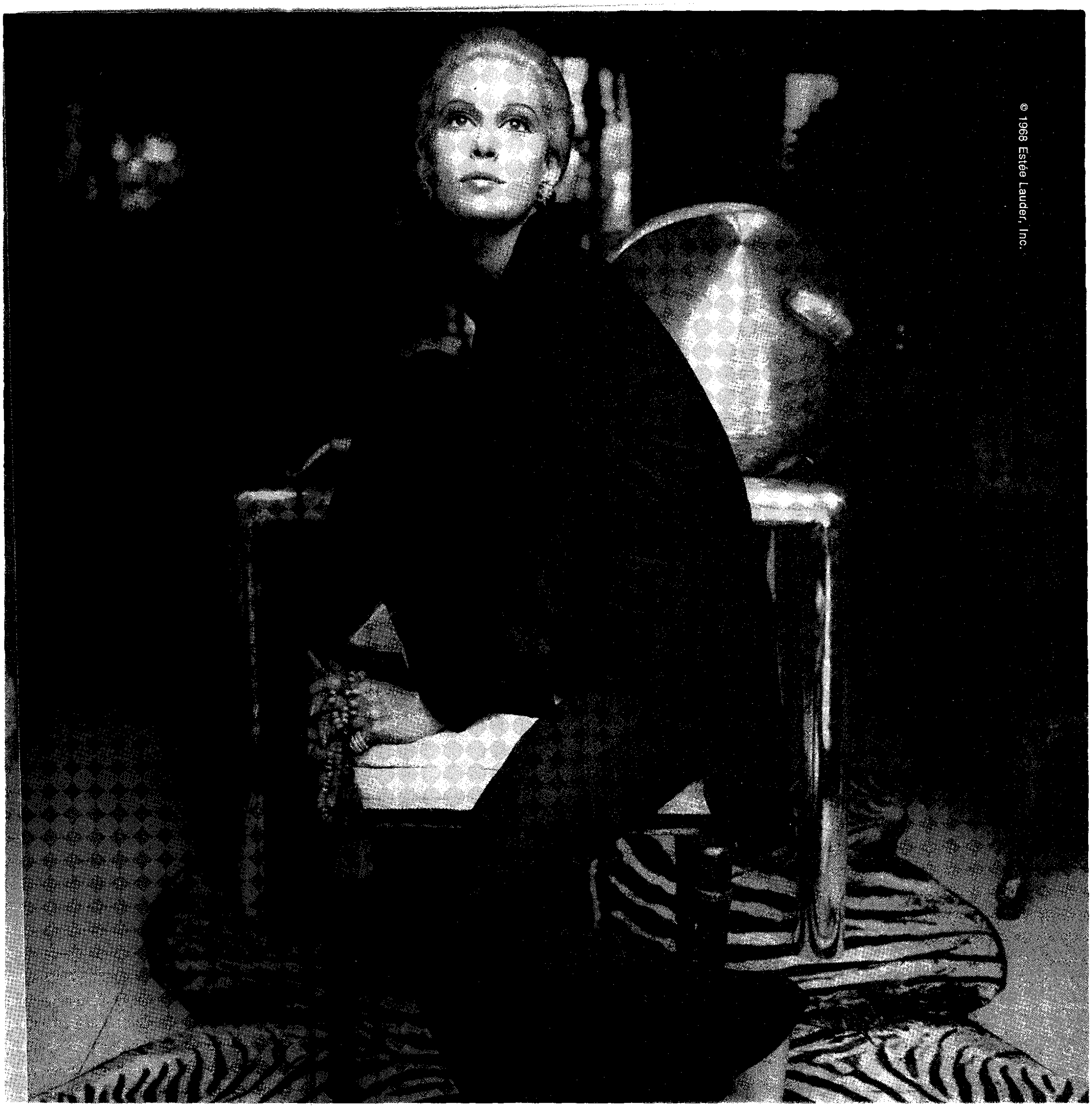
Father Mann poured the Chianti into two large chalices. The members of the congregation gave each other the kiss of peace. Accompanied by the guitarist, the worshippers sang a calypso version of the Lord's Prayer. Baskets of bread and the chalices of wine were passed around the room. The service ended with a hearty rendition of a Joan Baez song that goes "But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows and give them all to me, You would lose them, I know how to use them, Give them all to me."

"Peace be with you!" Father Mann exclaimed. He lit another cigar. Sunday-night service at Emmaus House was over. The congregation rose and milled cheerfully about the room.

A girl who had the puzzled air of a newcomer said to the young man she had sat next to, "I guess this is about as modern as liturgy gets."

"Mercy, no," the young man said, with a jaded air. "I've seen much more advanced ones in Holland, Germany, even France."

"THE bread is rising," a password whispered by peasants at the time of the French Revolution, is the motto of Emmaus House, which describes itself in the literature it sends to some six



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thousand people on its mailing list as "an experiment in Christian living," "a venture in community encounter," "an ecumenical center of renewal," and "a center for radical social change." The radicals who support Emmaus House and other institutions like it could be called the Catholic New Left, and their method of insurgency is guerrilla warfare. For Emmaus House is one of many insurgent religious cadres in the United States that have incited a most unpredictable rebellion: a radical uprising within the American Catholic community, which for several centuries has been known for its arch-conservatism.

The year Emmaus House came to be recognized as a bastion of the religious New Left—1967—was a turbulent one for American Catholics. In that year, three members of the nation's foremost missionary group were called back from their assignments for leading a revolution in Guatemala; a Catholic priest in Milwaukee led the nation's most militant campaign for open housing; more than three thousand American clerics indicated in a survey that they wanted the Holy See to change its laws on compulsory celibacy; innumerable copies of a controversial new Dutch catechism were circulated in the United States without the Vatican's authorization; in four large cities centers were established to give guidance to the unprecedented number of American priests who were leaving their vocations; hundreds of Catholic clergymen, several of whom faced indictments for encouraging draft resistance, urged their communities to protest the Administration's policy in Vietnam; a former priest, James Kavanaugh, wrote a best-seller denouncing the medieval power structure of the Church and told a cheering crowd at Notre Dame University that "canon law can go into the Tiber;" and hundreds of experimental-worship groups began to thrive, from New Jersey to California. Emmaus House flourished in this turbulent atmosphere under the guidance of three unconventional Catholic priests: Richard Mann, a member of the Congregation of Blessed Sacrament Fathers; Lyle Young, a former missionary in New Guinea; and David Kirk, founder and coördinator of the Emmaus community. At thirty-two, Father Kirk is one of the most provocative leaders of a movement that startled observers have called the New Church, the Other Church, and the Underground Church.

On my first visit to Father Kirk,

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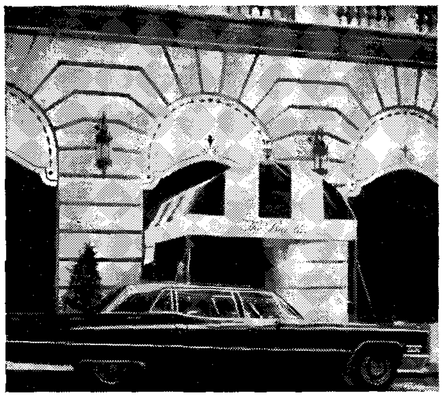

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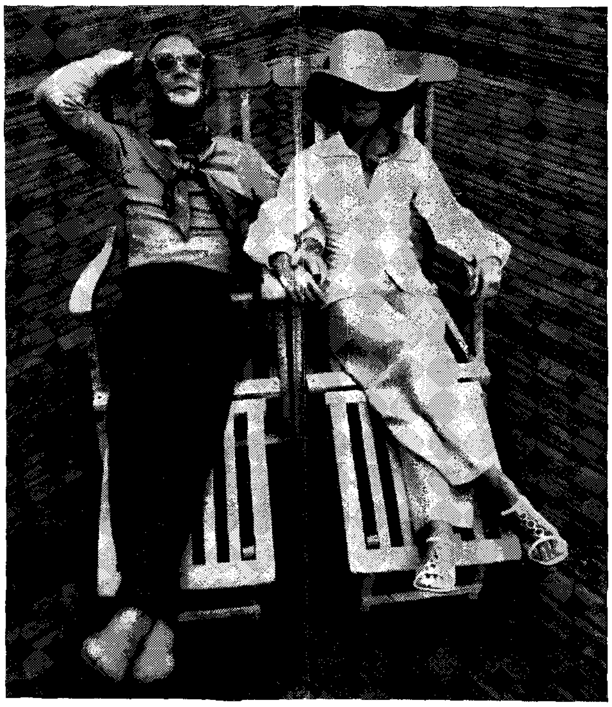

But there's also warm sun (like island sun, only brighter). Without sand in your eyes, you can get an elegant snow tan on a walk, a deck chair, or a horse drawn sleigh. Call your travel agent or Swissair. Two weeks of Alpine St. Moritzes (Swiss, French, Austrian or Italian) start at $338. Includes round trip economy group fare, non-stop from New York, land travel, hotels. The sun and the snow are free.

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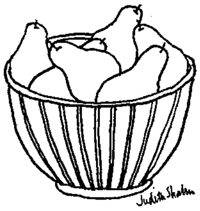
some months ago, he was sitting at a cluttered desk in his office, on the ground floor of Emmaus House, at 241 East 116th Street, in East Harlem. Dressed in overalls and a turtleneck sweater, dark, with a hulking frame, courteous but guarded, Father Kirk had more the style of a student organizer than of a clergyman. His desk was covered with sheafs of paper and he was preoccupied with getting in touch with a well-known rabbi, whose good will he seemed eager to retain. As he made his phone calls, in a grave and gentle Southern voice, I studied his office.

Photographs of Martin Luther King, Jr., Gandhi, Cesar Chavez, U Thant, Thomas Merton, Sister Mary Corita, Daniel Berrigan, Harvey Cox, and Robert McAfee Brown were taped to the wall above his desk. On the door of the office was pinned a poster advertising a series of Sunday-night lectures to be held at Emmaus House in the following months: "An Evening with Paul Goodman," "Youth's Alienation from Religion," "Revolution and the Christian," "Che Guevara As I Knew Him," "Dropping Out Creatively," "Theology of Fun City," and "The Rights of Protest in the Church." The literature scattered around Father Kirk's office also championed a variety of radical religious and political causes. One pamphlet, entitled "The Outdated Clergyman," urged priests to support themselves by secular work in order to be independent of "Curial conservatism and outdated Roman hierarchies." An article by David Kirk advocated a return to the "house church," the small, informal, Early Christian type of religious community that Emmaus itself is patterned after. East Harlem tutorial programs, the counselling of drug addicts, social injustice in South America, Black Power, and draft resistance were the themes of other pamphlets stacked on the desk. The walls of the room were decorated with a variety of aphorisms painted on in red in a bold script:

> The modern generation has been brought to bay at the extremity of all things. (Léon Bloy)
>
> God is not a spectacle. (Jacques Paliard)
>
> Whenever we say NO we imply that on a deeper level there is a YES which provokes and originates it. Rebellion always implies an acquiescence which is both deeper and more free. (Henri de Lubac)

A large Byzantine icon hanging in a corner of the office reminded me that Emmaus's existence is made possible by an unusual sort of independence from Rome. I had heard that when Father Kirk was converted to Catholicism a decade ago he had been uneasy about the reactionary character of the Roman Church. He had joined instead the Melkite rite, one of several Eastern churches that have come into communion with Rome but are responsible to their own patriarchs. "David Kirk made a shrewd prediction of the Catholic uproar," a friend of his had told me. "He's reaping the benefits of his foresight."



Father Kirk hung up the phone. He leaned back in his chair and folded his hands behind his head. A black-and-white "Resist" button was pinned on his sweater. "A very influential rabbi wants to resign from our board of sponsors," he said, "because we ran a picture of Che Guevara in an issue of our magazine."

"What kind of caption did you run under the picture?" I asked.

"I wrote, 'The death of Che Guevara is a tragic loss to the revolutionary movement. We mourn his death.' "

"Aren't you going to lose some Catholic sponsors, too?"

He stretched his arms over his head in a slow, bearish movement, and looked serene. "I don't think so," he said softly. "The fact is, when the Congress of Catholic Laymen met in Rome after Guevara's death, one of the first things they did was to say a Mass for the repose of his soul. Guevara, therefore, must have had some kind of sacramental meaning for thousands of Catholics all over the world. When the South American poor are as exploited as they are, when such violence is done to them by the corporate structure, it is their right to revolt—even within the most traditional limits of our 'just-war' theory. But the real revolution is the change of values such an uprising implies. Christianity since Constantine has always blessed the Establishment. It is only now waking up to the fact that its true message is revolution." The word came out gently in his Southern drawl.

Father Kirk leaned back in his chair, looking increasingly benign. His eyes were kind and blue, very deep-set. The loose contemporary use of the word "revolution" had been puzzling me, and I asked him what his sense of the word was.

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clear the ground for a new conception of society. To become revolutionary is to take an active stand in this re-evaluation."

"But that's not the usual sense of the word," I said. "'Revolution' has always meant *overthrowing* the existing order. What would you say about the element of violence associated with the word?"

"I think that's just been the narrow, secular, limited use. I want to use it in a religious sense, in the sense of a radical change of values, the way Christianity was revolutionary. Christ never physically overthrew any system, but there was a great deal of violence toward society in Him. His life, after all, was the greatest example of civil disobedience in history. There was even some physical violence in Jesus—in Matthew 21:12. He went into the temple and whipped the money changers and overthrew their tables." Father Kirk pointed to a photograph of Dorothy Day, the co-founder of the Catholic Worker Movement and of its newspaper, the *Catholic Worker*. "You see, my use of the word 'revolution' has been around for a long time. I am a spiritual stepchild of Dorothy Day, and Emmaus is a stepchild of the Catholic Worker Movement, which was the cradle of Catholic liberalism in this country. Since the thirties, the *Catholic Worker* has used the word 'revolution' in its non-violent sense. The Catholic Worker Movement brought about social change by forming little groups within society that strived to ameliorate such crucial problems as schooling, minority rights, unemployment pay, strikes, migrant problems of Mexican workers. Emmaus is trying to bring the same kind of activism into the problems of religious freedom, race relations, draft resistance. The *Catholic Worker* always used the word 'revolution' when it talked about its method of changing society by the media of small communities that challenged the values of the existing order."

Father Kirk began to raise his voice as from a pulpit. "It is crucially important to me that people understand that Christianity is political. A religious ideology *must* lead to a political ideology. Christianity, Christ, and the Gospels are all political. God becoming man is a political act—it creates a whole new force for reshaping man, and this is a political, a revolutionary act. What I mean by 'revolution' is the Christianizing of a society that has never yet been Christian. Christianity, after all, presents an ideal

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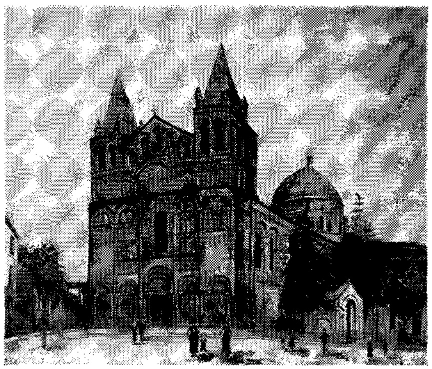

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state of society toward which one must always strive, according to which we must constantly reform present conditions."

A doorbell rang. Father Kirk pressed an answering buzzer and an unhappy-looking young man of college age came into the office, suitcase in hand.

"Well, Harry," Father Kirk said gently. "What are you up to now?"

"I simply don't know, David," the boy said.

"Take your bag upstairs, and we'll talk later. You can have the upper bunk in the second-floor bed. There's a C.O. leaving for Canada tomorrow who's sleeping in the lower one."

The boy walked slowly out of the office, and Father Kirk looked after him with concern. "It's unbelievable how few places there are in town for kids in trouble to go to," he said. "We can only give hospitality to two or three people at a time, and it breaks my heart. My dream is to have a whole brownstone next door, with thirty or forty beds in it—a real house of hospitality, like the ones the Catholic Worker communities provide. I'm particularly eager to give hospitality to people coming out of hospitals and mental institutions, and to young priests who are leaving their vocation. They go through tough phases. Oh my, I need a lot of money to do what I want to do."

The door opened, and a chubby, benign-looking man with thick spectacles peeked into the room. This was Father Young. "A man who just got divorced in Mexico keeps phoning and asking for someone to perform a marriage ceremony for him," he said. "Dear me, I simply don't know what to think of marriage anymore."

A few seconds later, Father Mann came into the office, barefoot and wearing paint-spattered blue jeans. "Should I put on my white collar for that Community Center party?" he asked.

"A white collar is always nice, Richard," Father Kirk said. Father Mann dashed out of the room, and Father Kirk explained, "It's so hard for priests to know what to wear these days."

Father Kirk looked at his watch, but I asked him one more question: "American Catholicism seems to be producing almost as many radicals as Dutch Catholicism today. How do you explain it?"

Father Kirk's voice dropped to a quiet monotone. He answered automatically, as if the question were all too familiar to him. "First, there was the Catholic Worker Movement, which prepared the ground for us. I cannot overstress its importance. No other country has had that tradition of Socialist anarchism. Then there was Pope John. And then came our civil-rights protests. It is natural that my generation of religious people, who have been demonstrating against social injustice for some years, should be well trained for committing civil disobedience against the institutional Church. For years, my friends and I have been in and out of jail for demonstrating. Just as the political New Left crystallized at the lunch-counter sit-ins in the South, so the religious New Left may have been ignited by the new activism for social justice and by a sense of guilt about the Church's apathy toward race problems. Now there's this insane war we have to resist. I've gone to jail for protesting that. Here's *another necessity for civil disobedience* that will liberalize the Church!"

Father Kirk rose from his desk. As we walked toward the door, he said, with an ingenuous smile, "It's an exciting time to be a Christian. The most exciting time since the first century. Particularly if you're a Catholic."

I HAD a longer talk with Father Kirk a few days later, in his own quarters—an airy room on the third floor of Emmaus House. It was furnished in an inexpensive, clean-cut modern style that revealed a strong sense of order and an aristocratic sense of comfort. A Vivaldi record was playing on a hi-fi. The bookshelves were filled with volumes on political science, anthropology, and history. By the record-player there was a small, orderly bar shelf with bottles of Scotch, gin, and California wine. A few Byzantine icons and family photographs hung on the walls. Leaning way back in a chair, with his hands locked behind his head, and looking straight at me with his deep-set blue eyes, he spoke modestly and deliberately, in his grave and musical Southern voice, of the events that led him to priesthood and to rebellion.

"I was born in Mississippi," Father Kirk said. "My father was a large-scale cotton farmer, a very just man. He went bankrupt, in the forties, because he tried to instill justice into the sharecropping system. My parents had no religious affiliation, but we occasionally read from Scripture at home. They were about as liberal as Southern whites can be. The first surges of emotion I felt as a child both toward

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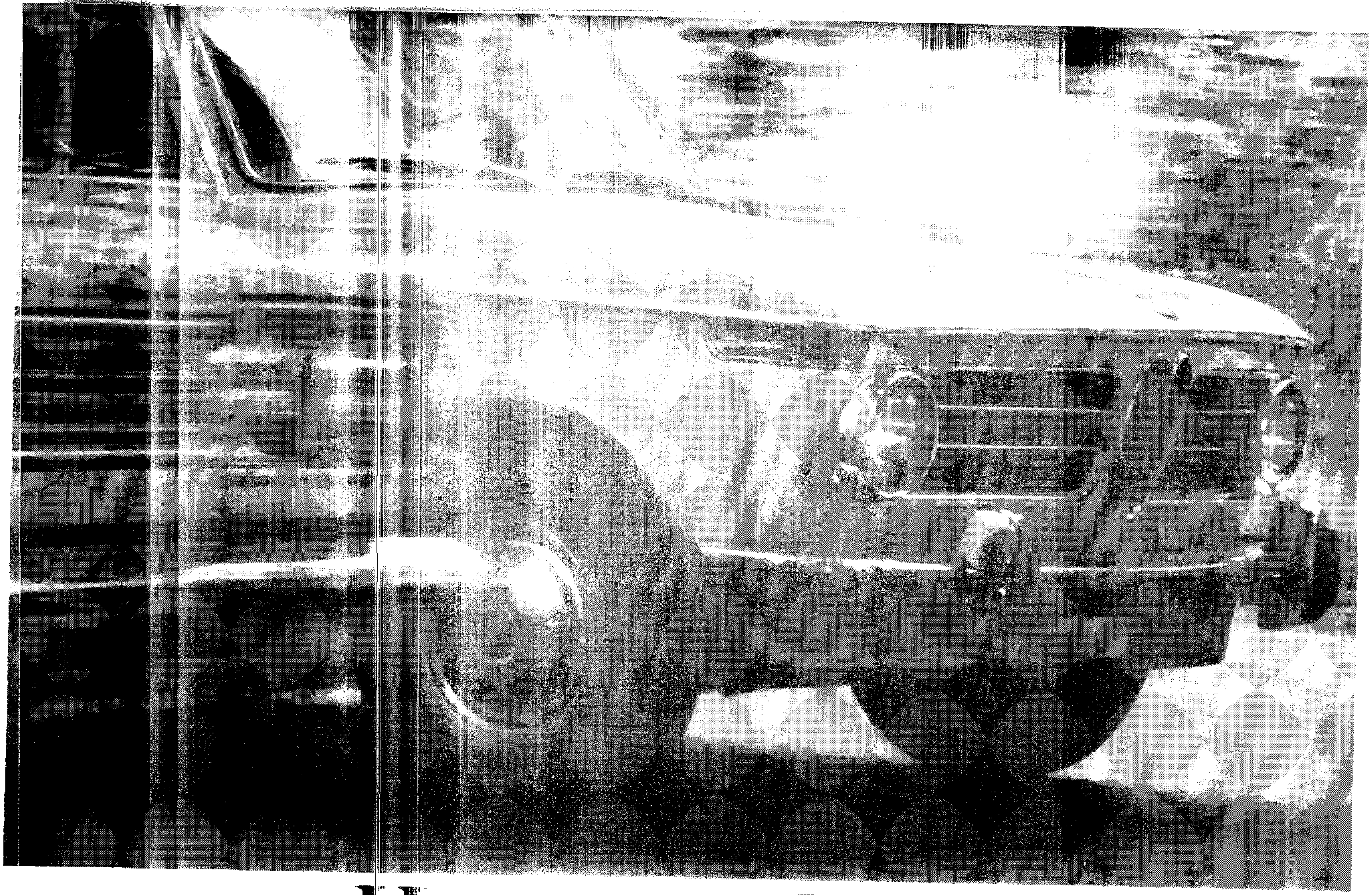

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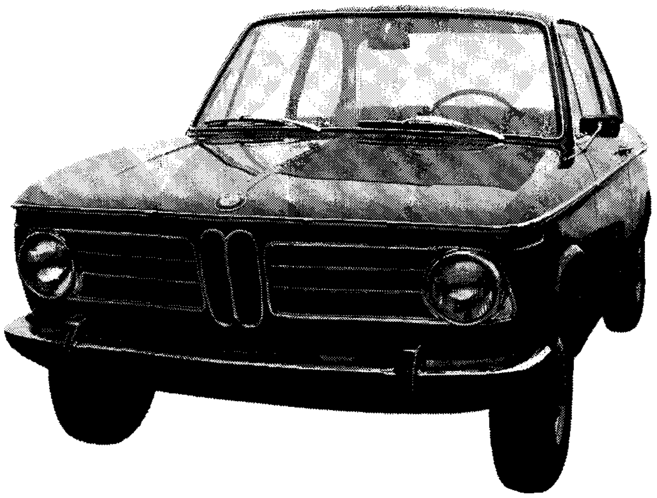

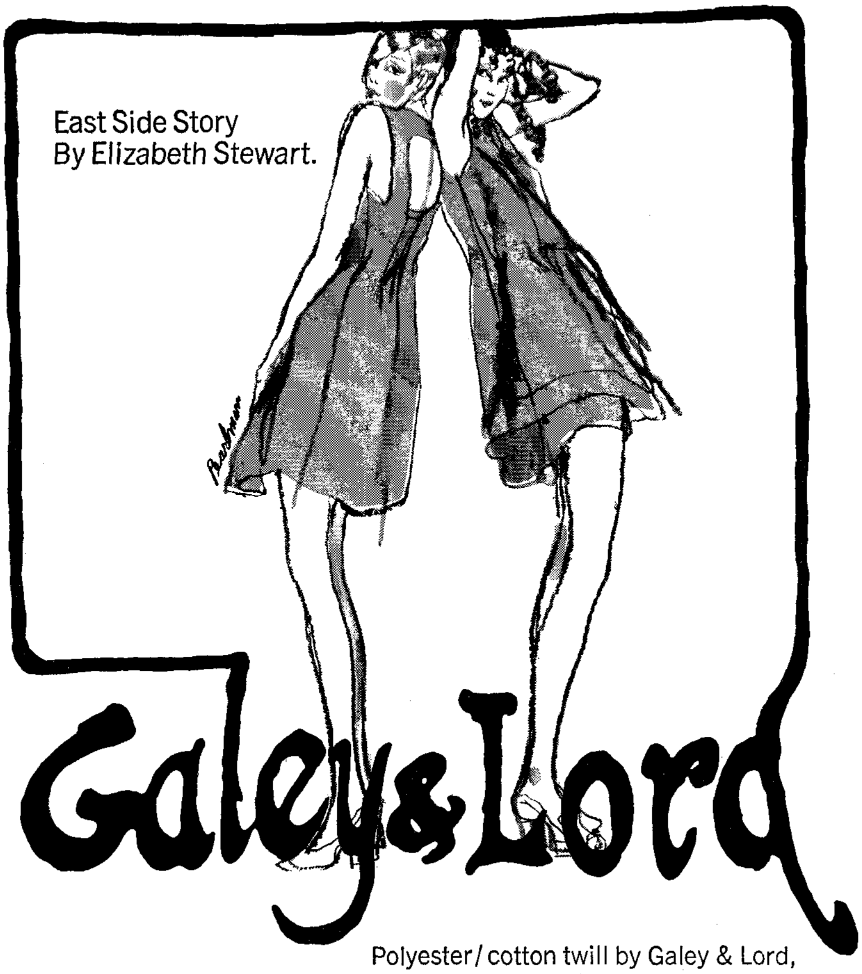
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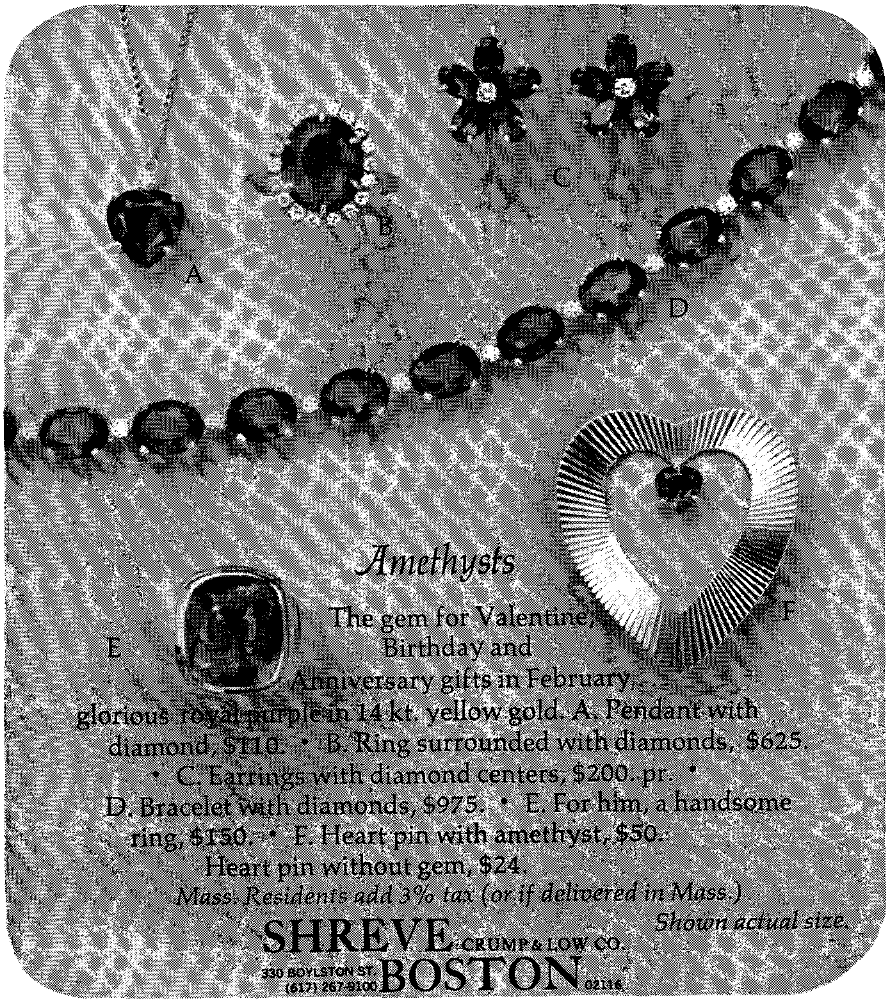
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religion and toward revolt were caused by witnessing acts of brutality against Negroes. I particularly remember being horrified—I must have been about seven—at seeing a white man kill a starving Negro because he had stolen a chicken. Of course, there was no legal reprisal whatsoever. It was the sporting thing for white men to do.

"I became a Catholic while I was a student at the University of Alabama. I was doing my major in history, and I was overwhelmed by the continuity of the Catholic Church throughout European history. I had always been passionately involved with the idea of Christian unity. I kept staring at those charts which show all the schisms that broke off from the Mother Church throughout the centuries, and I admired that Mother Church, so powerful and unified throughout time. Of course, some of the intellectual arguments that converted me then—the stability, the power—would horrify me now. There was a personal matter that led to my conversion: I had a Catholic roommate who was one of the big football stars on the University of Alabama team. I watched him kneel down for prayers every night. I was impressed by the sight of this very masculine person kneeling down for prayers every night.

"In my sophomore year in college, I asked to join an instruction class. But even in the full fervor of my conversion I was uneasy about the reactionary character of the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Church in my part of Alabama was ridden with racial and political conservatism of the familiar Irish sort, and I guess I've been a liberal ever since I've begun to think. It happened that there was a Melkite church right near the university, and this was where I chose to take instruction. The Melkite rite is not familiar to most Americans. The official title of our head prelate is very exotic—he is Patriarch of Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and the Whole East. The Melkites are the most radical wing of the Catholic Church. For many decades, the most liberal views on divorce, birth control, liturgy, and social action have been expressed by Melkite bishops. There are about fifty-five thousand Melkites in the United States, most of them of Egyptian and other Arabic backgrounds. The theological differences with Roman doctrine are small—not worth mentioning. I was impressed by the liberal character of this Melkite church near my university. It had a sung Mass in the vernacular and a warm, concerned priest who

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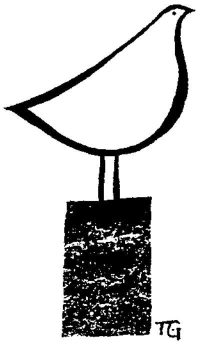
was enormously active in social problems, unlike the money-loving Irish who ran the nearby Roman church. So I joined the Melkite rite instead of the Roman one.

“I graduated in 1954, and then I taught for two years in Alabama public schools while working on a Master's degree in political science. I was immersed from the start in the interracial movement throughout the South. I was involved in the first sit-ins in Atlanta, where we tried to integrate buses. In Mobile, I worked with the N.A.A.C.P. They used me as a front man, since I was white. Every few weeks, I invited Negro leaders to talk to my students. The reason I had to stop was that the Ku Klux Klan started menacing my family. The Klan burned a cross on our lawn, and they kept writing letters threatening to burn the house down and to kill one of us if I was not removed from the public-school system. So I decided to come North. I was too much of a threat to my family's safety.

“I came to New York, and supported myself by teaching school while I finished my Master's at Columbia. I worked closely with the Catholic Worker Movement. I opened a house of hospitality on Mott Street, which accommodated the overflow from the Worker center nearby. During all that time, I was thinking of becoming a priest. I'd been thinking of the priesthood for years, trying to figure out how I could fit into the Church. I knew I couldn't last through a regular seminary, because they're made for children, not for men. Finally, I applied to Beda College, in Rome. It's the freest, most flexible of the institutions there; it gives you a great deal of time to just read and reflect. They wrote back saying they had a five-year waiting list. I went to Rome anyway. Going to Rome was an act of faith. I had no money and no sponsors, but my act of faith bore results. An extraordinary coincidence occurred the very first day I got to Rome. I met a Melkite priest, a Syrian, right in St. Peter's Square. He said, ‘The Melkite Patriarch is always home. Come and see him.’ And that same day the Patriarch sponsored me to enter Beda College. He was a wonderfully liberal man, who often said, ‘We're not afraid of experimenting. What possible evil would you do, as a priest, by experimenting?’



“My first impression of Rome was one of scandal, outrageous scandal—the abundance, the wealth of the Church! It seemed all wrong. Priesthood is service, after all, before it is anything else. My first year at Beda—lasting from the winter of '61 to the spring of '62—was the year before the Vatican Council started. I had trouble that first year, because I was a strong agitator for vernacular liturgy and pacifism. Some of the teachers accused me of heresy on that first count. They had to change their minds, of course, the following year, when the Council came out with its first decrees on the use of the vernacular. During my studies at Beda, I was a correspondent for the *Catholic World* and for the *Catholic Worker*. There was a great deal to write home about during those Council years. I had a press card and went to all the Council press conferences, and that's where I learned most of my theology.

“I was ordained in August, 1964, in the Basilica of St. Anne, in Jerusalem, which stands near the pool of Bethesda. I chose to be ordained in Jerusalem rather than in Rome because I have always been passionately involved in Christian unity, and Jerusalem, rather than Rome, is the focal point of Christianity. I was not ordained to any diocese but for the work of the Church as a whole. The day of my ordination was the Feast of the Transfiguration, and it was also the anniversary of Hiroshima. For my first service, which I celebrated the following day, I had a special liturgy on urban man and city problems—tying up the idea of Hiroshima, the city destroyed, and the Feast of the Transfiguration, Christ transfiguring the city.

“After my term at Beda was over, I came back to the United States with Lyle Young, who had been my closest friend in Rome. Lyle and I had many interests in common; our conceptions of social work and of service were very close. The idea of Emmaus House evolved during our days together as seminarians. We wanted to form an interdenominational worshipping community that would be patterned on the house churches of Early Christian times. We also wanted it to serve as a conference center for social and political problems, and as a house of hospitality for those in need. While we were raising money for Emmaus, we worked in East Harlem parishes—we taught school and counselled delinquents. In 1966, when our plan be-

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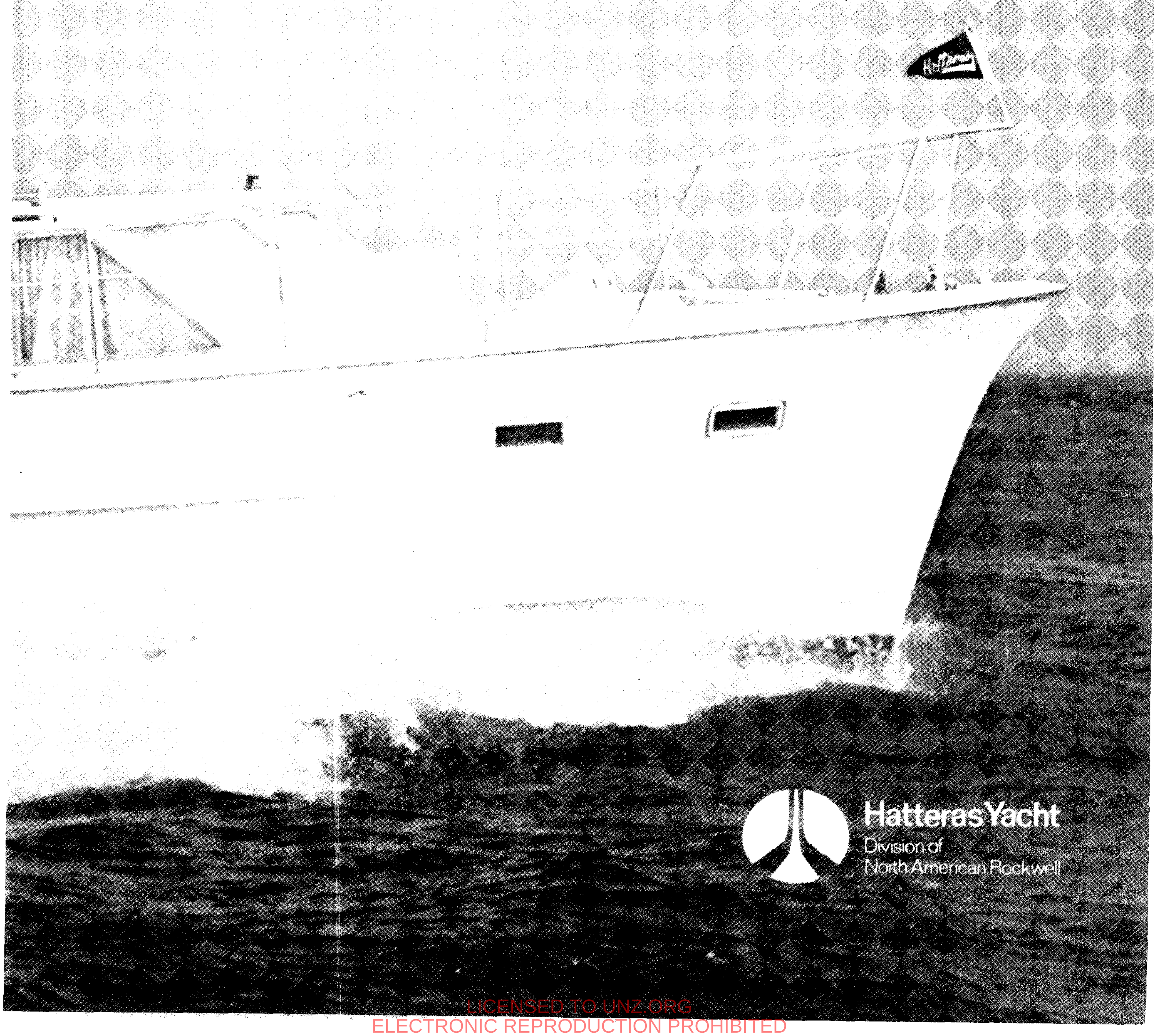
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came feasible, we went to the new American bishop of the Melkite rite, who resides in Boston, and proposed Emmaus to him. Bishop Justin was enthusiastic, and that fall we started Emmaus, in a modest way. But a few months later the New York Chancery started complaining about us. Do you know how the New York Chancery wrote off the idea of Emmaus House? They said that work among the poor is for the Roman rite only. That's a curious interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount!"

Father Kirk stood up and started laughing. His ingenuous laugh interrupted his next few sentences as he continued to talk, pacing up and down the room.

"They actually implied that New York belongs to the Roman rite. I can see them saying that to the Episcopal Bishop. Then Bishop Cooke, who was then Cardinal Spellman's vicar, made a precise list of accusations against me. He said he wanted me removed for four reasons. One, because I was inviting Marxists to dialogues with Christians at Emmaus House conferences. Two, because I was participating in peace marches. Three, because I was involved in liturgical experimentation. Four, because I was giving hospitality to priests who were leaving the vocation. So in September, 1967, under pressure from the Roman authorities, Bishop Justin wrote that he wanted to transfer me to Rochester, to be pastor of the Melkite church there. I wrote back that I did not intend doing anything here that any bona-fide ecumenical group anywhere else in the world wouldn't sanction—and good Bishop Justin cancelled the transfer. Thanks to Bishop Justin, we have moved into a period of détente with Archbishop Cooke."

Father Kirk sat down and stretched his arms over his head. "That's the wonderful thing about the Eastern Church. I doubt if the average Roman Catholic or Protestant is aware of the amount of freedom it offers. They can't stand transgressing on your individuality, or hurting your feelings in any way. It's nice, human—like a family. The Eastern Church has kept a superb spirit of pre-Constantinism, an early Church quality, a democratic character that is true to the Bible. The canon law is relatively elastic. There is no cultic or magic notion of the priesthood. There is much less importance put on transubstantiation, or on the priest. We in the Eastern rite have never claimed to know at

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what precise part of the service transubstantiation occurs. Progressive Roman theology has come a long way toward adopting these two Eastern views. The Eastern Church has its own brand of medieval fossilization, in vestments and gestures, but the spirit is infinitely freer. The Roman Church, by comparison, has paralyzed itself in its exaggeration of liturgical observance, in its caste system, its autocracy."

Standing up again, Father Kirk raised his voice and addressed me in a stern, sermonizing manner. "The biggest problem in the Church now—and I cannot stress this enough—the biggest point of friction between Rome and the new generation of religious liberals is that we are working on a different theology of authority. Newman reflected on this long ago: 'The *community* is the authority; the voice of God is in the *people*.' We must create a loyal opposition. We must practice faithful disobedience. By that I mean a faithfulness to the Church as it ought to be. I do not mean to abolish structures. Since the Church is a community, it will always have to have structures. But the structures have to be revolutionized for the Church to survive. Authority has to be radically redefined. It must be redefined as a democratic, coördinating, tying-together force, rather than an infallible, didactic one. For instance, in this birth-control controversy, which is really a controversy about authority, the Pope believes that he possesses the fullness of truth within himself. He arrived at this truth through his own exclusive prayer and knowledge, and not through the prayer and knowledge of the whole Church. This is wrong. This is ecclesiastical imperialism. The whole body of the Church is the *final* authority. The new generation of religious liberals will not be satisfied until parish priests can be elected by the people, until bishops can be elected by priests and laymen, until the Pope can be elected by a synod representative of all bishops. The greatest corruption of the Church has been its refusal to recognize that the Holy Spirit works through the people.

"We also have to redefine our notion of ministry. You know, Peter has been overemphasized by the Church at the expense of Paul. Peter left his fishing nets for the priesthood. Paul went on being a laborer—a tentmaker, to be precise—while acting as a priest. I think that the only way to reform the Church is through a self-supporting ministry. I call it, after St. Paul, a tentmaking ministry. The main instrument of the Christian mission is no longer the professional clergyman but the *secular* minister. I visualize a structure in which the priest will be self-supporting—a factory worker, dentist, lawyer, or teacher. And he will be a family man, of course—compulsory celibacy will be out before another decade's over—who will carry out his pastoral tasks in his free time. The administrative details of priesthood—the paperwork, the finances, the making out of certificates—will be done by qualified laymen. A part-time ministry is the only system that makes sense in the leisure society coming to us. Only a part-time ministry can rid the Church of its benefice system and restore its spiritual roots. I've never been paid by a church—not once—since I've been a priest. I've always earned my living. It gives me a bad taste in the mouth, the very idea of being paid a stipend for saying a Mass!

"In the Church of the future, the worshipping community will be structured around house churches like Emmaus, and the big, geographically determined parish will become obsolete. The worship groups must remain small—no more than sixty—because there is a leavening action in small groups. Only small groups can offer a liturgy that relates to *your* intimate life problems, that increases *your* sense of social action, *your* sense of responsibility toward others. The large parish is a pre-industrial concept. Let the churches crumble! We must de-propertize, renounce the matériel of power. The Church as a corporate structure will always remain reactionary—she has too much to protect. She must divest herself of property to return to the spiritual roots of the Gospel."

Father Kirk took out of his jacket pocket a button with the words "The Bread Is Rising" on it. "Civil disobedience is very much in the air," he said. "Well, to create a meaningful Church for the future we must commit acts of civil disobedience against the traditional Church—we must develop a theology of civil disobedience, which hinges on a new theology of authority. If the Church is the people, our true obedience is to them." He put the button on his lapel and said, very gently, "Guerrilla warfare! I believe in a real program of guerrilla tactics to reform the Church. We must incite insurrections

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everywhere that will prick at the institution.”

Father Young, at forty-six the oldest of the three priests at Emmaus House, is an Australian who was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, ordained into the Anglican Church, reordained into the Roman Church, and is at present applying for a transfer to the Melkite rite. The owner of this rich religious background describes himself as “a pragmatic, untheological man, moved more by instinct than by any rational system.” It is he who directs the counselling and hospitality services that Emmaus House offers to the East Harlem community. Father Young, whose favorite worldly possession, according to his friends, is a copy of “Alice in Wonderland,” often reminds one of a Lewis Carroll personage. “Dear me, I shall be late to that baptism,” he will say as he bustles about Emmaus House. “Dear me, I forgot to invite that rabbi to our tree-trimming party.”

Father Young was born into a wealthy Australian sheep-ranching family. After graduating from the University of Sydney at sixteen, he spent three years teaching blind children. And he was struck by the fact that most of his students were blind because of poverty—from poor hygiene and parental ignorance. After those three years—moved, he says, by “an extraordinarily passionate sermon given by the Anglican bishop of New Guinea”—he decided to become a priest. He was ordained into the Anglican Church instead of the Church in which he had been baptized partly because he considered the Roman Church “clergy-ridden.” He also objected to praying and worshipping in a dead language. After his ordination, he spent five years as the director of Anglican Mission Work in Port Moresby, New Guinea. He seldom talks about his past without recalling the impact of his missionary years on his vocation. “Much of my faith, and much of my understanding of what religion is about, I received from the faith of the native people I worked with in New Guinea,” he told me. “It is from them I understood that the Church is, first and above all, the community of mankind, and not the *community of the baptized*.”

Missionary work intensified Father Young’s impatience with traditional religious practices at the same time that it augmented his faith. At the age of *thirty-eight*, he decided to rejoin the Roman Catholic Church, because of its “increasing vitality and change.” He

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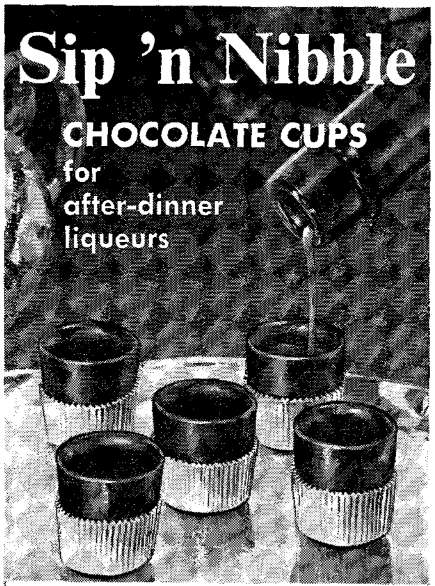

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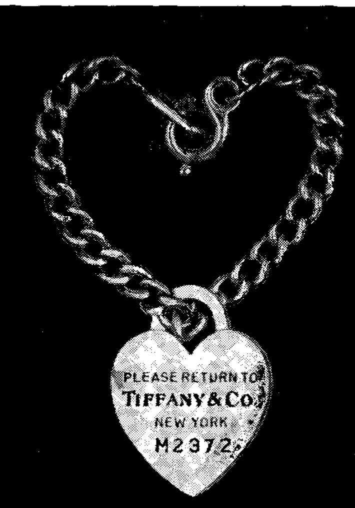

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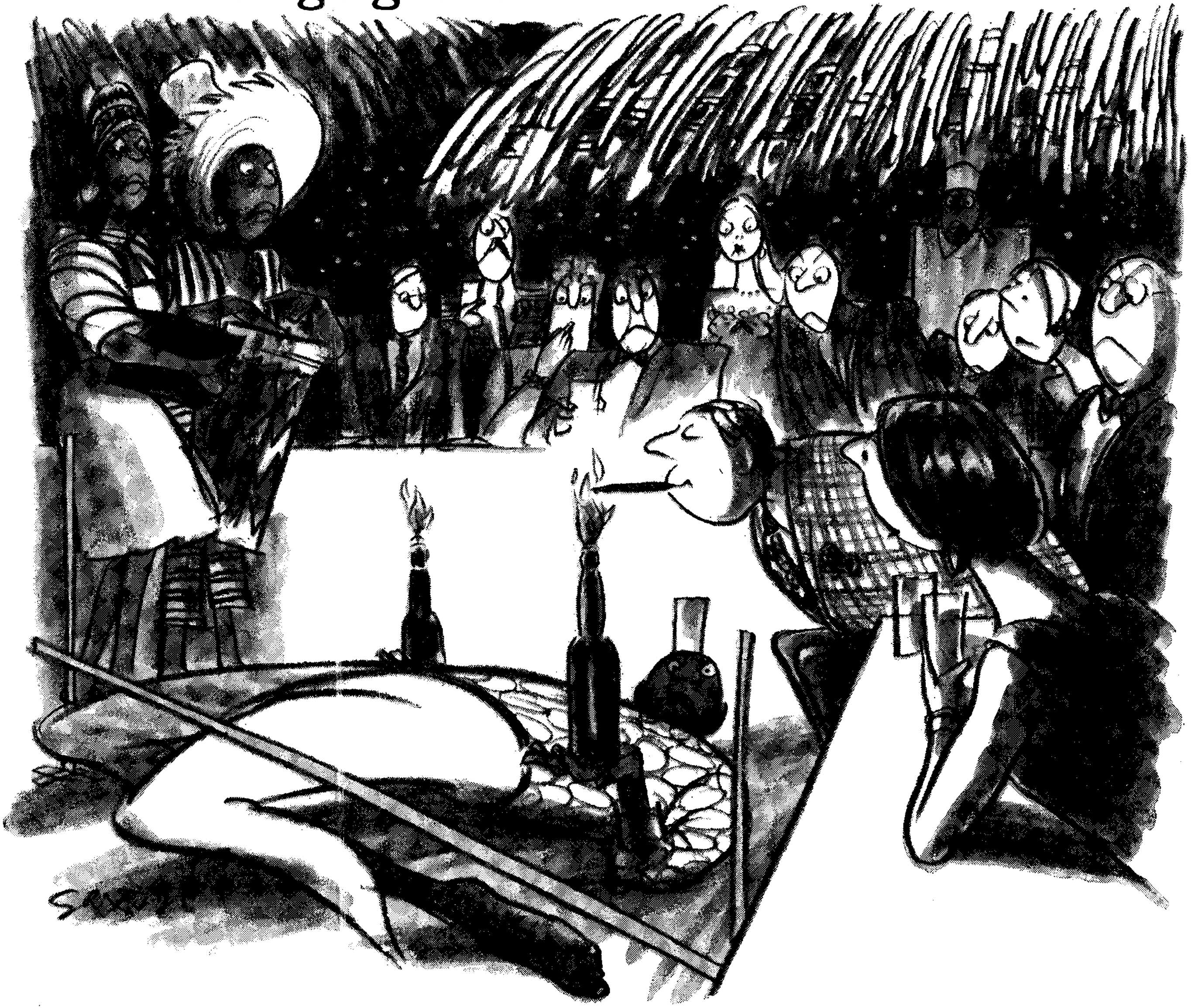

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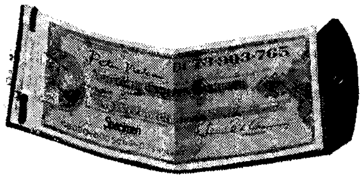

was admitted to Beda College, where he met David Kirk. Their friendship and their conception of Emmaus House grew out of their common involvement in ecumenism and in social work. Once the initial money had been raised to open Emmaus House, Father Young's first assignment was to provide its furnishings. He spent six months begging for furniture and office equipment, borrowing trucks to pick up donations from all over the city, in an effort to realize a dream that had originated during his years in New Guinea—a dream of a true city mission, a house of hospitality open to all those in need. But he looked sad as he told me about the problems of a city mission, for his ambition to keep doors open around the clock had been somewhat thwarted by the realities of East Harlem.

"The one aspect of the priesthood that has always interested me most is that of service," he said. "And it had been my ambition for years to run an absolutely open house for people suffering from contemporary urban problems—delinquency, mental illness, drug addiction. It's the kind of vision one has as a missionary. When we first opened Emmaus House, I tried to realize this ambition, but dear me, dear me, I have had my troubles." He sighed. "I'm thinking in particular about a man who lived with us for our first few months and who had an extraordinary complex about never touching money. He was a very religious man. He was trying, like the rest of us here, to be a truly primitive and very pure Christian. He used to sit on the floor praying for hours, mumbling over his beads or else strumming a single string on a guitar. He said that his work in life was to watch, to observe, but *not* to do. He said we must go out into the street, keep our doors open perpetually. However, he did not want to do any of that himself—he wanted to observe *us* doing. He was not troublesome—he had a most beautiful and gentle character—but the poor darling was quite out of touch with reality. He would eat our bread and turn on our lights, but he would not touch money. Every few days, he would say to me, 'Can you put me on the subway? I have to see a friend downtown, but I can't get on the subway by myself, because I can't touch money, so you'll have to buy the subway token for me.' I tried to be very strict with him. I looked very black as I walked him to the subway, and I said to him, 'I am indulging your selfish eccentricities.' Another unnerving thing he did was to blackmail us into giving liturgies. He had an insomnia problem, and he said that he could sleep only if we gave him Communion. So after we had heard him prowling about the house two or three nights in a row we'd feel sorry for him and we'd work up a liturgy. It takes a little time and spiritual preparation to compose a Mass, you know, but he'd dragoon us into it. The evenings we gave him a liturgy, he'd go to sleep quiet as a lamb, so we found ourselves saying Mass for him every other evening. He spent three months with us. Then one day he left us, and we haven't heard from him since."

Father Young rattled his keys and looked downcast. "We had many other exhausting guests that first year. I'll never forget the time I walked in from my counselling job and saw a man with a beard sitting at the kitchen table crying his heart out. He was saying, 'I've searched for years for this place, a community of love! I love you all.' He was weeping as he said this. 'I love you all so much. This is *my* place.' Richard Mann was still very wide-eyed about our hospitality program, and he was standing by the man saying, 'We love you, too. We love you, too. Of course you can live with us.' We've always had this terrible problem about screening. We don't have the physical room to put up everyone who wants to come in, but it's so hard to turn anyone away. Anyhow, we had a little meeting, and we took this man in. His mission in life was to have a ministry of total availability. 'The street is our altar,' he said. And he had us open a counselling office on our ground floor, so that he could be available to the local kids round the clock. He would literally pick them off the streets at 3 A.M. and bring them in for counselling. At first, we fell for this. We thought this would be a true service to the community that we could perform with him. The trouble was that he was very emotional. After a half hour of counselling some teen-ager, he would start weeping, and the boy would be weeping, too. Also, he overdid it, to our disappointment, with the open-door business. The boys came in smoking pot. Within a month, they had stolen Richard Mann's organ, my electric shaver, three typewriters, our electric carving knife—all the valuable

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things that had been given us out of charity. And one night we found a few of the boys lying in our cellar, dead drunk on beer and clutching David Kirk's typewriter. So we had to lock our doors and tone down our counselling program. It saddened me having to lock the doors, but dear me, we had to remain alive."

There is a bright-red sign inside the entrance of Emmaus House. It says, "We Love You, But Please Close the Door."

"I haven't given up," Father Young said. "The ministry of service interests me more than liturgical experiment. The freedom to solve real problems of life in this country is more important than liturgy. Worship of God is a very good and strengthening thing—what better thing can a Christian do than get beyond himself? But if you worship in this new radical way, grabbing guitars and newspaper clippings all the time, that's as satiating as the old Latin Mass. We experiment here, of course, but I don't think that liturgical avant-gardism is enough to keep a worshipping community together. There must be a political and social ideology to bind any religious community. Many groups in this country have gone underground for reasons of liturgical experiment, and we're not sure they'll survive. Liturgical experiment isn't enough. What we really need to concentrate on is the creation of a new class of working priests who can be efficient in social reform, who can earn their living by secular, worldly work instead of living off the alms of the people. The kind of priesthood that the early Church had, that France had in the forties, that the Eastern Church makes possible." He gave a shudder, and went on. "The idea of being paid for doling out sacraments is repulsive. That kind of money makes me feel like the man who couldn't touch the coins to buy a subway token. Obviously, the self-supporting ministry is the best answer. David Kirk and I support ourselves by counselling and teaching. Richard Mann is an excellent artist and sells an occasional painting. He also free-lances for magazines, and he's planning to teach art. I have applied to the Melkite rite because it leaves you freer to work in the world—it doesn't nibble away at every area of your private and public life, the way the Roman Church does. The Patriarch has agreed to have me, but the Roman permission will take longer, and I'm still awaiting transfer. The Eastern Church is much more democratic than the Roman one, as David

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Kirk figured out long ago. The Roman Church is drowning in the worship of its own institutions—it has become a group of functionaries. And nowhere in the Gospel have I seen that Christ created a group of functionaries. The biggest thing going on in religion is the realization that the Church is the world, and that the world is political, and that the true Gospel of the poor is better housing, and that priests should be the poor's picketers, and that picketing is a form of praying." He added, "Praying, after all, is a form of picketing."

IF the New Church had an iconography, its image of Christ would not be modelled on the passive, saccharine figure portrayed in children's catechism books. Its cultic image would more likely be a photograph of the angry Father James Groppi picketing for open housing in Milwaukee. The theology of the New Church feeds with new appetite upon an old paradox: the disparity between the social radicalism of Christ's original message and the Church's resistance to social change. Like most movements of reform—Wycliffe's, Hus's, Luther's—the New Church has a nostalgic longing for the free, unstructured evangelism of the first Christian centuries. But whereas in previous centuries men disillusioned with religious structures either left religion altogether or set up new sects, in the nineteen-sixties the insurgent group has taken the form of a loyal opposition, fervently building a substructure beneath present institutions—a genuine underground. The revolt of this underground strives to force upon the Church the same democratization that men have brought to secular governments in the past two centuries. "Wooden shoes going up the stairs of history pass the velvet slippers coming down" is a favorite quotation of Father Kirk's. It is from an essay by Anatole France on the French Revolution, but in Father Kirk's context it is clear that the wooden shoes are those of the underground Christians passing the velvet slippers of the Roman Curia.

The theology of the wooden-shoed, the religious New Left, precisely parallels the principles of the political New Left. Both are collectivist, pacifist, unstructured, utopian, verbose but anti-intellectual, obsessed with "community," centered on a style of life rather than on any systematic ideology, and prone to lapse into romantic anarchy. Both in politics and in religion, the New Left expresses disgust with traditional institutions, agitates for a nebulously defined "participatory democracy," and considers middle-of-the-road liberals to be the arch-enemies who sell out on radical reform. Both movements work for radical reform by dropping out of traditional structures—be it the two-party system or the parish system—and by forming cells that "prick at the institution," as David Kirk put it, with ideological guerrilla warfare.

Father Kirk told me that the year he came back from Rome he read Tom Hayden's "Port Huron Statement," which was the first position paper put out by Students for a Democratic Society; it made him join S.D.S. immediately. Father Kirk was impressed by the influence Pope John had had upon the "Port Huron Statement." Hayden had actually quoted Pope John in expressing S.D.S.'s determination to "replace power rooted in possession, privilege, and circumstance by power and uniqueness rooted in love, reason, reflectiveness, and creativity."

"I don't think it's a coincidence that Tom Hayden and Michael Harrington got their moral training as Roman Catholics," Father Kirk added with pride. "They're the two major intellectuals of the New Left. Catholics as a group are abysmally reactionary, yet there has always been a tiny fistful of Catholic intellectuals who have been in the vanguard of social reform."

Father Kirk and Father Young have devoted a great deal of their time to social change. They have taught, lectured, met with Black Power leaders and urban-housing commissions, counselled drug addicts, sheltered and counselled draft resisters, organized tutorial and cultural programs for East Harlem children, attended S.D.S. meetings, and maintained a militant correspondence with other religious "cells" of the underground Church. The activities of Emmaus's third and youngest priest, Father Mann, seem less mundane. He appears to be less preoccupied with the world's problems than with composing startling layouts for Emmaus's magazine, *The Bread Is Rising*, of which he is the editor, and with preparing lively experimental liturgies, which might involve dancing, paper masks, lighting effects, and readings from James

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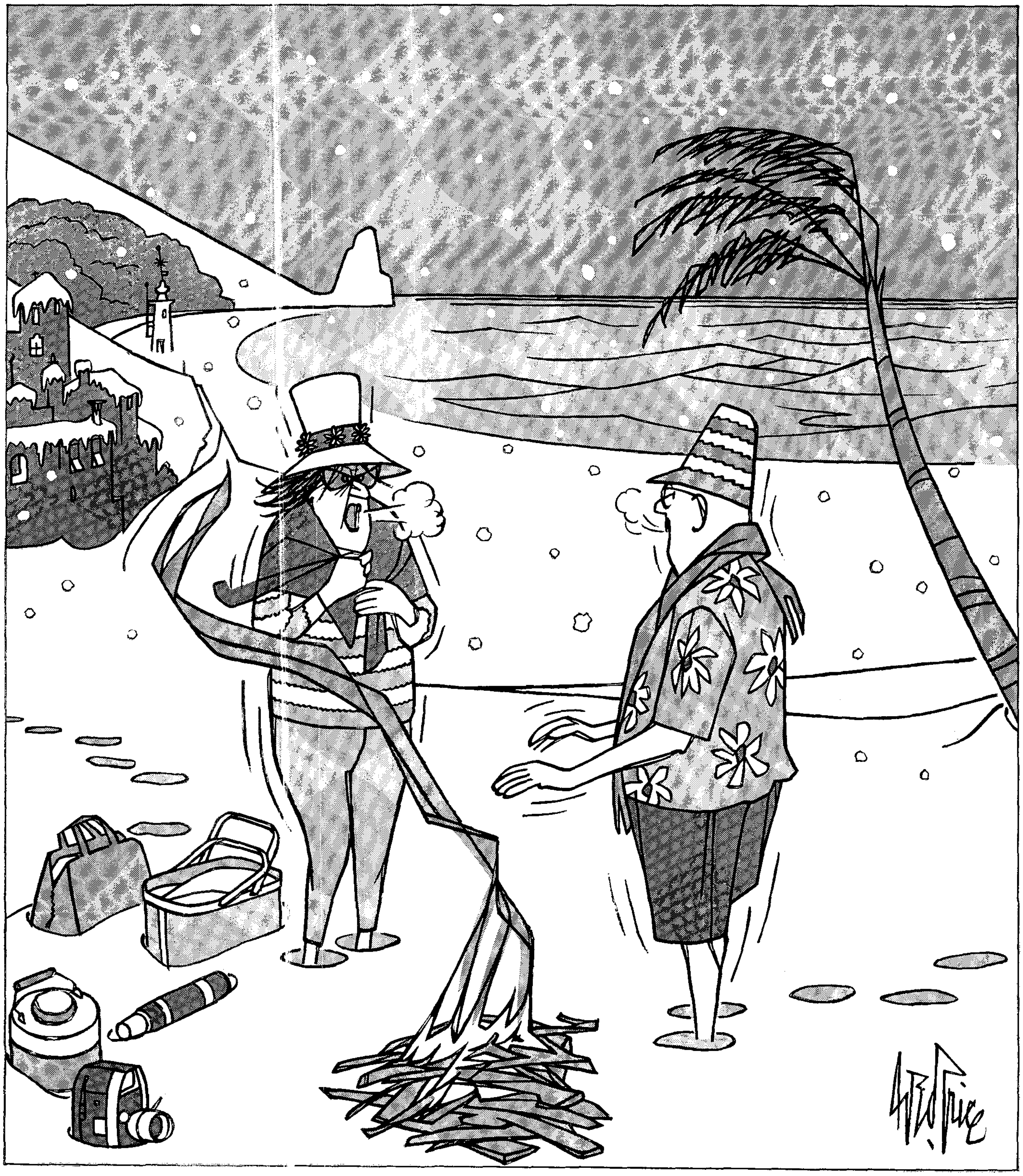

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Joyce. At the time of my visits to Emmaus House, he seemed to lead an owlish night life. He often came downstairs—puffy-eyed and hoarse, dressed in a beige corduroy jump suit—in the late hours of the morning. He would then put on a recording of the Beatles or the Supremes and start toying with a layout for his next issue—kneeling on the floor, large scissors in hand, slicing violently through photographs of Pope John, U Thant, Che Guevara, and Vietnamese monks. There was a fervid eccentricity about him; he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the flowering of a long-suppressed individualism. His room, on the top floor of Emmaus House, had formerly served as a dormitory for Father Kirk's cherished hospitality project. Father Kirk had relinquished it to him, for Father Mann had insisted that the "denial of personality" the Church had imposed upon him for years made it imperative that he have a room of his own.

I stopped Father Mann one evening as he was walking out of Emmaus House for an engagement downtown, impeccably attired in a double-breasted gray wool suit, and we made an appointment for three o'clock the following afternoon. When I arrived at Emmaus House the next day, I found him standing barefoot on the kitchen table, fitting an enormous piece of aluminum over a light bulb in the ceiling. Father Kirk was sitting below him, sipping a cup of coffee. They were arguing about a talk that Father Mann was scheduled to give, entitled "Dropping Out Creatively."

"You see, I think the hippie type of dropping out is wrong," Father Kirk was saying. "I don't think you should stress the value of that type of dropping out. The flower people's dropout was always narcissistic, sensation-centered, passive."

"I don't agree with you at all," Father Mann said.

"But it's just the kind of dropping out I've been fighting here," Father Kirk said edgily. "The whole point is that there's a kind of dropping out that *is* creative—like the S.D.S. cells that drop out of the Establishment to correct the social ills in their communities, like the Quaker groups that drop out to be faithful to their moral values, like the new farmers' coöperatives in the South that are creating fairer ways of distribution—"

"Well, I still think the flower people were lovely," Father Mann said. He saw me standing in the doorway, and told me impatiently, "You're ten minutes late. I wanted you to see my room

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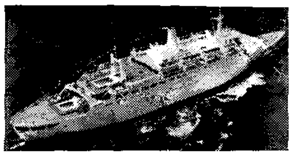

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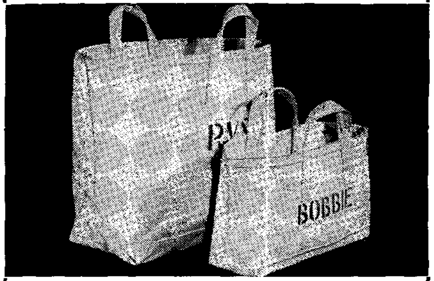

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in just the proper light, and it's waning fast. I'll take this piece of metal up with me. I'm making a sculpture to hide that monstrous ceiling bulb."

We rushed upstairs and entered a stark white room on the fourth floor. Its deliberate austerity might have been a Hollywood rendering of a Zen monk's cell. The furnishings consisted of sofa cushions covered with white towels, a low homemade table, a mattress covered with white linen lying directly on the floor. A narrow bottle holding a single daffodil stood on the table. There were white-painted bookcases along the wall. By the bed lay a metal paint box, its brushes stacked in tidy rows. And above the bed hung a large Abstract Expressionist canvas, painted in the sweet colors and violent forms of the Willem de Kooning style, signed by Richard Mann. He fidgeted with a wooden screen by the window, carefully letting the last rays of afternoon sun filter into the room. "You missed the best light effect," he complained. "Well, let's sit on the floor and talk."

He sat cross-legged on the mattress. His handsome face, grown a bit puffy, framed by long blond sideburns, reminded one of Donatello's John the Baptist. He has catlike gestures, quick-moving blue eyes, a soft, indulgent mouth. He smoked from a pack of small cigars, and as he talked he deftly bent and cut, with large scissors, the sheet of aluminum he had brought upstairs.

"When I look back on my adolescence, I had a terrible fear of people. I was sickly shy. I couldn't face the rough and tumble of the world. That's why I decided so early for the priesthood, and I think that's why many men decide to be priests. I'd always been neurotically religious in school back in Australia, where I come from—always the altar boy, always the one to clean up the grotto, constantly lighting candles in my room. Prayer had always been easy for me. I often imagined myself in mystical ecstasies.

"The community I joined at the age of sixteen was the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. It's as unworldly an order as you can find. The chief discipline of its priests is to adore the exposed host. All over the world, Blessed Sacrament Fathers have set up 'thrones of exposition' to draw the largest possible crowds into their churches to adore the exposed host. Our founder had the idea that in this contemplation you make 'a total gift of your personality.' I was told that you are to become nothing, *nada*, that

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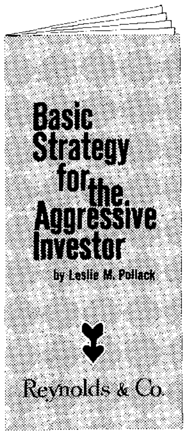

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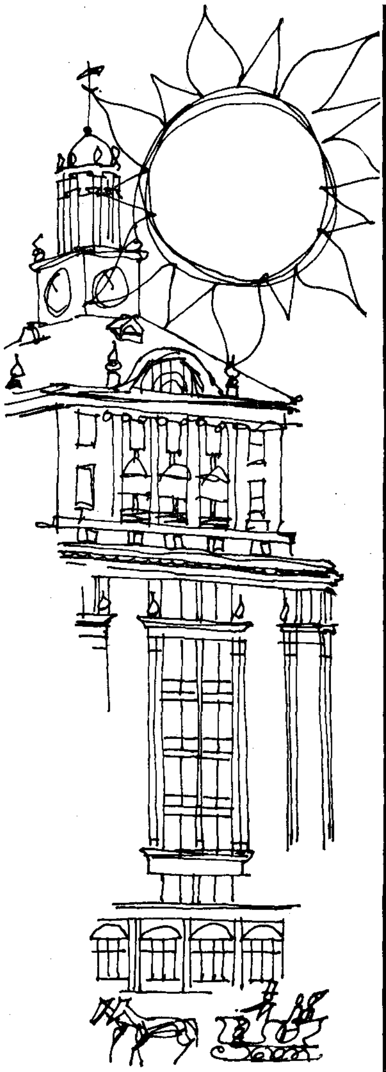

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you are nothing but a receptacle for Jesus. This meditation was based on a seventeenth-century belief that one should empty oneself of passion and ambition and be passive before divine will. Prayer came easily in those early years.

"From my early teens, I had been interested in poetry and in painting. When I was sixteen, I came across some reproductions of Jackson Pollock's in an art magazine, and I started doing Abstract Expressionist pictures in my spare time. I threw gold dust on pieces of Masonite, poured paint over them—always very freely. I never have had a need to find objective representation in art. I think there's some relationship between my love for abstract art and the meditative discipline of my order—all that contemplation of that empty, abstract white thing, and the notion that God cannot be conceived in words, only apprehended by the spirit. These influences all coöperated, and by the time I was seventeen I was well on my way as an Abstract Expressionist painter, and I wrote poetry prolifically. But writing poems and painting were not encouraged at the novitiate. The novice master told me, 'Blessed Sacrament Fathers don't write books or paint pictures. They just contemplate the exposed host.' Later, in the seminary, I was forbidden to paint or write for a year. It was a test. I was docile then and I obeyed. Men in seminaries live in the constant terror of not being ordained.

"I began to get impatient in my late teens, but I was delighted when they told me that I was 'Rome material.' *That's what they say, anywhere* in the world, to their prize students. It had been my ambition, since I'd been six, to go to Italy. Australia is such a dismal country, with this enormous and dreary middle class—I'd always wanted to get away from it. Sure enough, a week after I'd been ordained, I was sent to Rome to study liturgy. I was very excited, because I had always been more interested in liturgy than anything else. But when I got to Rome I was told that I had to study theology for two years before I could even think about liturgy. So I was sent to the Gregorian University."

Father Mann rose. "I didn't want to do theology and Latin! I only wanted to do liturgy." He stood by the window looking out into 116th Street. "So by my second year in theology I went into a very depressed state. I couldn't study. Nothing seemed to matter. I can't tell you the horror of life in those Roman seminaries. Back then, we were given only enough money on Thursday afternoon, when we were off, to take the very cheapest bus to St. Peter's and back. We were not even given extra lire for a cup of coffee. I was sent some money by my parents, so I bought a bicycle and zoomed all around town. I painted a lot in my room. I even had an exhibition in Rome. I skipped classes. I refused to do that theology. One day, the superior came into my room and said, 'You have to pass the theology exam, or else you go back home.' Well, that really scared me. When I left for Rome, I'd sworn I would never go home. That would have been the worst blow to my pride. But it dawned on me that in the priesthood if you say no they can't put you in jail or in irons—they have to face up to you as a human being and dialogue with you. So I faced my superior and said, 'No. I refuse to go home.' I've never recovered from the power of that moment. What could they do to me? They had to compromise. He compromised. He said, 'All right, you'll go to a parish in the United States, and that'll give you a sense of responsibility.'

"So they sent me to New York, and posted me temporarily at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste at Seventy-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue. I had the usual priestly routine—5:30 A.M. Mass, adoration at midday, confessions at night. I painted in my room. I spent a lot of time during those months at St. Jean's stewing over how my order might be updated. But I de-*cided that the order couldn't be re*formed for another twenty years, and I wasn't going to dedicate my life to that task. I'd seen too many priests in my order crushed, too many sour men who spent their time complaining about how the meat wasn't cooked properly. I decided that I simply refused to become like one of them. I felt lost. I didn't know what to do with myself. And then I found Emmaus House."

Father Mann suddenly looked like a serene, candid child. "I found Emmaus, and life became bearable for the first time since my boyhood. I met David Kirk in a bookstore; the owner introduced us because she said we were the only two priests she'd ever seen wearing peace buttons. I started to come to Emmaus regularly to help paint the house. It was the first community that had appealed to me in

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years. I'd been so lonely all my life as a priest. Priests as a caste are lonely, scared men. When a letter came from my superior in Rome saying, 'Father Mann has to live full time in the St. Jean's monastery,' I again said no. I've learned to say no. I moved my things up here and applied for permission to work here full time.

"I think that the only role of the priest nowadays is to be a prophet, an intellectual gadfly, a celebrator. All the other functions the priest used to have—the counselling, the social work, the administering of justice—are done now by specialized laymen. And the cultic, magic notion of the priesthood is equally defunct. In progressive theology, every man is a priest—the Spirit works exclusively through the people. It would be sad if there were nothing left for priests to do but to dole out the sacraments. My definition of the priesthood is close to my definition of the artist. Priests must be catalysts, irritants. They must have the most acute conscience in society. Their function is to make people question, as St. Francis and Pope John did. Like artists, they must develop their intellect, their individualism, their receptivity to a more refined state than anyone else. Their liturgy must remain hypersensitive to the community's changing needs. If we worked with a community that liked vestments, incense, the old-fashioned wafer-thin host we'd be delighted to do it that way for them. But the fact is that the community here prefers a more informal, familiar service, and we've had to adjust to them. What a splendid Liturgy of the Word we had the other day! We had Molly Bloom's soliloquy from the last chapter of 'Ulysses'—the 'Yes I Will' part. It is such a beautiful way of saying yes to reality. It's really the people who offer the liturgy nowadays. What the priest can do is to create the best kind of atmosphere for celebration—turn the audience on, in other words. It's more and more of a part-time job to be a priest, more and more of a full-time job to be a Christian."

ON a weekday evening, a few people sat in Father Kirk's room at Emmaus House sipping highballs. One of the guests that night was James Forest, a member of the Emmaus community and a close friend of Father Kirk's. Forest, an amiable man in his late twenties, with a fierce reddish mustache, is a former editor of the *Catholic Worker* and a convert to Catholicism. His father is an active member of the American Com-

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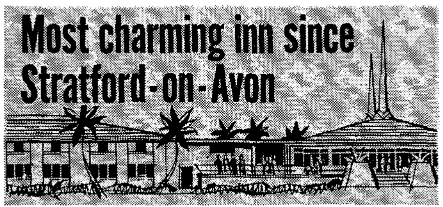

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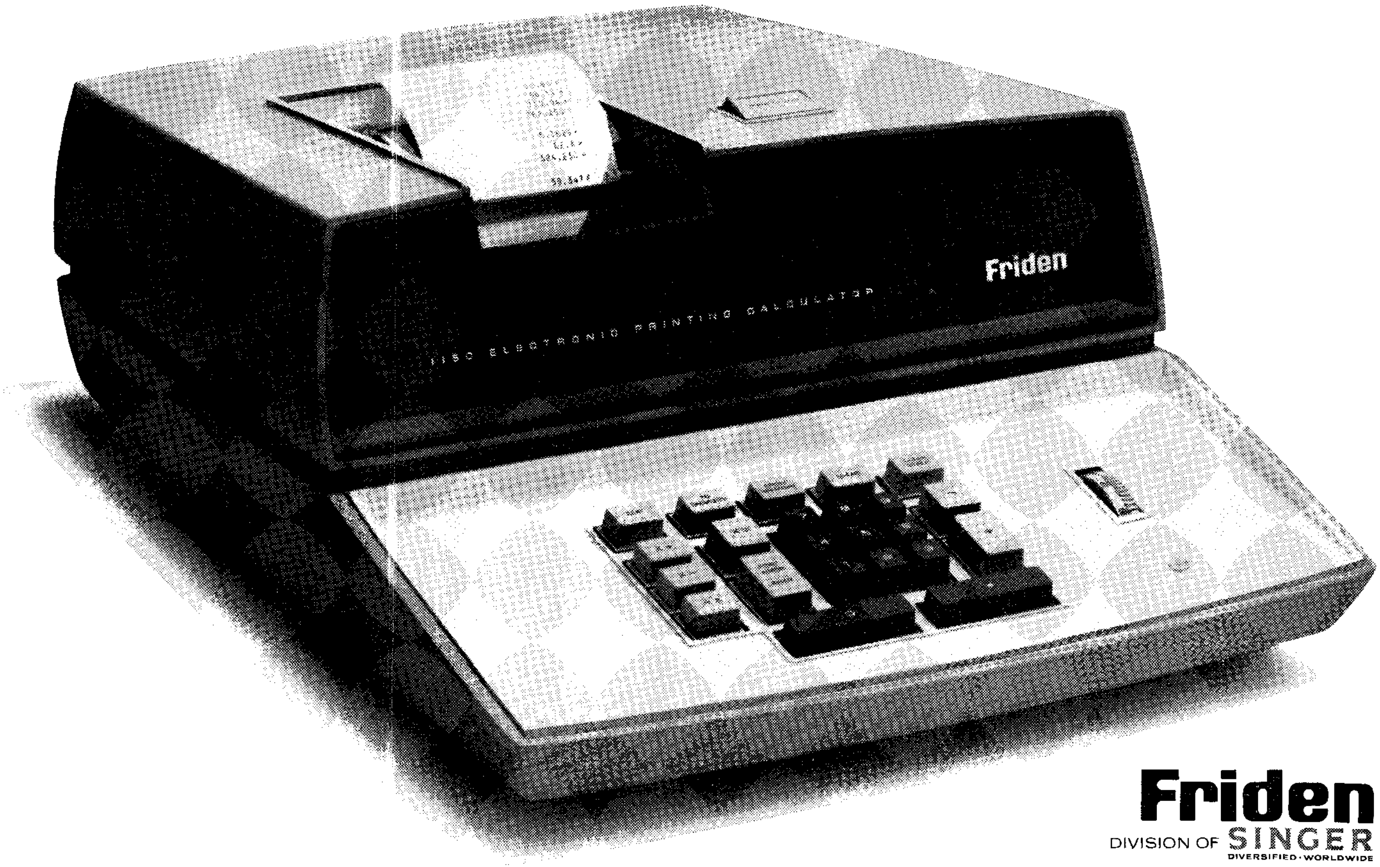

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munist Party. Jim Forest is a co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, a pacifist organization whose founders included Thomas Merton and Dorothy Day. I had visited Forest a few weeks earlier at the headquarters of the Peace Fellowship on Beekman Street. The photographic array of radical Catholic heroes in Forest's office was even more luxurious than that in Father Kirk's. Forest had seemed particularly eager to introduce me to his picture gallery. Many of the photographs showed his friends either taking Communion or about to go to jail. "Here's Jacques Maritain taking Communion from Tom Merton," he said. "Here are Dorothy Day and David Kirk refusing to coöperate with an air-raid drill. Here are Philip Berrigan and I at a conference at Thomas Merton's hermitage in Kentucky. Here's Philip Berrigan, again, the time he poured blood on the Selective Service files in Baltimore. That was an important gesture: it was a political, a liturgical, and an educational act. Here's a photograph of my son Benedict—I had wanted to become a Benedictine when I was younger."

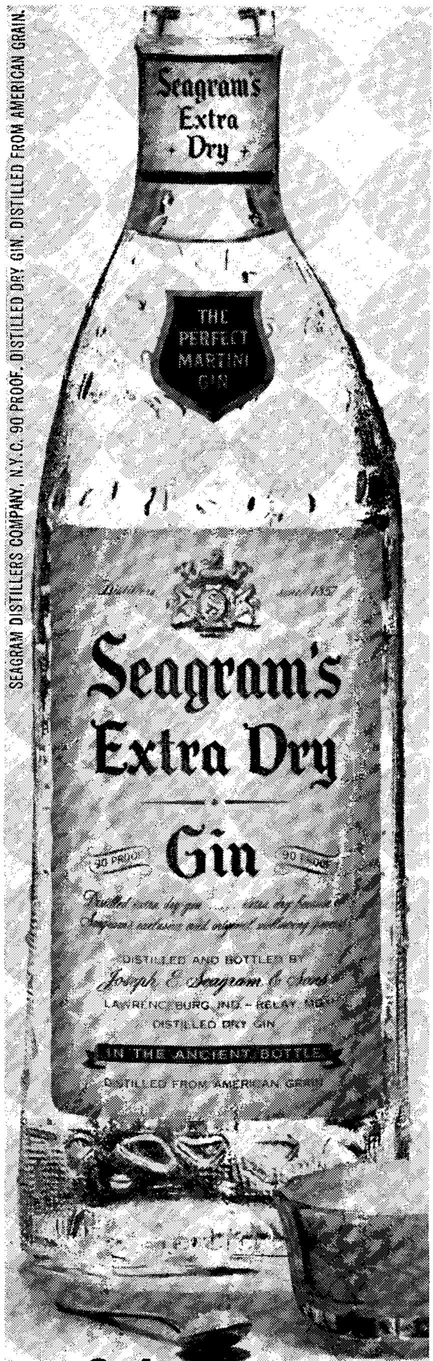
The evening I saw Forest at Emmaus House, he was sitting next to his wife, Linda, and they were flipping through the pages of a new issue of *The Bread Is Rising*. "Eschatology!" he moaned. "Here's a cat using that word 'eschatology.' Ooooh, that's a word that in ten years will be so outdated—man, it'll be as outdated as rosaries that glow in the dark."

Linda Forest read aloud from an editorial by Father Kirk: "'Becoming radical leads to an understanding that voting has nothing to do with changing your life. . . . Voting is a passive act, a choosing between alternatives provided by someone else.'" She turned to the author. "That's excellent, David. Remember the time you and I were arrested at the Battery for protesting the war? That sure was better than voting!"

"Encourage kids to join the Resist movement—that's the most important thing a priest can do this year," Father Kirk said. "The idea of killing people you don't know for causes you don't support—of *course* you'd rather go to jail or to Canada, or anything."

"Going to jail," Forest said. "Why, that's the best sacrament around."

We all moved to the kitchen and began getting a meal on the table. Forest talked to me about his relationship to Emmaus House. "It's the religious community that is most relevant to me, the one that mirrors most close-



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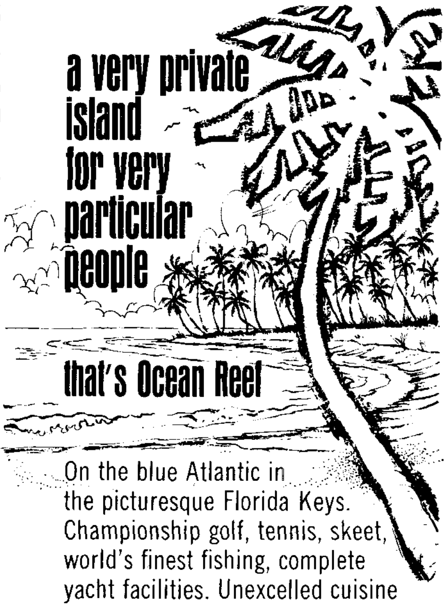
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ly my concerns and my hopes. So many of us have become fed up with the impersonal, old-fashioned liturgy, the formalized blasphemy we have to sit through every Sunday for the sake of the Church. At Emmaus, we are free to speak out about the everyday problems that have concerned us most during the week. We see salvation in terms of trying to create a better world here and now, through social and political action concretely inspired by the Gospel."

Forest went on talking while slicing bread. "Have you noticed the revivalist, turned-on atmosphere of new liturgy in the past couple of years? Awfully interesting. The theologians say that it's because we've gotten away from the concept of the Mass as sacrifice. We're stressing the joyful element of the Mass, the celebration. But I think it goes beyond that. I think it's also the Beatles. The Beatles have been influential on liturgy, as all folk culture should be, and their content is extremely love-oriented. Or, let's say, the new love elements in hippiedom and in liturgical renewal have a common source—the surge toward community. Also, the clergy's aspiration toward marriage—that might increase the love syndrome."

We sat down for dinner. The food was simple but abundant: a ham, large loaves of dark bread, a bottle of wine supplied by the Forests. Forest edged up to Father Kirk, saying playfully, "Can I sit next to you, Father? Will you give me an indulgence, Father?" Father Kirk smiled impassively. Father Young tapped on his glass, and everyone was quiet as he read a Psalm:

> "Send out your light and truth.
> Let these be my guide
> To lead me to your holy mountain
> And to the place where you live."

Father Mann was looking at an issue of *Esquire* while he cut his meat. "Barney's!" he exclaimed. "Carnaby-type trousers for thirty-five dollars!"

"Oh, these priests," Linda Forest said. "Always thinking of what they're going to wear next."

"Crisis of identity," Jim Forest said.

Father Mann slammed the magazine shut. "I haven't told you, gang—I think I've got an assignment for a fashion magazine."

"Father's going to work on Madison Avenue!" Forest said.

"Sharp!" Linda Forest said.

"As good a tentmaking ministry as any," Father Young said.

"I got a call today from those priests working in the factory in Brooklyn," Father Kirk said. "There might be a

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real new worker-priest movement starting there."

"What a good dinner!" Forest said. "The *Catholic Worker* was never like this."

"At the *Catholic Worker*, we were very arrogant about being the poor men of the Church," Father Kirk said softly. "That was probably our chief sin. We said the rosary, we went to daily Mass. I miss that discipline. There is nothing that can quite take its place. There's a real danger in the secularism that Emmaus House represents. By secularizing the Church as we have done, you can throw the baby out with the bath. I mean by that, if you go too far with the Harvey Cox idea that picketing for better housing is a form of prayer, then you may end up with no meditative discipline whatever. The balance between meditative discipline and social action—that's the most important balance we have to strive for."

There was an uneasy silence. The conversation went on to Régis Debray, Eldridge Cleaver, Pope Paul's warnings against modernism.

"Beware of institutional ecumenism," Father Young said.

"Those are two bad words around here," Forest said to me with a smile. "It's like saying 'white middle-class liberal.' "

"What do you mean by institutional ecumenism?" I asked.

"The Pope shaking the hand of the Greek Patriarch," Father Young said quickly. "The Pope kissing Patriarch Athenagoras. Their dinner parties. The common services once a year, always in January. The endless quibbling about defining the Eucharistic presence before inter-Communion is allowed. That's institutional ecumenism. And ecumenism is already a thing of the past—it's part of history."

Father Kirk said softly, "All through the underground, we have moved on from ecumenism to interdenominationalism. We frequently bypass the institution. We believe that we must share Communion with other faiths before any dogmatic definition of the Presence has been reached. We say, 'On the road to Emmaus we'll heal our divisions.' You know the story of Emmaus: Some disciples met a stranger on the road, but they didn't recognize him as Jesus resurrected until they had broken bread together. In the early Church, the differences of opinion about the nature of the Eucharist were infinitely more violent than they are now between Protestants and Catholics, and yet *they* were sharing Communion."

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Father Kirk looked thoughtful, and he added, "Let's be reasonable. What I really mean is that you need both an institutional ecumenism and a grass-roots ecumenism such as ours. Just as you need both a liberal Democratic Party doing its official work *and* a grass-roots New Left working outside the parties, so you need the liberal bishops doing the good, progressive things *and* the grass-roots insurrection to change the institution, to push the bishops on."

Later that evening, as I was leaving, Father Kirk took me to the door of Emmaus House. ("We Love You But Please Close the Door," the bright-red sign said.) Summing up the conversation started at the table, he said, "The Church is inevitably heading toward pluralism. There will be a multiple-track Church, with a great diversity in ways of worship within its ranks. It's the only way to avoid schism. The Episcopalians, after all, have their Low, Middle, and High Church, and I think the Catholics must and will evolve toward that kind of pluralism to stay united. However, to work toward that unity many of us have to drop out of the self-worshipping institution, outside the Roman complex, and that's what I've done."

"I thought you were against dropping out," I said.

"I do not in the least consider myself a dropout of the Church," he said severely. "I only said I've dropped out of the self-worshipping Roman complex. I consider myself at the very core of the Church, attempting to recapture its original meaning." And he added gaily, with confidence, "A lot of bishops and cardinals are on the fringes of the Church. We're smack in the center." —FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

•

A new auction record was set when this snuff box, left, was purchased at Sotheby's in London for $55,000. It was presented by Louis XV to a Swiss banker and was made by Danial Govaers in 1726. It contains miniature photos of Louis and his queen.—*Picture caption in the Miami Herald.*

Probably just a couple of snapshots, slightly underexposed.

•

When ILLIAC IV is described to "the man on the street," his immediate response is "It's obviously good for partial differential equations and matrices, but how does it perform on a general mix of problems?"—*Report from the David Sarnoff Research Center, Princeton, N. J.*

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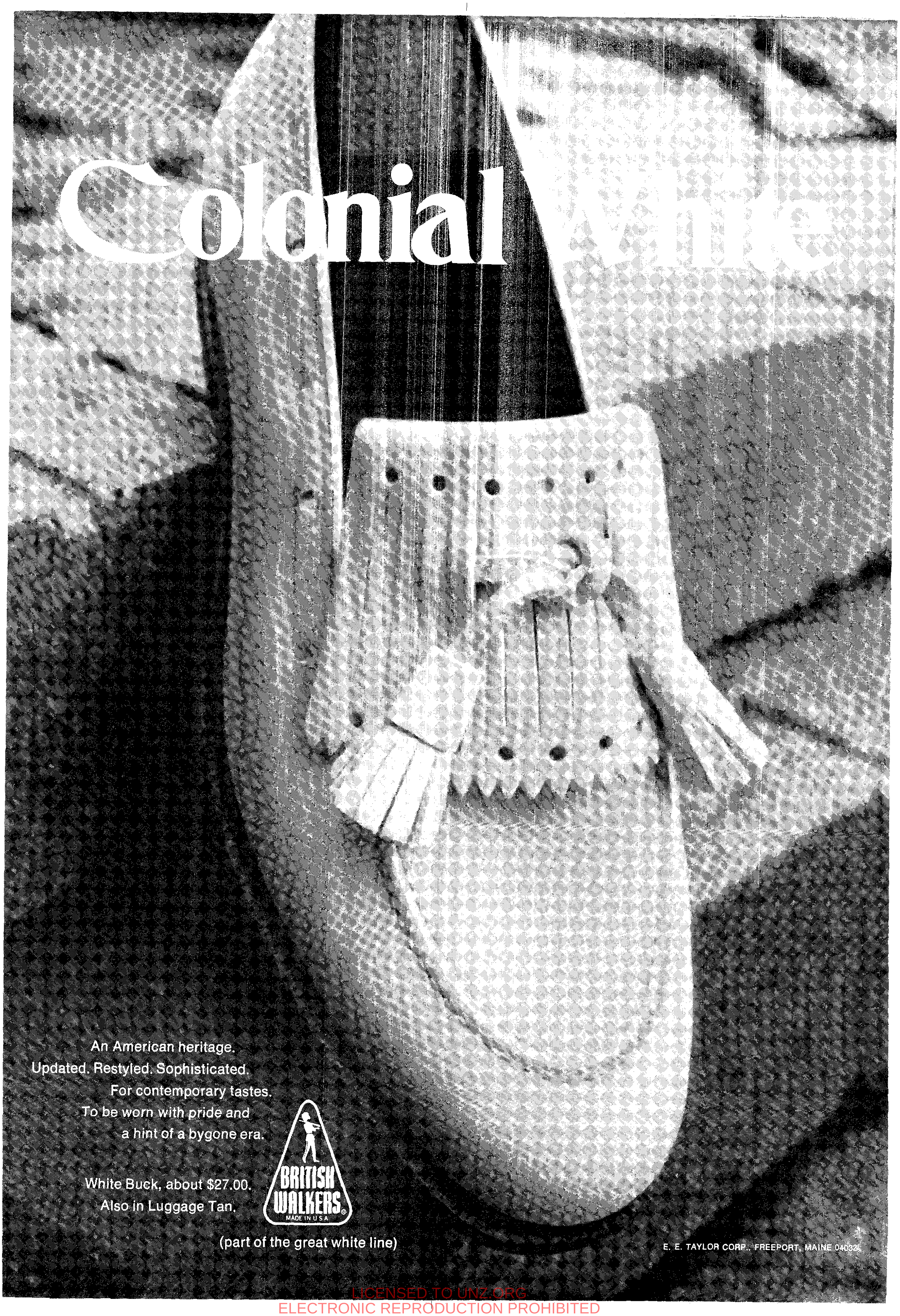

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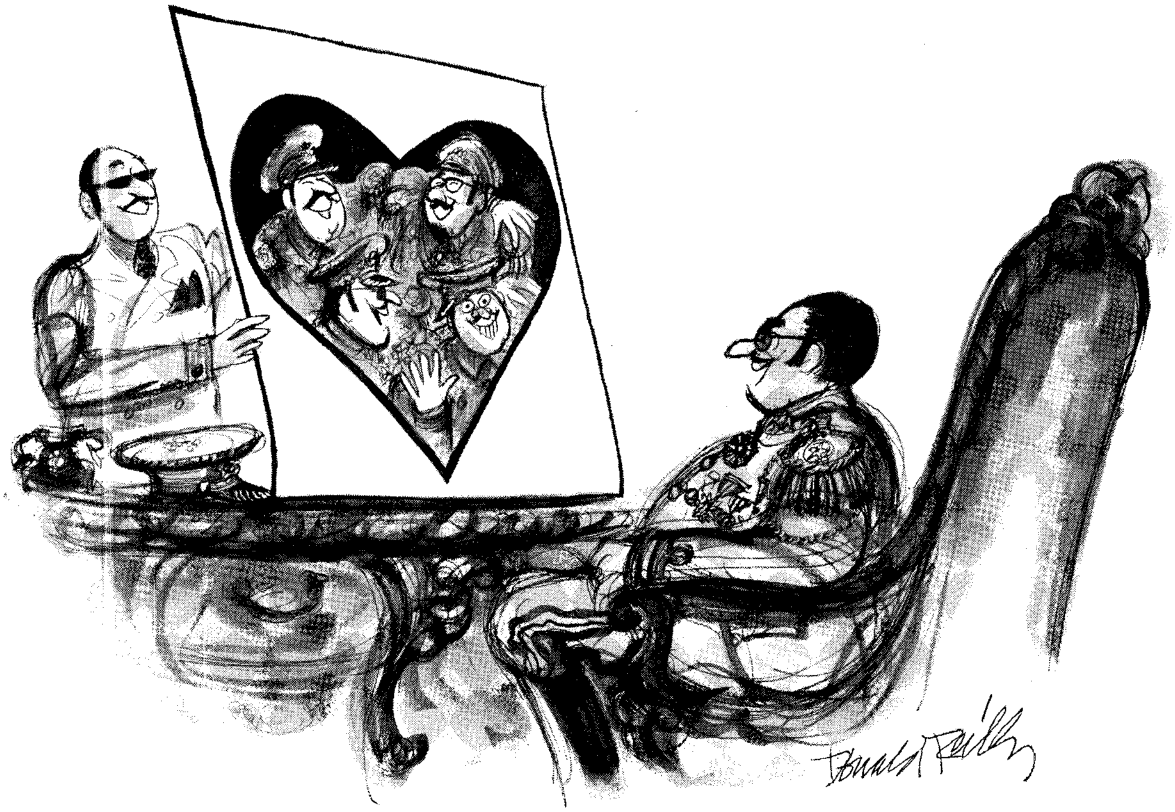
ADRIENNE KENNEDY is a poet and playwright whose remarkable "Funnyhouse of a Negro," of five years ago, dealt with the last moments in the life of a tortured girl—half black, half white—who is lost in a nightmare world where black is evil and white is good, and where various eminent personages, including Queen Victoria, Patrice Lumumba, and Jesus Himself, materialize to mock her. Now, in "Cities in Bezique," the title of a pair of her one-acters at the Public, Mrs. Kennedy again attempts to reproduce, by means of Expressionism dense with private images, the climate of anguish, breakdown, and madness. In each play, the audience, getting little help from the poet, must piece together what has actually happened to characters who have been driven insane. "The Owl Answers," which opens the evening, is a variation on the theme of "Funnyhouse." This time, the lost girl is haunted and jeered at by the ghosts of, among others, Chaucer, Anne Boleyn, and Shakespeare. The girl—the bastard daughter of a Negro cook and the richest white man in the Georgia town where she was raised—is a teacher in Savannah who comes to New York each summer to pick up men on the subway. When the play begins, she is on a subway train, her lap full of books; leaning back, she closes her eyes, and the sliding doors open and become the doors to the chapel of the Tower of London, through which stalk masked characters in historical dress. At times, the characters unmask and step out of their costumes to turn into other characters: Cynthia Belgrave, who plays Anne Boleyn, becomes, from time to time, the girl's black mother; and Moses Gunn, as the richest white man in town, unmasks to play the Negro minister who became the husband of the mother. Joan Harris, as the girl (no mask), is listed in the program as "She who is Clara Passmore who is the Virgin Mary who is the Bastard who is the Owl." The play (much of which escaped me, as you can see) is a fantasy of a forbidden and culturally glorious white world, viewed with a passion and frustration that shred the spirit and nerves and mind of the dispossessed heroine. Through it all runs the story of her ride on the subway, during which she is picked up by a young Negro; she goes with him to a hotel room in Harlem, where she collapses into mania.

"A Beast's Story," the second play, is even more elaborate, hallucinatory, and mysterious, and the story is inextricable (by me) from the general activities. Its elements, though, are young love, illegitimacy, guilt, rape, incest, and murder. No false faces this time, but several of the roles are split up among several actors. Actors also double as narrators. Three young women, as Beast Girls, keep rushing to three easels, scrawling identical paintings on sheets of white paper, and then tearing them up; there are projections of other paintings on small screens above the stage. The lines have an incantatory ring, and the pitch of emotion is high.

Under Gerald Freedman's direction, the all-Negro company does very well indeed, but since Expressionism, by its very nature, tends to cancel the humanity of the characters (and the audience's response to them), it is almost impossible to assess the work of the individual actors. It can be said, though, that Miss Harris, making her New York début as the heroine of "The Owl Answers," gives a lovely performance that promises wonderful things to come, and that Mr. Gunn and Miss Belgrave, in both plays, act with their accustomed style and conviction. Damn Expressionism anyway! Nevertheless, Mrs. Kennedy's extraordinary short dramas, compounded as they are of poetry, terror, and wit, demand and hold one's unflagging attention. Ming Cho Lee's settings, and the costumes, by Theoni V. Aldredge, are very effective.

"HORSEMAN, PASS BY," at the Fortune, is described in its program as "A Musical Celebration, by Rocco Bufano and John Duffy, from the Writings and Spirit of . . . W. B. YEATS." What it is, though—or the



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nearest I can come to it—is a fussy drama-school exercise, of more value to the participants than to the audience, but with a company that in presence and competence is way past the exercise stage. The evening opens with a recorded voice reading a poem. The voice is Will Geer's, unmistakably American (though always a pleasure to hear), and the poem is by someone named Michael Benedikt—an appropriate introduction, as it turns out, to a show that can be considered a Festival of Irrelevance. There are seven characters, each of whom is meant to represent some aspect of Yeats's nature (of all simpleton notions!). Barbara Barrie, in blue stockings, is Intellect; Clifton Davis, in African dress and war paint, is Political Man; Novella Nelson, in a golden robe and long earrings, is Vanity; Maria Tucci, in a high-necked gray dress, is Timidity; Laurence Luckinbill, in caveman tatters, is Sensuality; Terry Kiser, in a monk's habit, is Spirit; and George Hearn, in a cloak decorated with astrological signs, is Imagination. These characterizations, though gratuitous, are clear, which is more than can be said of the delivery of many of Yeats's words, which are either tossed around, line by line, from one actor to another or recited as whole poems, or sung to attractive music by John Duffy. The action, under Mr. Bufano's direction, is inventive to the point of dementia, serving, time after time, to bring down the sublime poet. "Horseman, Pass By" is foolish, misguided, and frequently annoying, but it is not a bore, and Miss Barrie, in particular, has some delightfully comic, if extra-Yeatsian, moments. In Al Carmines' "In Circles," a far more modest effort, the presence of Gertrude Stein pervaded the theatre. William Butler Yeats does not even set foot in the lobby of the Fortune. —EDITH OLIVER

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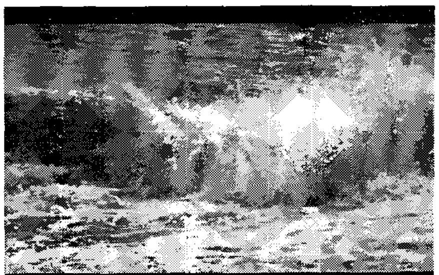

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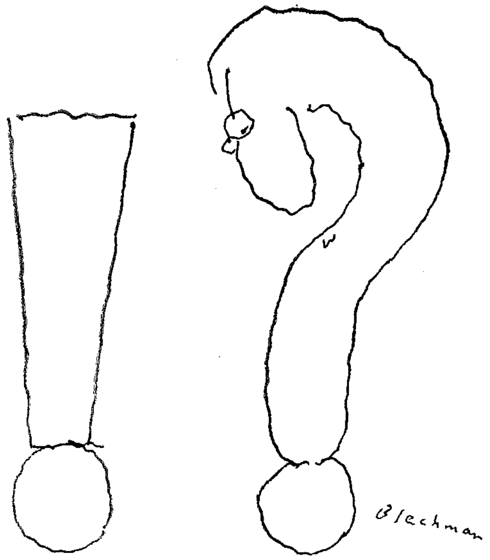

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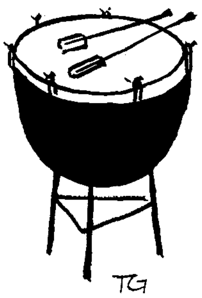
MUSICAL EVENTS

Why?

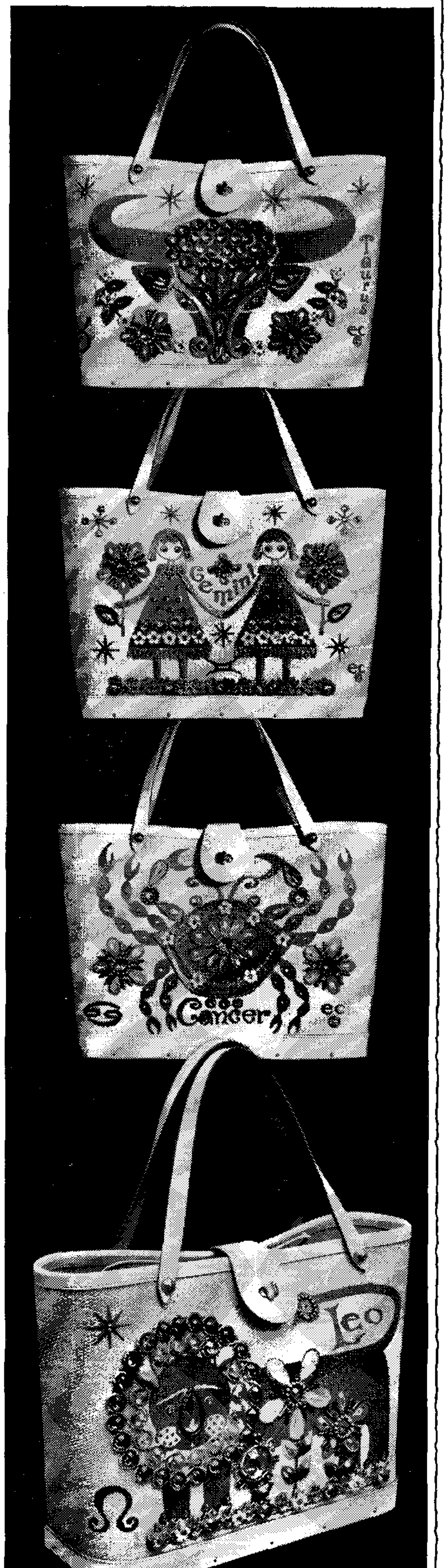
DONALD N. FERGUSON, professor emeritus of the University of Minnesota and, to my mind, one of the clearest thinkers about music among us today, has just published another book. This one, in the form of a Socratic dialogue, is called "The WHY of Music" (University of Minnesota Press). I have not yet had a chance to more than scan its pages, but I think I have grasped its fundamental theme. After we have learned the "what" and the "how" of music—that is to say, what it is and how a composer makes it—we are left with the question of why the music was composed in the first place. Professor Ferguson's answer to this is that all music worthy of the name is designed to reflect human experience—not the tangible facts of that experience but the "concern" aroused by it. We are now in the middle of a sterile period in which most composers have forgotten all about the why and are concerning themselves only with the how.

The point I am borrowing from Professor Ferguson applies neatly to Professor Milton Babbitt's "Relata II," which was performed by the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, last Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall. It surprised me slightly that Professor Babbitt, who has widely advertised his contempt for audiences and has stated that he doesn't care whether they listen to his music or not, allowed this piece of his to be publicly performed, and even stood in a box to accept the mingled applause and boos that greeted it. Not only that, but he attempted to explain the "how" of his composition in a program note, of whose lucidity the following sentence is a good example: "Naturally, each pitch element of these linear components, at every moment of the work, functions also as a constituent of, as a contributor to local harmonic units whose ordered interval structure as well as whose immediate succession derives, as do the lines themselves, from the compositional set." Naturally. Considered simply as music, without reference to the "compositional set," Professor Babbitt's offering is uninteresting from a technical standpoint and an awful bore from any other. Not that it is a great crime to bore a musical audience—it is done all the time nowadays—but his work is based on a faulty, if prevalent, extrapolation of certain Romantic ideas of progress. "Relata II" is a small ripple on the surface of a current that is leading—or has already led—to the decline and death of the art of music. We shall probably not be obliged to hear "Relata II" again. The worst feature of all this is that airings of such silly stuff tend to discourage serious composers who are *not* being performed. And then there is Professor Ferguson's question of why. Certainly not to make any comment on human experience; even Professor Babbitt would not claim that.



The rest of Mr. Bernstein's program, though likewise eccentric, was well worth listening to. In the opening Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, Mr. Bernstein played a piano instead of a harpsichord, while Isaac Stern and Julius Baker played the violin and flute. One could argue the musicological ins and outs of this indefinitely. It is true that the violin and flute of our time are louder and more brilliant than those of Bach's time, and it is also true that the piano gives more power to the noble crescendos that this concerto contains. In any case, it was beautifully played. Then Mr. Stern and the orchestra were heard in Prokofieff's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra No. 1. This is the less often performed concerto (No. 2 is more popular), and it was a pleasure to hear it. It is a lovely work, and Mr. Stern is exactly the right kind of violinist for it. The evening ended with Mozart's Sonata for Piano and Violin, K.378 (317d), played by Mr. Stern and Mr. Bernstein on a bare stage. A curious ending for a symphony concert. But it did purify the air a bit after the Babbitt.

LAST Tuesday evening's concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall also paid its respects to contemporary composers, but with more interesting results. It opened with Krzysztof Penderecki's "Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima," a composition that was meant to reflect a human experience, and that succeeded to some extent. Its musical texture is highly original (which is saying something these days, when nearly everybody is *trying* to be origi-



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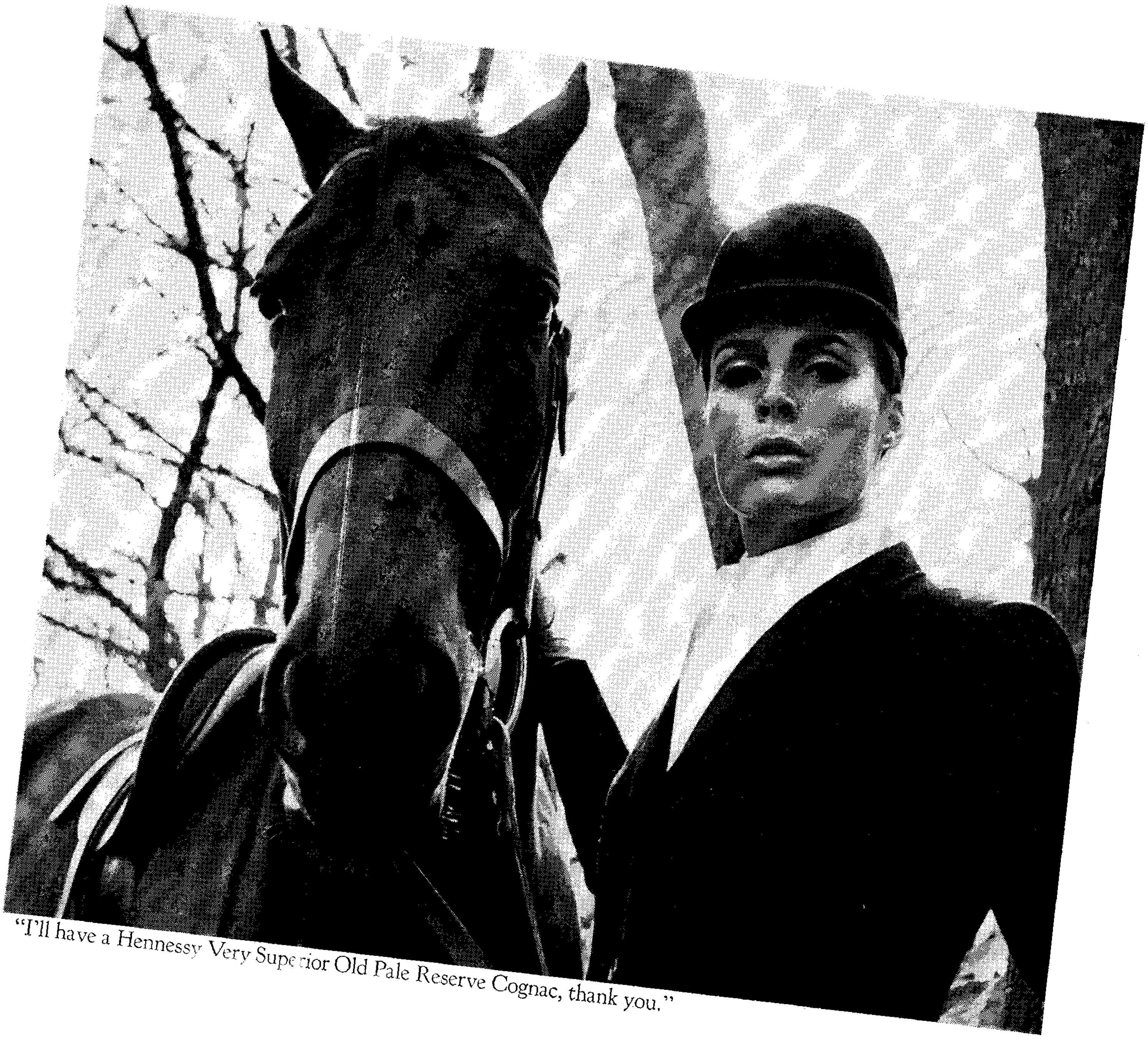

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haverhills

nal). Extremely small intervals of quarter tones in the violins, slapping sounds as cellists beat their instruments with their hands, and all manner of other effects were part of it. I got the impression that Mr. Penderecki was straining the possibilities of the symphony orchestra and would be more at home with an electronic synthesizer, but his "Threnody" nevertheless is worth remembering. It was followed by William Schuman's Ninth Symphony, subtitled "Le Fosse Ardeatine," which memorializes the massacre of several hundred Italians by the Germans in Rome in 1944. The new symphony has an intelligible form, but I felt that it could stand a great deal of pruning. It is, like all Mr. Schuman's work, masculine and forthright, yet I could feel no impulse toward real affection for it. The works of Mr. Schuman that I like best are his Third Symphony and his "New England Triptych." Mr. Ormandy's concert wound up with Beethoven's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 61, which is Beethoven's own transcription of his violin concerto. The artist who was to have played the solo part, Peter Serkin, had fallen ill, and the pianist Gunnar Johansen had achieved a fairly heroic feat by learning the concerto in twenty-four hours. He performed the work in a business suit (his tailcoat had not arrived from the presser), and his performance was impressive, but I can't say that Beethoven's job of transcription is. All the great Master did was to give the violin part to the pianist's right hand and add a few chords, along with some pretty shoddy cadenzas.

DURING last week, I dropped in on a couple of dance programs in order to keep in touch with the art. The first of them was at the Billy Rose Theatre on Monday night, and was given by Merce Cunningham and Dance Company. I did not find much of interest in the first two items of the program, "RainForest" and "Place," which leaned heavily on techniques long ago exploited by Martha Graham. Perhaps they would have been more effective with real music instead of the electronic noise that accompanied them. But the last item, "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run," was quite amusing. While the dancers went through antic motions on the stage, two speakers sat in facing boxes drinking champagne and delivering loud monologues that conflicted with each other, making a great deal of nonsense. One of the speakers was John Cage. I had not

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until this moment recognized his real talents; he is an actor.

The other dance program was given by the Harkness Ballet at the Music Box on Wednesday night. This also opened with two items—"Night Song" and "Moments"—that derived from much better things done by Miss Graham. It should be added, though, that the score of the first one, by Alan Hovhaness, is beautiful. After that, there was "Variations for Four Plus Four," an athletic classical ballet that I very much enjoyed, particularly because of the elegant style of Elisabeth Carroll and Lawrence Rhodes. The evening ended with "Souvenirs." Again, the music was effective; it was written by Samuel Barber. But the ballet itself, intended as nostalgic comedy, is far too broad for ballet purposes. Mugging is no substitute for dancing.

THE real treat of the week was provided by Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall on Saturday night. This was a concert performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Ariadne auf Naxos" in the original, 1912 version, with Beverly Sills in the role of Zerbinetta, Claire Watson as Ariadne, Robert Nagy as Bacchus, and the smaller remaining parts equally well cast. The 1912 version seems to differ from the one we know in that it contains a different arrangement in the sequence of a few passages, and ends not with Bacchus's triumphant aria but with some fireworks by Zerbinetta and a spoken comment about culture by Monsieur Jourdain, the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, the patron who is supposed, of course, to have commissioned "Ariadne." Miss Sills delivered her most taxing and important aria with extraordinary brilliance, hitting her two high notes right on the bull's-eye. Miss Watson was ideal in the more placid but no less taxing role of Ariadne, and Mr. Nagy was fine in his trumpeting tenor part. As always, "Ariadne" proved to be a total delight, and it is just the sort of thing that Mr. Leinsdorf does well.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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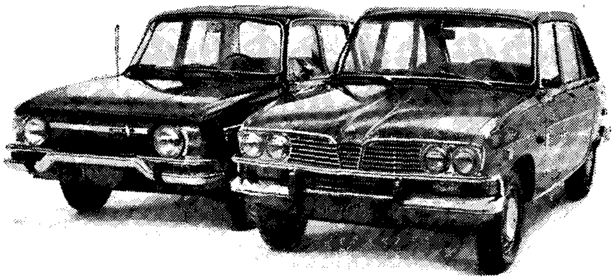

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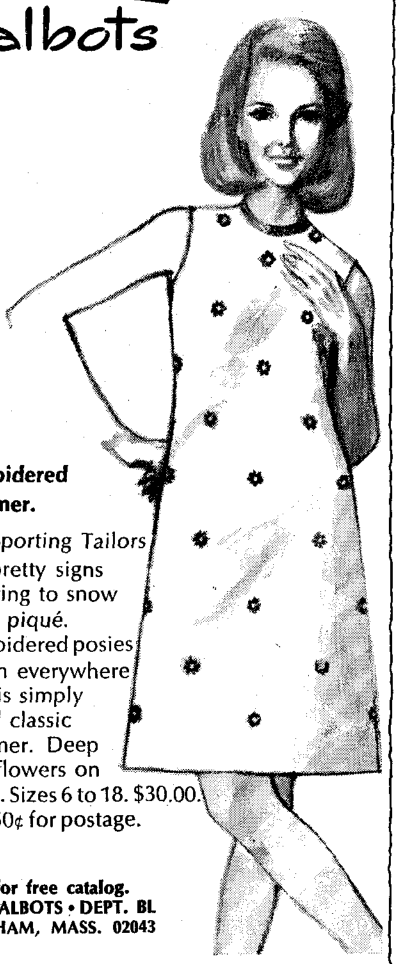

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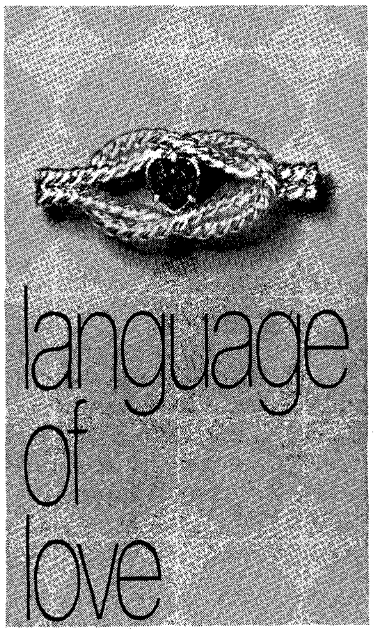

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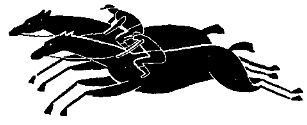
THE RACE TRACK

They're Off at Hialeah

THE opening at Hialeah last weekend reminded this TV devotee of the time when Joe Widener had the place and the Florida East Coast Railway ran a special train every day from Palm Beach to the racecourse. Last Friday, to start off the program of stakes races, Pappa Steve won the Royal Poinciana Handicap, at six furlongs, from Iron Ruler (who this time last year was a Kentucky Derby hopeful) and Royal Exchange. On Saturday, a crowd of twenty-two thousand saw a double feature—the Jasmine Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at six furlongs, run in two divisions. In the first, unbeaten Destiny's Twist was an easy winner from Dear to All and On Reflection. The second, run a second faster, was won by Ta Wee, a half sister of Dr. Fager, who led most of the way and passed the post lengths ahead of Calumet Farm's Spring Sunshine, the favorite, with Imbibe third. John Nerud, who, of course, trains Ta Wee, was on view before and after the race, and said both times that he wasn't sure Ta Wee was a stayer but that he hoped for the best. The telecast also showed the running of the daily double, won by Tender Cat and No Scholar—oops, sorry, No. 2 and No. 11—which paid $1,101.



THE day before Tropical Park closed, it had jockey trouble. Barbara Jo Rubin, a Miami girl who had galloped horses mornings for ever so long, passed a test for horsemanship supervised by the stewards of the meeting and was given permission to ride in competition. But when the race she was booked for came up, there was a hullabaloo, with most of the jockeys declaring that they would walk out if she rode that afternoon, or whenever she got a mount. So Bryan Webb, who has her contract, took her off the horse she was to ride, and the strike, boycott, or whatever you care to call it, ended. Later, the stewards fined thirteen of the demonstrators a hundred dollars each and referred their cases to the Florida Racing Commission. Obviously, jockeys feel the same way about women race riders that union men do about automation. Well, it's my considered opinion that if all the girls who wanted to ride at Hialeah and Santa Anita were to begin without let or hindrance next week, very few would make the grade, and presently trainers would lose interest in using them. As it is, there are too many boys around whose technique has never advanced beyond the ABC stage, and some haven't quite made C. I'm sure lots of girls are good at galloping horses mornings, but there's a great difference between that and riding in a race. The latter is really hard work. It takes strength to control and guide intractable or high-strung animals and get the most out of them in a close finish. I've known top jockeys who were hard and fit to lose weight—as much as a pound—riding in a race at a mile and a quarter. But I suppose calorie watchers wouldn't mind that.

AT Santa Anita last Saturday, First Mate, Skookum, and Dignitas, the first three finishers in the Malibu Stakes, and five other four-year-olds who ran in that race came out for the San Fernando, the final test for the Charles H. Strub Stakes next weekend. Cavamore, a newcomer, upset the apple cart, winning from Dignitas and his stablemate Dewan. There were repeaters earlier on. Rising Market, winner of the Palos Verdes Handicap, won the San Carlos, and Mr. Joe F., winner of the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, won the San Miguel, a preliminary for the Derby.

BOWIE, which has never had so successful a session, with million-a-day mutuel handles, topped them off last Saturday with one of $2,008,022. It was no day, though, for favorite-players, especially those who backed Mister Diz and his co-favorite, Tearing Around, for the E. Palmer Heagerty Purse. They were far back of Picnic Fare, Hat Pool, and Tacaro Brandy at the finish. . . . Lincoln Downs opened the season in New England last weekend, but after four horses slipped on the ice and fell, racing was called off. The 19,476 customers got ice checks. . . . And Peter Fuller's appeal from the Kentucky Racing Commission's ruling that deprived his Dancer's Image of $122,600 in prize money because the colt was supposed to have had a prohibited medication in his system when he finished first in the Derby last May went to the law courts last week. The case comes up on April 1st—just the day for it. —AUDAX MINOR

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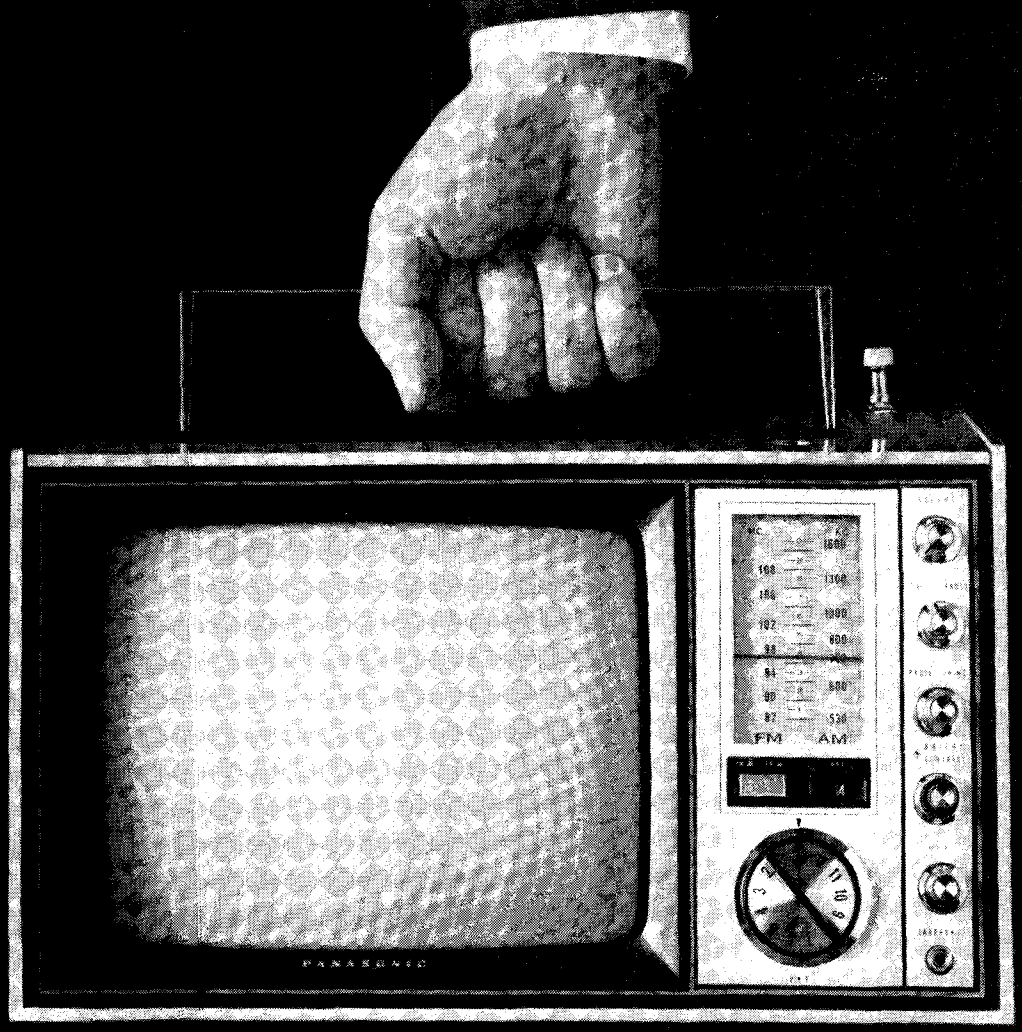

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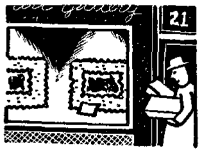
THE ART WORLD

Past Machines, Future Art



THE latest object to achieve the status of an icon of twentieth-century art, alongside such ineluctable items as Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," Dali's "The Persistence of Memory," Man Ray's "Flatiron with Metal Tacks," Oppenheim's "Fur-Covered Cup, Saucer, and Spoon," Picasso's "Guernica," de Kooning's "Woman I," Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing," is Tinguely's "Homage to New York," the machine construction that destroyed itself in the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of 1960. Philosophers of culture may find significance in the fact that so many of the creations sacred to modernism embody destruction, either of objects or of earlier art. In this respect, Tinguely's contraption of wheels, pulleys, motors, smoke- and noise-making devices is not only the most recent of the elected aesthetic representatives of the century but the most nearly perfect: it has succeeded in not existing. What was left of it after its single performance was carted off as souvenirs by the Museum audience or returned to the dump whence it had come. Today, "Homage" lives on in the photographs made of its self-demolition, and these appear in book after book dealing with avant-garde art. Its latest manifestation is on the inner covers of the catalogue of the current Museum of Modern Art exhibition, "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." Here it would seem to have achieved its fullest significance, since, obviously, nothing could more fittingly serve as a monument marking the termination of the epoch of the machine than a machine built for no purpose but to commit "suicide" by smashing itself, blowing itself up, and drowning itself in the pool of the world's leading museum of modern art. Out of the world into art, and out of art into the avant-garde gesture.

Except for the suggestion provided by the Tinguely photographs, I am not sure I grasp what Dr. K. G. Pontus Hultén, the Stockholm museum director who organized "The Machine," means by "the end of the mechanical age." In his foreword to the catalogue, he asserts that "technology today is undergoing a critical transition"—a statement that seems indisputable but that would have been equally true when gas began to replace whale oil, or electricity steam. It has been argued that today's computer-managed presses and calculators are not machines in the old sense or are something more than machines, but even those who hold this view do not go so far as to deny that machines are still an important feature of the times. If the mechanical age is ended, we ought to be told precisely what it is that has ceased to be. Dr. Hultén finds it sufficient to observe that machines, which do the work of the muscles, are losing out to "electronic and chemical devices which imitate the processes of the brain and the nervous system." This McLuhanism is a rather flimsy basis for dismissing a whole epoch. My suspicion, after seeing the show, is that Dr. Hultén was not much concerned about whether the title of it is historically accurate; its purpose is aesthetic: it sets the machine in the perspective of the past. Standing at the end of the mechanical age, the spectator is compelled to look backward at cameras and motorcars, even those of today.

The prevailing atmosphere at the Museum of Modern Art is nostalgia. Following a chronological scheme, the exhibition presents drawings of early flying machines, eighteenth-century mechanical toys and robots, models demonstrating Archimedean principles, nineteenth-century posters and colored prints illustrating popular fantasies of speed and levitation—in sum, a kind of Patent Office display of technological progress. This appeal to the collective memory serves as an introduction to works of twentieth-century art that took the machine as their theme or model. Most of these paintings, drawings, and constructions emanate from the Futurist, Dadaist, and Constructivist movements, and they have been so repeatedly on display in recent retrospective exhibitions that, like the prints of early inventions, they arouse the feeling of another encounter with the past. Duchamp, Picabia, Ernst, Schwitters, Grosz, Hausmann, Man Ray were featured in the Dada-Surrealist survey at the Museum of Modern Art last spring; in "The Machine" show, works by them reappear like acquaintances home from vacation. Another mode that has been receiving much emphasis is Constructivism, and the motorized, electronic, and light-and-sound items in "The Machine" recall the roomful of similar contrivances in the Museum's "The 1960's" exhibition a year and a half ago. Some of the Ballas and the motor-driven mobiles of Alexander Calder of 1932-34 have been less frequently seen in New York, but the exhibition as a whole is, and as if intentionally, as charged with memories as a family album. The mood of times gone by is enhanced by the catalogue's brilliantly conceived tin covers, which carry a picture of the Museum in metallic colors—like an old-fashioned candy box—and its format of double columns of block type and illustrations, which begin with Leonardo's drawing for a man-powered flying appa-

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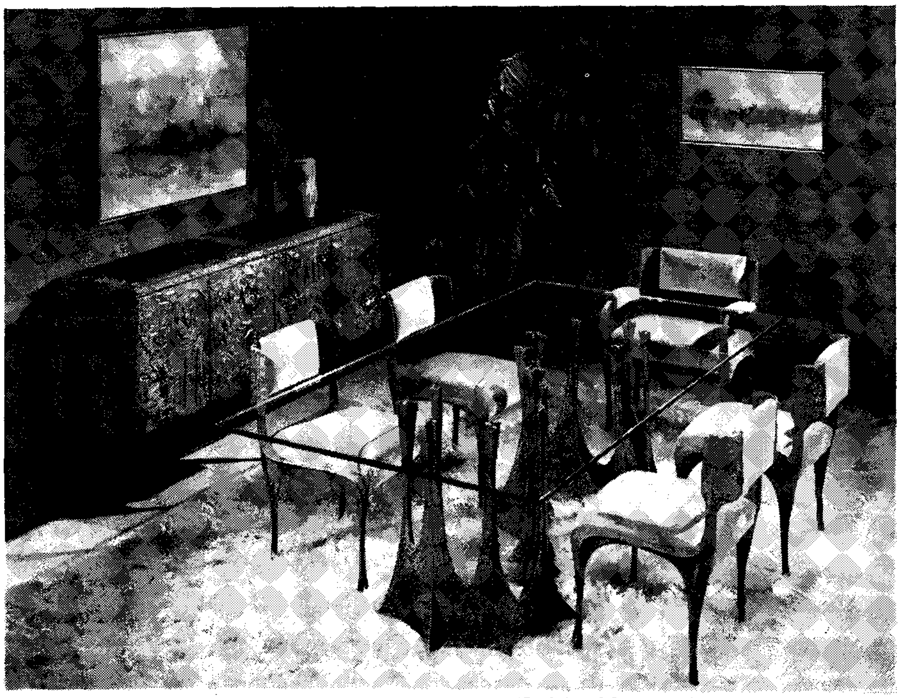
ratus, symbol of technology's youth and hope, and conclude with Tinguely's smoke, chaos, and collapse.

In projecting the machines into a Proustian *temps perdu,* Dr. Hultén guarantees them a quality of aesthetic expressiveness that automatically blends them with the works of art. The huge tires and flaring mudguards of the 1931 Bugatti, which is the outstanding presence in the show, seem to have been designed as sculptural or even architectural ornaments rather than for use, and the narrow slits of its windshield and rear window summon up a countryside in which it was less necessary to watch out for the other guy than for meandering oxcarts. Floating through this landscape, the automobile could egocentrically admire itself as the peak of human inventiveness; Dr. Hultén celebrates the Bugatti Royale as "without doubt the culmination of the heroic period of the automobile, when optimism and confidence in his machine were still unclouded." The Bugatti brings to the Museum a vanished state of being as well as a vanished environment, and so does, even more explicitly, the 1901 painting by Boccioni in which a racing car careering at full speed is barely able to keep ahead of a pack of foxhounds and of hunters on horseback. Removed into memory, the automobile has overcome the handicap of its former usefulness. By a process similar to that of the dream, it has been transformed from a machine into an aesthetic creation—an effect confirmed by the forty-year-old car's brand-new look, as if it had been kept on a pedestal from the beginning. One might risk the thought that in a museum, where their only function is to be seen, all machines exist at "the end of the mechanical age."

THE history of the machine in art consists largely of the responses of artists to mechanisms of fantasy and to devices that are out of date or broken down or have changed into something else. Contemporary examples of such negations of utility are the vinyl typewriters and fans of Oldenburg, the corollary of which is the artist's emotional identification with the Chrysler Airflow of the mid-thirties. By crushing a new automobile in a press, the sculptor César demonstrated that a factory product could be returned to the condition of art material and constitute a ready-made Cubist assemblage. Another idea of an art-making machine—Tinguely's "Meta-matic No. 8," which paints abstractions—harks back half a century to the sun-powered brush-



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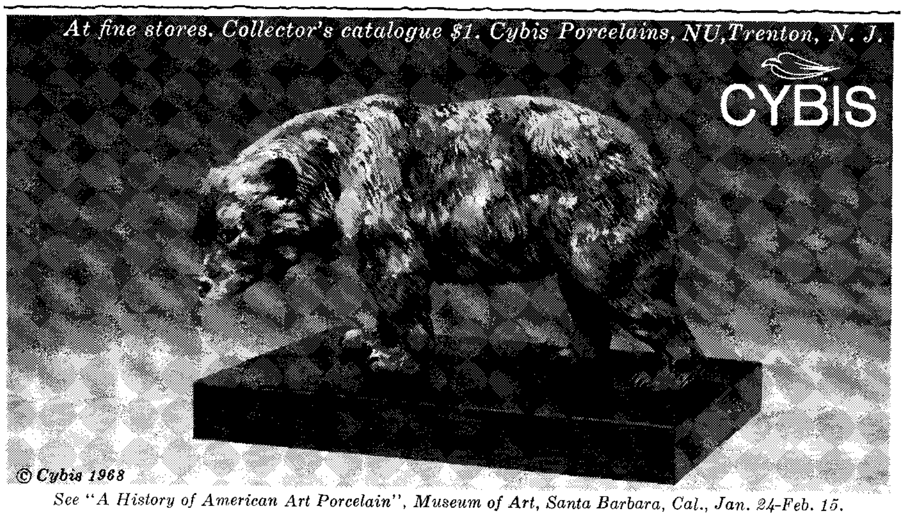

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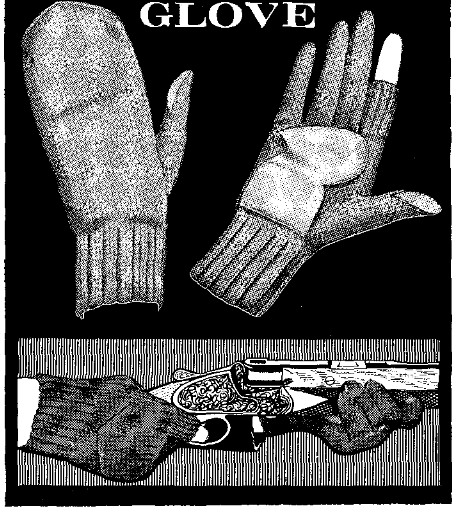

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wielding apparatus in Raymond Roussel's Surrealist novel, "Impressions of Africa," which turned out perfect copies of nature. In the vein of the machine that suffers breakdown, Dr. Hultén's catalogue pairs a photograph from the Surrealist magazine *Minotaure* of a locomotive decaying in a covering of vines with Ernst's painting "Garden Airplane Trap," in which the wings of an aircraft are being metamorphosed into vegetation. Dr. Hultén even adds an extra dimension of time to Duchamp's mechanistic "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even" by quoting an ingenious theory of his compatriot Professor Ulf Linde that traces the painting to the lore of alchemy in which undressing the maiden represents the transmutation of mercury. Artists have conceived machines as metaphors for persons and for human actions—Picabia's mechanical drawings labelled "Stieglitz" and "Marie Laurencin" and his diagrams of amorous clockworks, Steinberg's drawings of machines dreaming of later models. The humanization of the machine, in the form of mechanisms that behave like human beings or of human beings that behave like mechanisms, provides a major current of farce, terror, irony, and mystery in modern art.

The Museum of Modern Art exhibition appeals to the sentiment of yesterday. It also endeavors, however, to link itself to the future—to what must, I suppose, be called the post-mechanical era of technology. Dr. Hultén seems disappointed in the machine but hopeful about its electronic successor (this again seems to carry a tinge of the McLuhan state of mind). A section of "The Machine" is dedicated to a selection of items that includes the prize-winners produced by teams of artists and engineers in a competition sponsored by E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology), an organization founded "to establish a better working relationship among artists, engineers, and industry." This aspect of the exhibition raises the general question of the status of art today in relation to technology—the question to which Bugatti gave one answer at the beginning of the twentieth century when he abandoned painting to devote himself to "a new kind of art, the mechanical." Another answer was Baudelaire's still earlier one—his contempt for the notion that art or man could be the automatic beneficiary of technological progress. In our century, technology has often put in its claim to be not only a collaborator of art but a rival of it or a substitute. Apart from the reactions, pro and con, of artists to machine culture, the presence of an ever-expanding technology has inspired an independent aesthetic of the machine, with values that compete with those of traditional art and the traditional conception of the artist. The most fully developed form of this aesthetic has been provided by Constructivism and its successors. Constructivism has promulgated a no-nonsense acceptance of the machine as such; that is, not as a comical mimic of man or as his oppressor but as a power by which art and man can be uplifted. Rejecting the romanticism of the Futurists and the slapstick of Dada, the Constructivists and the Bauhaus came to terms with the *new* machine, stripped of metaphor and sentimentality, and with its rationale of utility. Their movement brought to a head the doubts about the continued survival of art, with its historical affiliation to the handicrafts, in an age of modern production. "Art is dead—long live Tatlin's new machine art," declared a sign carried by the ex-Dadaists George Grosz and John Heartfield at a Dada fair in Berlin in 1920.

With the Constructivists, in contrast to the Dadaists, being anti-art was a prelude to a new machine aesthetic. For fifty years, art in this tradition has sought the systematic alteration both of the concept of an art work and of the artist himself. It has introduced the myth of the super-aesthete as organizer of society, community planner, designer of the mass-produced implements of daily life, formulator of new rhythms and instruments of sensation. "What the Bauhaus teaches in practice," wrote Gropius, "is the equality of all types of creative work and their logical coöperation within the modern world structure." In pursuit of this all-embracing aim, the Constructivist artist cultivates clarity, impersonality, and disciplined objectives, including the aim of directly affecting both the environment of the public and its inner condition. (It was from Constructivism that Stalin, though his regime crushed Constructivist art in the U.S.S.R., derived his concept of the poet as "an engineer of the soul.") The inspiration of machine art is problem-solving; its chief aesthetic principle is the logical adjustment of means to end. Under the guidance of this principle, it has eliminated decoration from architecture and industrial products, and non-functional elements from painting and sculpture. Its concept of an art reduced to essentials has spread far beyond its own mode into seemingly unrelated art movements of the past fifty years. Aesthetic reductionism—that is, conceiving painting in terms of color, sculpture in terms of scale, poetry in terms of words or syllables—owes much to the machine ideal. A painting reduced to a minimum is a machine for converting paint into art.

The "classicism" of machine art, in which the light of the laboratory eliminates subjective shadows, exerts a powerful attraction upon the twentieth-century mind. By contrast, other concepts of creation appear disorganized, vague, and outmoded. At present, the linking of art to technological processes and purposes is the most influential trend in avant-garde painting and sculpture both here and abroad. The search for new materials, new techniques, new relations between artist and spectator dominates art and art education. Though it lacks the thematic purpose of "The Machine" show and the recent E.A.T. exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, the Whitney Museum Annual is crammed with simulated apparatus, including Robert Mallary's laminated-wood sculpture executed by computer. There is an exhibition of "electronic sculpture" (also built in collaboration with an engineer) at the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, and a "Giant Toy and Game Making" course at the Pasadena Art Museum (this is described as "an open-end 'team-teaching' experience in construction," materials for which include "tiny electric motors, plastic, light bulbs"). With extraordinary energy, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art has been signing up leading artists (among them, to date, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, Vasarely, Dubuffet, Robert Morris) to work in some twenty industrial plants through the Museum's Art and Technology program, thus obtaining access to "sophisticated heating apparatus, electronic systems, and experimental sonic devices." Abroad, "the poetic of the machine" is perhaps even more in the ascendant than in the United States; for example, all four artists chosen to represent France at the 1968 Venice Biennale were engaged in some aspect of light, chance, motion, or technological experimentation. In these programs, every barrier to innovation has been removed and no invention needs any longer to be legitimized by reference to traditions in art. Speaking of the French Biennale selections, a sponsoring critic warned that the public would make a mistake if it looked at them in aesthetic terms; the artists, he explained, were interested only in "re-

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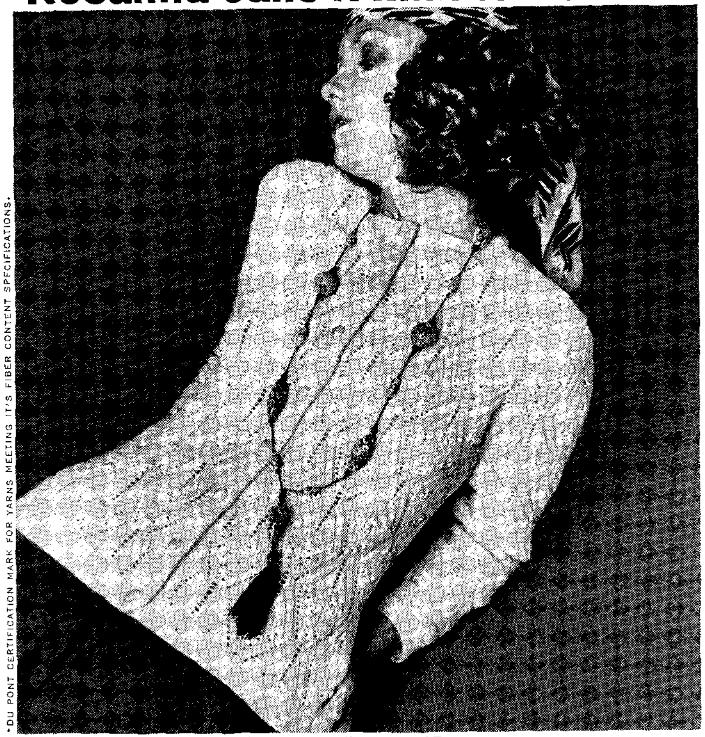

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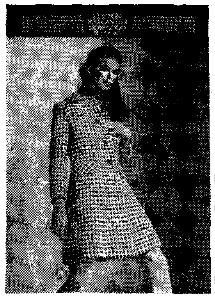

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senting problems in the most simple and obvious way." One is forced to believe that whether or not "art is dead" the age of "the new machine art" has arrived.

The difficulty is that the works that have so far emanated from the art-technology partnership tend to look as if they belonged to the past. The most ambiguous word in regard to style has proved to be "new." With its computer tapes, transistors, high-intensity lights, plastic sheets, projectors, blowers, electromagnetic animators, and programmed rhythms, the E.A.T. exhibition succeeded in resembling a Wonders of Science pavilion at any fair since the building of the Eiffel Tower. Lights flashed on and off, discs circled, children lined up to enter a black booth, spectators made faces at themselves in distorting mirrors, a nude painted on moving panels disintegrated and recomposed herself, sculptures in a variety of woods were turned out by a Rube Goldberg device, and there was even a conveyor belt on which standing-still pedestrians could move as they would on the animated sidewalks of the future. Those who remembered the Coney Island of long ago no doubt missed the Belgian glassblower and the Witching Waves, but the latter was compensated for by a plastic sack heaving in a tidal rhythm. To enhance further the traditional experience of the machine environment, many of the electric and motor-driven items had, as is usual in such exhibitions, broken down and were waiting, in a pall of silence, to be repaired. Despite Dr. Hultén's new "electronic and chemical devices which imitate the processes of the brain and the nervous system," the mechanical age was behaving as usual, and the nostalgia of his Museum of Modern Art exhibition was being duplicated across the river in Brooklyn.

Advancing technology seems incapable of carrying art into new realms, any more than the flight around the moon could bring a new vision to its TV audience. If art is dead, it will stay dead if machine art has to resuscitate it. Style is determined not by the artist's materials or the apparatus he uses but by the quality of his mind. The sensibility from which machine art derived was set in the nineteenth century by the intellectual passion for science, invention, and deterministic philosophies. When Dr. Billy Klüver, once a Bell Telephone research physicist and now president of E.A.T., remarked to me at the Brooklyn Museum that all the artist-experimenters, with the exception of Tinguely, were utterly lacking in humor and regarded their products with "deadly seriousness," he was describing this machine-shop mentality. Advances in technology have not prevented the technological outlook from remaining inherently static. The mistake of the Constructivists lay in imagining that they were entering a new era of creation when actually they reflected the desire for Russian industry to catch up with developments in the West before the First World War. Discipline is a principle inseparable from creation, but the discipline of the machine is different from the discipline by which a culture is formed. Nor is any machine new except in its way of doing its job. Set aside as an object of admiration, the newest device blends into a history of invention that goes back to the wheel—a point emphasized by Duchamp in declaring that it would be "disgusting" for his "Rotary Demisphere" to be exhibited as a sculpture. Tinguely was right: in a museum a machine has no alternative but to destroy itself, leaving behind a memory of forms that at times resemble those of art.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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Of the night making what is to be
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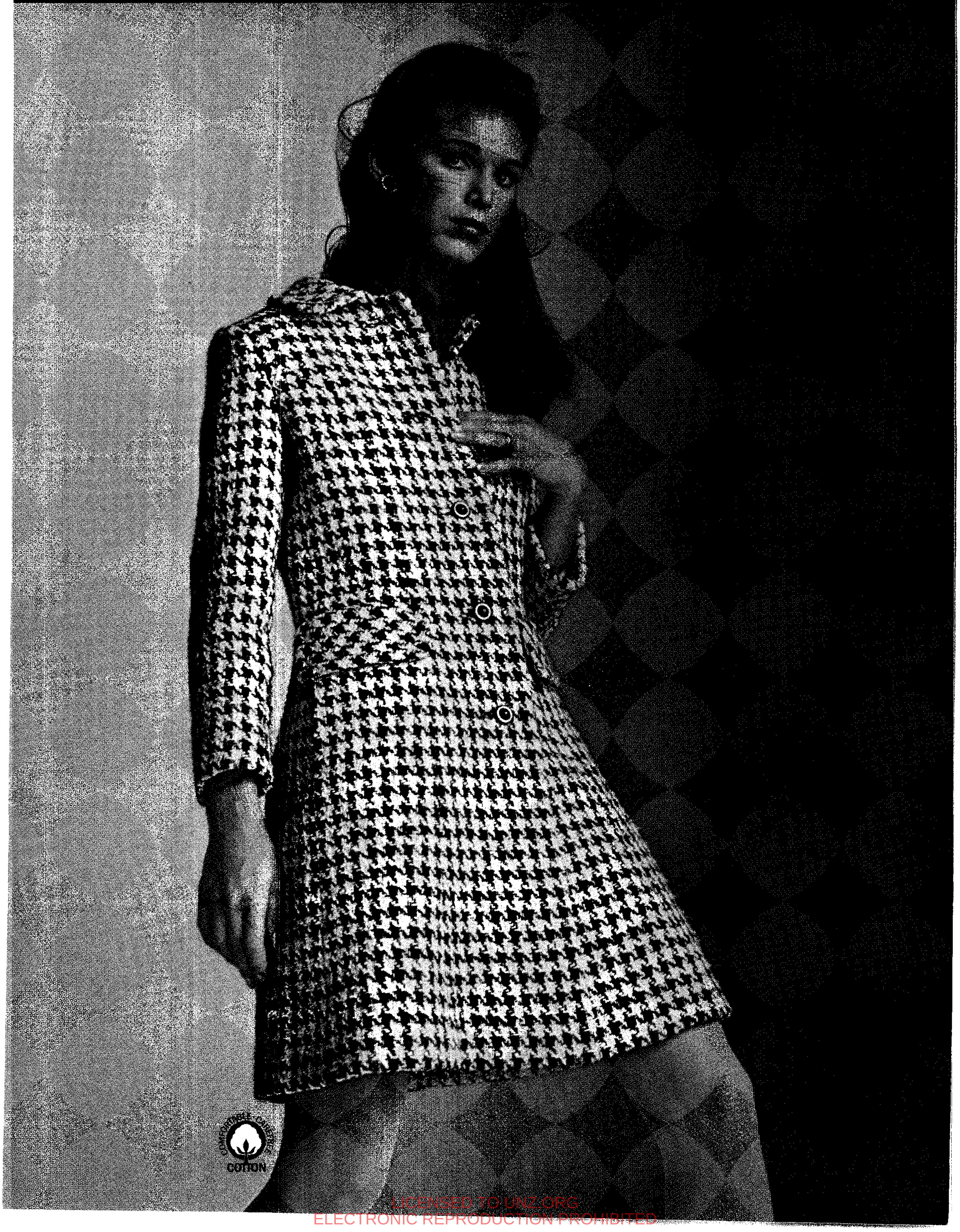

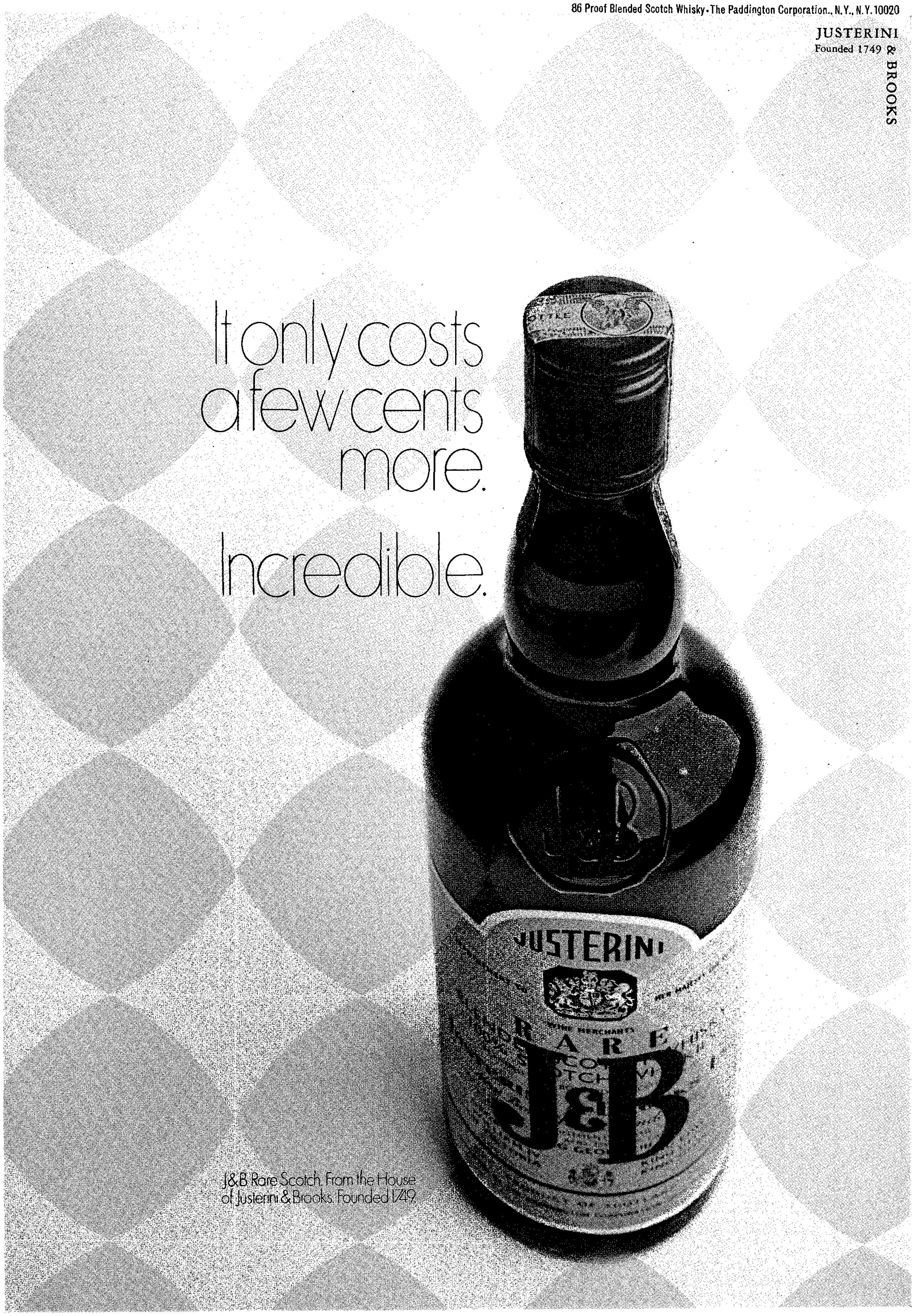
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Son of Little Caesar

“MOTHER of God, is this the end of Rico?” Little Caesar (Edward G. Robinson) asked, surprised, as the bullets hit him. The classic movie gangsters of the early thirties—Rico, and Paul Muni in “Scarface,” and James Cagney in “Public Enemy”—were not killed by the police. They were fingered by betrayers and set up to be murdered by rival gangs; they killed each other off, as it were. Just as there is a family tree of monsters in horror films, gangster films reveal a family pattern. Kirk Douglas's Frank in “The Brotherhood” is in the direct line of descent; his gangster father was betrayed, and murdered by Luciano. In this sequel, the next generation stays in the same line of work, as thoroughly committed as vampires. Though Cagney may have played it Irish, it is understood that the ancestral home of gangsters is Sicily, as the ancestral home of monsters is Transylvania. Some characters persist through generations of horror movies, and in “The Brotherhood” Eduardo Ciannelli, who played so many gangsters in the thirties, including one modelled on Luciano himself, is now an old, involuntarily retired Mafioso. Horror films used to reprise climactic sequences to clue us in on the previous material (and for reasons of economy); we have seen enough gangland massacres to fill in Frank's background, and we provide our own reprise. We know what Frank is meant to be. His forebears were ambitious and wanted quick money and power and respect; he has got what they died for. He is the gangster as a success, entrenched in his union, his shady businesses, his protection rackets. The story goes like this: Frank's ties are to the old Mafia he grew up in, and he's uneasy about the new, modern business plans of the “syndicate” of which he is part, but his younger brother, Vince (Alex Cord), whom, of course, he has brought up, is college-educated and goes along with the new investment ideas, as does Vince's father-in-law, Bertolo (Luther Adler). When Frank discovers that it was Bertolo who betrayed his father to Luciano, he murders Bertolo, and the syndicate orders Vince to eliminate his brother. This is all implicit from the outset; we know that this Brotherhood must end in brother killing brother.

It doesn't work, dramatically. Westerns have often taken the theme of the last of the old-fashioned badmen and made us feel regret as he is defeated by the forces of progress, but they have cheated on his badness. He is a romanticized outlaw, not a man who plays dirty. However, Lewis John Carlino, who wrote “The Brotherhood” (as an original screenplay), has made Frank an old-fashioned *murdering* racketeer—the kind who orders his henchmen to execute an informer and stuff a canary in his mouth—so he is colorful but hardly lovable. We saw those early gangsters do terrible things, too, but they were cocky upstarts, bucking the established criminal world, and we were involved by their audacity; Frank is a *settled*, middle-aged racketeer, a brutal, corrupt version of a middle-class businessman.

That plot that seems “classic” because it has seen service in so many screen classics can function only if we regret the old way of life that is passing; if we can't—and it's pretty hard to get nostalgic about the Mafia—we are numbed by a tired old story that just gets in the way of what is interesting and new in the movie. Robert Warshow, in his famous analysis of the gangster hero, said that it wasn't relevant “to point out that most Americans have never seen a gangster,” and that “what matters is that the experience of the gangster *as an experience of art* is universal to Americans.” I think it *is* relevant that most Americans have never seen gangsters, because although we don't see them *we know they're there*, and those early movies showed us how these people we didn't see operated. The Western's heroes were legendary, mythic, but the gangster movies were set in the present. In action films we got to see logging and mining and whaling and railroad building and drilling for oil, and in the gangster films we got to see how illegitimate business worked. And because crime is hidden from us, and far more difficult to see than ordinary industrial processes, the fictionalized accounts in the movies had the excitement of revelation. We saw how gangsters terrified small shopkeepers into paying protection, how they transported liquor during Prohibition, how they ran night clubs and prostitution, how they bribed police and worked with

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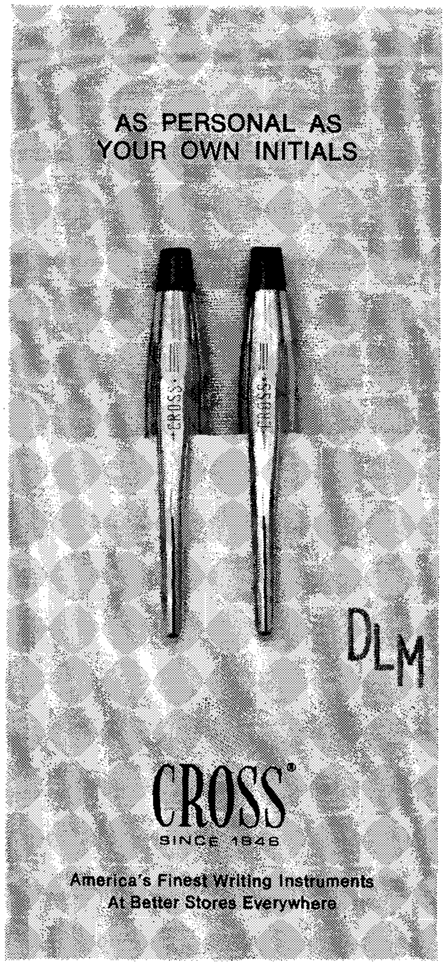
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politicians, how they fought each other for control of territories and spread *their spheres of influence. Naïvely* dramatized though the early gangster movies were, they had—what the Westerns lacked—the excitement of urban contemporaneity; they showed us the dark side of democratic ambition, and the nightmare city with the network of crime like a sewer system that didn't drain. Warshow may possibly have exaggerated our psychological involvement with the imaginary gangster—"the tragic hero"—and underestimated (or not been concerned with) our curiosity and anxiety about criminal life.

"The Brotherhood" underestimates our curiosity, too—it gives us too many conventional movie situations and too little of the new business of crime. It's interesting to see that gangsters at home live by traditional values when this is contrasted with what they do outside the home; when there isn't any contrast, it's merely banal. We cared about Rico or Tony or Tom not because he loved his mother or sister but because we saw what he did to become a big shot; we saw what defined him as a gangster and what a life of crime meant. "The Brotherhood" is conscientious in its portraits of the old-timers playing *boccie* and of Frank the family man, but although little bells ring in our heads at each "insight" and tiny lights flash for the "nice details," each scene seems to be an obligatory scene that we have to get through. And when we finally get away from the "human" side of a gangster's life and see Frank at his union office, what does he do? He phones his brother. This gangster movie starves to death for lack of contemporaneity in the business of gangsterism. Movies are neglecting what they took over from the novel—our interest in the life about us—and they're *not* giving us the material in which the plots were grounded. The new investment plans that Frank recoils from are contemporary documentation that could be more exciting than the movies about international spy systems and evil geniuses—documentation that makes America seem more of a paranoid vision than Transylvania ever did. The syndicate proposes buying into electronics firms that are crucial for national defense, and, of course, since it will control the unions, it can eliminate competition. This makes contact with the world we live in as surely as Scarface throwing his "pineapples" did; it is, in fact, the same ruthlessness carried from the local to the national level. Were those who

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made the movie afraid of boring us with more data, or did they recoil, too? Is that why they tell us so little and show us even less?

My guess is that Carlino intended to make the plot work on the plane of irony—that his point was that we might well feel nostalgic about an assassin like Frank when we got a whiff of his successors. But any hope of irony is destroyed by a sentimental, juicy, big-star performance by Kirk Douglas (who produced the picture), and by Martin Ritt, who directed, cloddishly, for a tragic last-of-the-gangsters effect. Their conventional approach obscures the wicked joke that might have split the surface and forced us to laugh at the spectre of these racketeers manipulating the nation made the old Mafia of terror and revenge seem rather endearing.

About the craftsmanship of "The Brotherhood." The murder of Bertolo is poorly staged, and there's a jarring break in the continuity after the murder, so we never find out how the syndicate discovered that Frank did it. Lalo Schifrin's music is thrown over so many holes and bad spots that it becomes a form of surgical dressing. Even within the rather simple terms of Ritt's approach, the casting of Alex Cord as Vince is a mistake. Douglas and Cord are not brotherly enough to produce any sense of tragedy; Frank's emotions about Vince just seem misplaced. And Cord is too rigid to be interesting as a new kind of junior-executive crook. In order to sustain the plot at even the simplest level, Vince needs to be amiable and ingratiating, but Cord is tight and cold. Not only does Ritt lack the style for irony but he keeps Frank in loving close-up so much that we seem to take up residence in the crater of Kirk Douglas's chin. Playing a Lee J. Cobb sort of role, Douglas has begun to act like him and to look like him. This is something we can easily live with, but Douglas may not find it so easy. Frank shouldn't apologize to Vince about putting on weight. That's star talk—it lets the star think

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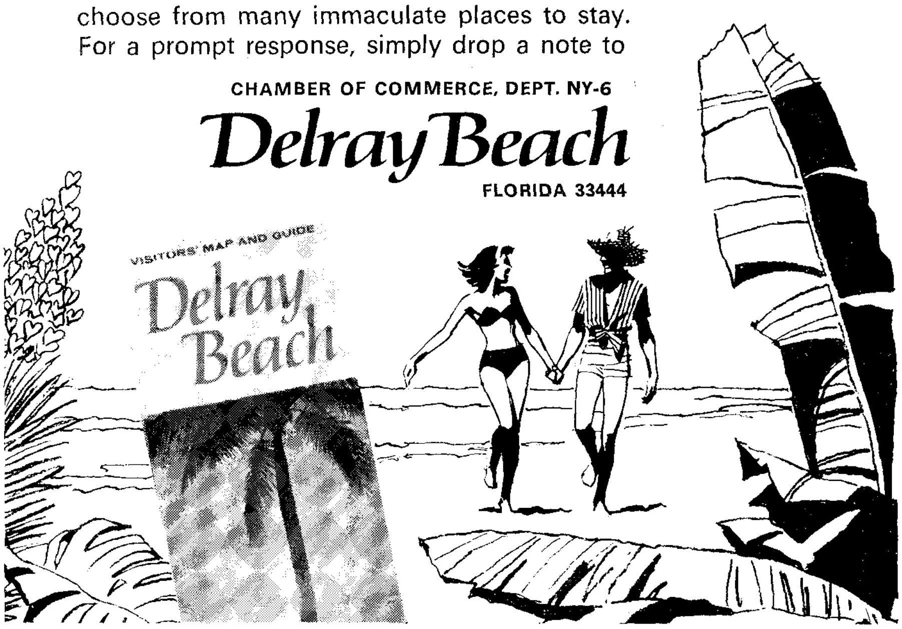

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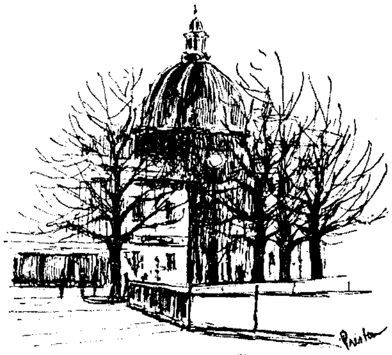

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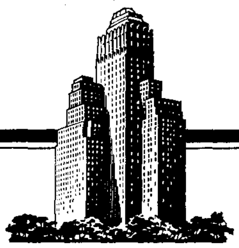

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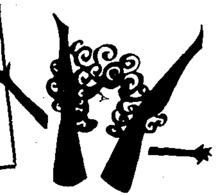

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he's fooling people into believing he got heavy for the role. As Frank, Douglas does the obvious well. He's a good, strong actor, but he's not an interesting actor. He has reached the point where he must be the star because he isn't subtle enough to be anything else. It's fun to see him swelling his chest and grinning happily under a floppy mustache, but actors who strut the stage so supremely confident of their virility make the best cuckolds. Douglas has become so broad and hearty an actor that every time Luther Adler or Irene Papas (Frank's wife) does something *small*, he is obliterated. Mother of God, a star, like a gangster, doesn't know what direction he's getting it from. By the time Vince shoots Frank, Kirk Douglas has already been laid out.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

RIO—A program entitled "Susie's Shoes" was given at the meeting of the Ladies Service Guild held at the Rio Presbyterian Church Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Donald Fritz was the narrator, presenting the different shoes from babyhood through school days, courtship and marriage of her children.

As Mrs. Fritz presented the bootees, Mrs. Robert Swanson sang "Brahm's Lullaby." Janice Lindsey played "That Sweet Story of Old." After the first walking shoes were presented, "Jesus Loves Me" was sung by Tommy Thompson, Sherrill Swanson, Debbie Swanson and Bonnie Shepherd. The four-year-old shoes were presented and Janice played "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," the five year old canvas shoe was presented with Bruce Shepherd and Kathy Saline saying the Lord's Prayer, and after the school shoe, Debbie Swanson recited a Bible verse.

The dressy shoe of an eight-year-old was followed by Marcella Spring, Marcia Johnson, Jane Pitman and Pam Fritz singing "This is My Father's World." The well-worn shoe of an eight-year-old was presented and Patsy McKee gave the Girl Scout pledge and Ruth Ann Pitman and Pat Carol Rednour, the 4-H pledge.

The dressy shoes of a 13-year-old was followed by Janice Lindsey playing "Break Thou the Bread of Life," and Erma Reem recited an original prayer after a worn out play shoe of a 14 year old girl. Following the presentation of the first pair of high heels, Ellen Crowell and Patsy Spring sang "Let the Beauty of Jesus be Seen in Me." The shoe of the boy in her life was shown and "Pomp and Circumstance" was played. Before the wedding shoe Mrs. Joe Swanson and Mrs. Merrill Swanson sang "The Wedding Prayer" and Janice played "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." During the presentation of little bootees, which were placed between the man's and ladies' shoes, Brahm's "Lullaby" was played and the story of Susie's Shoes was ended.—*Galesburg (Ill.) Register-Mail.*

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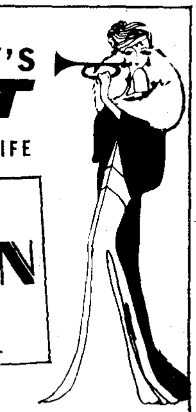

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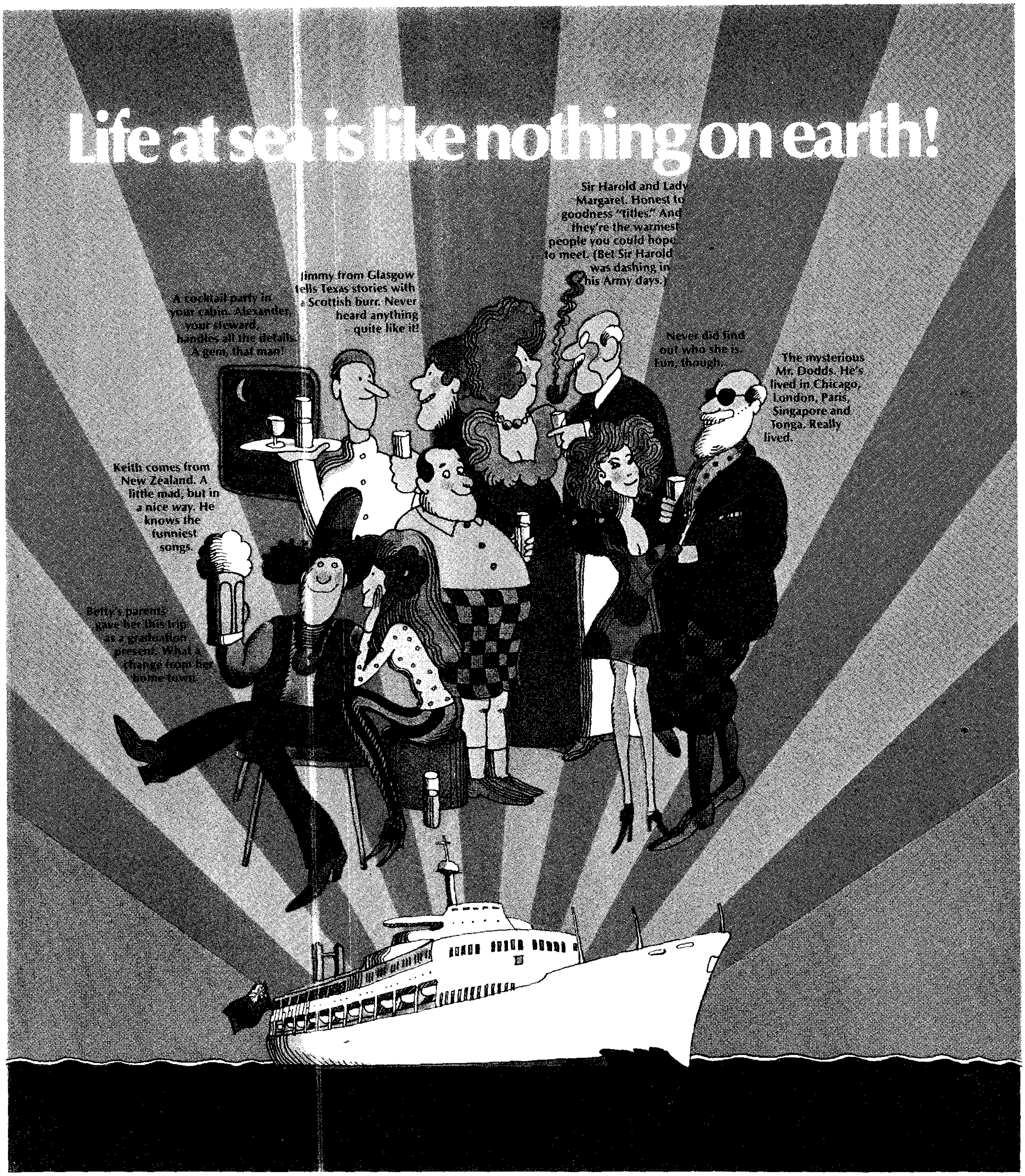
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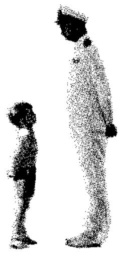

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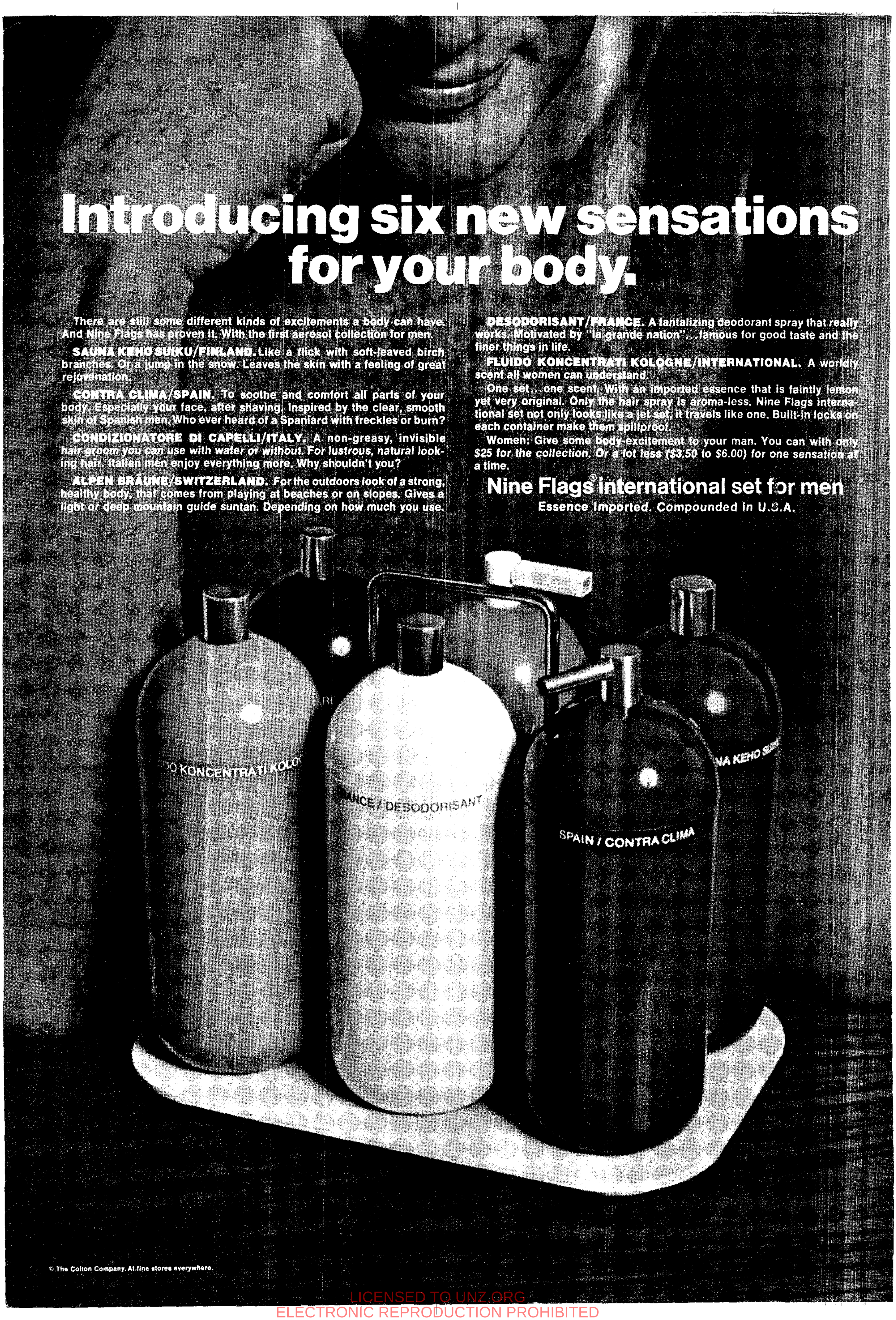

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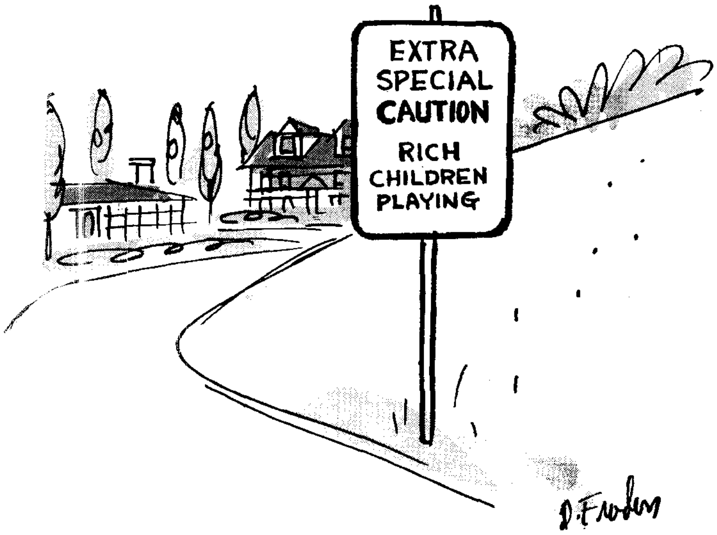
BOOKS

In the Mirrors of History

“Time of Parting” (Morrow) is an extraordinary historical novel by a Bulgarian writer, Anton Donchev. It is full of excitement and lyrical beauty when taken at its face value but is even more stirring and valuable when read with recent events in mind. In the seventeenth century, Bulgaria was a province of the empire of the Ottoman Turks, a political institution ruled by a Byzantine court through a singular bureaucracy staffed very largely by persons of non-Turkish origin. These had either been converted to Islam as adults after having taken prisoner in combat or been captured as children and raised in the Muslim faith to be servants of the state machine. The converts were used to administer and rule the Christian provinces of an empire that was officially Muslim, and part of their function was to bring about the de-Christianization and the Islamization of the subject populations. The members of the bureaucracy who had been converted as adults had in most cases accepted the Muslim faith under duress, having been offered, as captives, the alternative of death. They had in their hearts the undermining knowledge that they had failed in manhood when they were faced with a supreme test, and they also knew that the people who were in their power were aware of this and despised them for it. This gave them a powerful motive for seeing to it that as many people as they could lay their hands on should undergo the same test and fail it as they had done, and made it easy for them to torture and kill those who showed themselves strong and faithful where they had proved weak and faithless. Since the conditions of their own conversion constituted proof to their Turkish masters that they were in the last resort unreliable, no record of loyal service, however long, could establish an unassailable position. A single questionable act would be enough to undo the effect of years of devotion. The tensions generated by the nature of each man's relationship to the machine were heightened by the fact that it was a self-policing organization, in which every man had the duty of spying on every other and of denouncing him when necessary. For an Ottoman bureaucrat to fail to report the shortcomings of a superior or a subordinate would be for him to involve himself in that man's ruin if someone else made a denunciation; consequently he lived in a hell of fear and suspicion, in which the infliction of pain and suffering on others functioned as a soothing drug.

Anton Donchev describes this nightmare world from two points of view: that of a village priest whose flock is undergoing the process of conversion, and that of a Frenchman who has passed through it and entered the Turkish service. The Frenchman, a noble by origin, who was taken while fighting with a French contingent sent to help a Venetian garrison on Crete withstand Turkish attacks, is deep in his post-conversion crisis of self-disgust when the story begins, and a concomitant paralysis of the will makes him a passive spectator of the events that take place. He has been taught Bulgarian, so that the officer to whose service he has been assigned can use him as an interpreter in a district in the Rhodope Mountains. What the Frenchman's boss is to do there is to break, and then to take over from, a Turkish official who has gone soft on Christianity, and, finally, to show results in the way of mass conversions to Islam. Although politics are at issue, Donchev never sinks to the level of simplifications that are concocted to avoid the necessity of thinking, and it is Donchev's strength that he embraces with enthusiasm the contradictions that are an essential part of the human condition. His two principal characters, the Frenchman and the village priest, are borne along by the irresistible pressure of what is essentially the same experience: at the low point of their demoralization both men are given new nerve and courage by witnessing the heroic and futile self-sacrifice of a group of resistants known to history as Manol and his hundred brothers—the priest acquiring the moral strength he needs to make it possible for him to save part of his flock by leading them to conversion and “collaboration,” and the Frenchman learning from it that a man can lose something more precious than his life by compromising with evil, and gaining the courage to go over from the Turks to their Bulgarian enemies. The turning point for the priest comes when he has failed in his function and, under the pretext of going to fetch help for his flock, has simply run away from his responsibilities to them. He stumbles by chance into a mountain village of Bulgarians whose inhabitants were converted a hundred and fifty years earlier, and before he realizes that he is dealing with Muslims he has accepted shelter and a meal, and eaten an apple from an orchard held in common by the family of his Muslim host and their Christian kinsmen living in another village. Some may find the language of his subsequent revelation un-cool and cornily romantic, but it should be remembered that Donchev's literary background is not that of Western mandarin culture. As a Bulgarian, he is about a thousand years closer than the average Western intellectual is likely to be to the verbally transmitted epic poems of a bardic folk culture which were the predecessors of the modern kind of writing that is written to be read. Donchev's natural form of expression consequently owes a great deal to a traditional oral rhetoric, and in his novel, which has been translated by Marguerite Alexieva, the priest makes a song of his discovery:

> And as I grasped the smooth, warm fruit tightly in my hand, it seemed to me that I was grasping the answer to my anxieties and questions. For I had given my promise to my mother with an apple, that I would return to her every autumn. And this apple was not divided, but bound Moslems and Christians together, for they all remained Bulgar-



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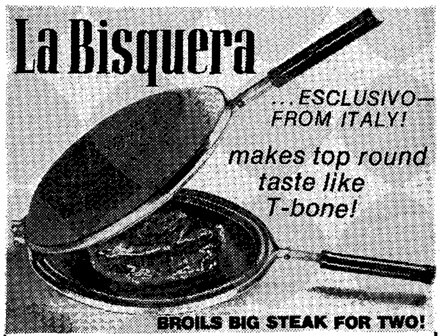

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ians. And [the mountain] remained a Bulgarian mountain....

The mountain was not a courtyard, surrounded by a wall, but a Bulgarian stronghold with nine rows of walls. And by spitting upon the cross men withdrew from the first wall, and retreated. And there was one wall less to the heart of the mountain, but another eight walls were left. And by dying at the first wall, Manol and the others had held back the enemy and showed us how to die, but living defenders also had to be left, so that they would go back and defend the remaining eight walls. And if the first wall was called the Holy Cross, the second one was called the Common Tree, the third—the Common Song, the fourth—the Common Raiment, the fifth—the Common Past, the sixth—the Common Tongue. Yet were not the walls not nine, but a hundred? And in the innermost one, behind one hundred shells, was the kernel... and, no matter how much she was cut, a Bulgarian tree always sprouted from the kernel.

And I remembered the pine trees on the mountain slope opposite the cave, which the autumn was unable to set afire and the trees remained green, until a fire turned them to ashes. I remembered also the trees with the broad leaves, which turned red, but in spring they would put out leaves and be green once more. And if Manol and the others were like pine trees, I would become like a beech-tree. Better that the autumn should turn us red—for after the winter comes the spring—than that the fire should turn us to ashes, for after a fire only grasses grow.

Anyone who concludes from the last of these three remarkable paragraphs that Donchev is a sentimental exile doing a little wishful thinking will be making a mistake. Donchev is a member of the literary establishment of Communist Bulgaria, and this novel won him the Dimitrov Prize, an award that is given not annually by a literary committee but only when a work of outstanding merit wins the approval of the Council of Ministers of the People's Republic of Bulgaria. It is hardly necessary to underline the significance of the fact that the Council of Ministers of a Communist state that once formed a part of the Turkish Empire has put the seal of its official approval on a book in which an explicit equation of conversion and "turning red" appears in conjunction with the use of the metaphor of winter for foreign domination. All that need be said is that readers of Donchev's splendid book will find out from it more about Soviet Russia's Eastern European problems, and about the real feelings of the populations of the satellite countries, than they will from any amount of the stodge produced by the Kremlinologists and the political analysts who bubble away in think tanks. They may also learn something of more immedi-

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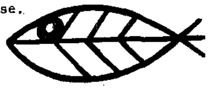

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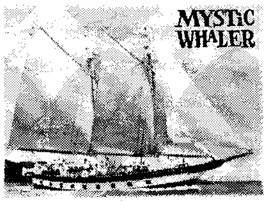

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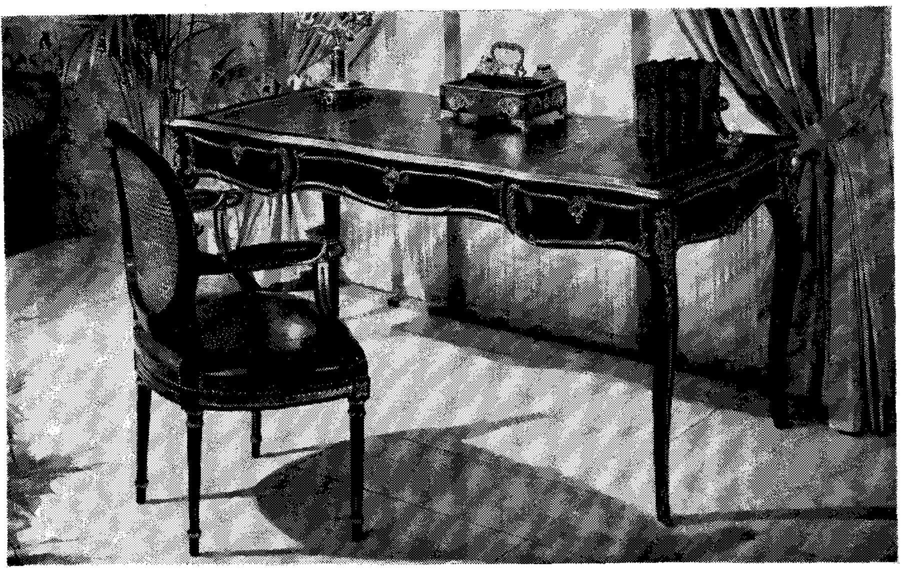
ate reference about the historical perspectives that overwhelmingly powerful nations are always tempted to ignore when dealing with their seemingly impotent small neighbors. The thought is always that the use of their power must produce results within a reasonable period, since men are mortal and should be unwilling to give up their lives for causes manifestly lost. But the experience that Donchev describes, with so much pain and so much pride, lasted from 1389, when, as they say, "all was lost" at the Battle of Kossovo, until 1877, when the Russians broke the Turkish hold on the Balkans once and for all at the Battle of Plevna. When the particular events on which Donchev's story is based were taking place, the Turkish effort to create a safely Muslim Bulgaria had been in progress for two hundred and seventy-nine years, and there were to be two hundred and nine more of the same. That the Russians have launched themselves down a similarly repellent and interminable avenue in committing themselves to the conversion of half a dozen Eastern European nationalities into safely Communist entities is deplorable enough, but who can read Donchev's description of the pain felt by Bulgarian peasants who have been ordered to relocate their villages as, under the eyes of lounging and indifferent Turkish soldiers, they tear down the houses in which their ancestors have lived for generations without recognizing a commonplace of the American operations in Vietnam? And once one has made that recognition, how is one to resist the implications of the strength of Donchev's feelings on this subject? From the way he writes of the incident, it is quite plain that after three hundred years its senseless cruelty angers him as much as if it had happened yesterday. The final force of Donchev's message is not that this road has no end but that those who travel it by choice earn the undying hatred of their victims as their sole reward. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

APOLLO'S SUMMER LOOK, by Kathleen Conlon (Dodd, Mead). During her second long vacation from college, twenty-year-old Rose finds employment as a waitress in a summer resort in the North of England and her dream seducer in Philip, a forty-year-old businessman. Joyfully ridding herself of the albatross of her virginity, she expects the affair to end neatly with the summer. In fact,



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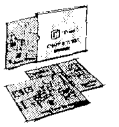

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it is a whole year before Philip's allegiance to wife and sons proves definitively the stronger, and the suffering Rose does some necessary growing up. Plot and characters are maddeningly schematic—gauche young girl of Northern working-class, grammar-school origin meets older man with Home Counties upper-middle-class, public-school veneer—and perhaps intentionally so, since the novel proves youth's callow categories and hollow catchphrases ("living in the present," "no strings") to be inadequate and misleading. The youthful Miss Conlon writes with a certain wisdom.

GENERAL

110 LIVINGSTON STREET: POLITICS AND BUREAUCRACY IN THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, by David Rogers (Random House). A study of the failure of the attempts (1963-68) to persuade the New York City schools to desegregate. The work is enlightening; its information is exasperating. Mr. Rogers, a sociologist, believes that New York's school problems are typical of those of all big cities, and says that he undertook the book to impart "my own sense of urgency" about a school system which, with an "annual expense budget of well over one billion dollars . . . keeps producing more and more welfare clients." The failure to desegregate appears to him to be only one of many failures that compose an immense educational failure. Mr. Rogers is meticulous, and his details of the unresponsiveness of the educational bureaucracy to legitimate pressures from without and within are a depressing accumulation. To be sure, New Yorkers have wanted their educational system to be "above" politics, but to Mr. Rogers the Board of Education, removed from ordinary party politics, has become what he calls a "sick" bureaucracy. His tale describes a familiar, disheartening process: polite, sensible requests for plausible, practical action are ignored or rejected, "and the militants take over by default." He thinks that strong political leadership, such as Mayor Lindsay has tried to give, can help. So can a little aggressive concern on the part of the city's businesses, which employ graduates of the city's schools. So can decentralization. But Mr. Rogers does not foresee any quick improvement in the schools. The problems are too great. His book is not easy or happy reading, but it is important reading.

ISRAEL AND THE ARABS, by Maxime Rodinson, translated from the French by Michael Perl (Pantheon). The author, an anti-Zionist French Jew who is an expert on the Middle East (he is a professor at the Sorbonne), believes that European Jews were not entitled to take territory from Palestinian Arabs. On the other hand, he thinks that it is time the Arab world accepted Israel's existence in return for an understanding that Israelis will be less contemptuous of their neighbors. Professor Rodinson's bias against Israel seems a mite too intense—from a literary, if not from an ideological, point of view—but his recapitulation of modern Middle Eastern history offers a good, clear exposition of problems that beset contemporary Arab societies and governments.

UNDER THE BOARDWALK, by Norman Rosten (Prentice-Hall). Since these are the childhood memoirs of a poet, the expected, damning adjective might be "sensitive." The book is indeed sensitive, but it exercises its sensitivities on the crudities and gaieties of a harsh, lively milieu—Coney Island in the Depression. As an adolescent, the author was forced to confront some coarse realities about sex, death, money, and family tensions. What he learned then he teaches us now, in an accurate, engrossing narrative style.

THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES, by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt (Putnam). Many still shots from, and an excellent short critical and historical account of, every film the Marx Brothers ever made. The book is the work of dedicated Marx fans, and its ideal readers are the nation's equally dedicated Marxists.

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[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

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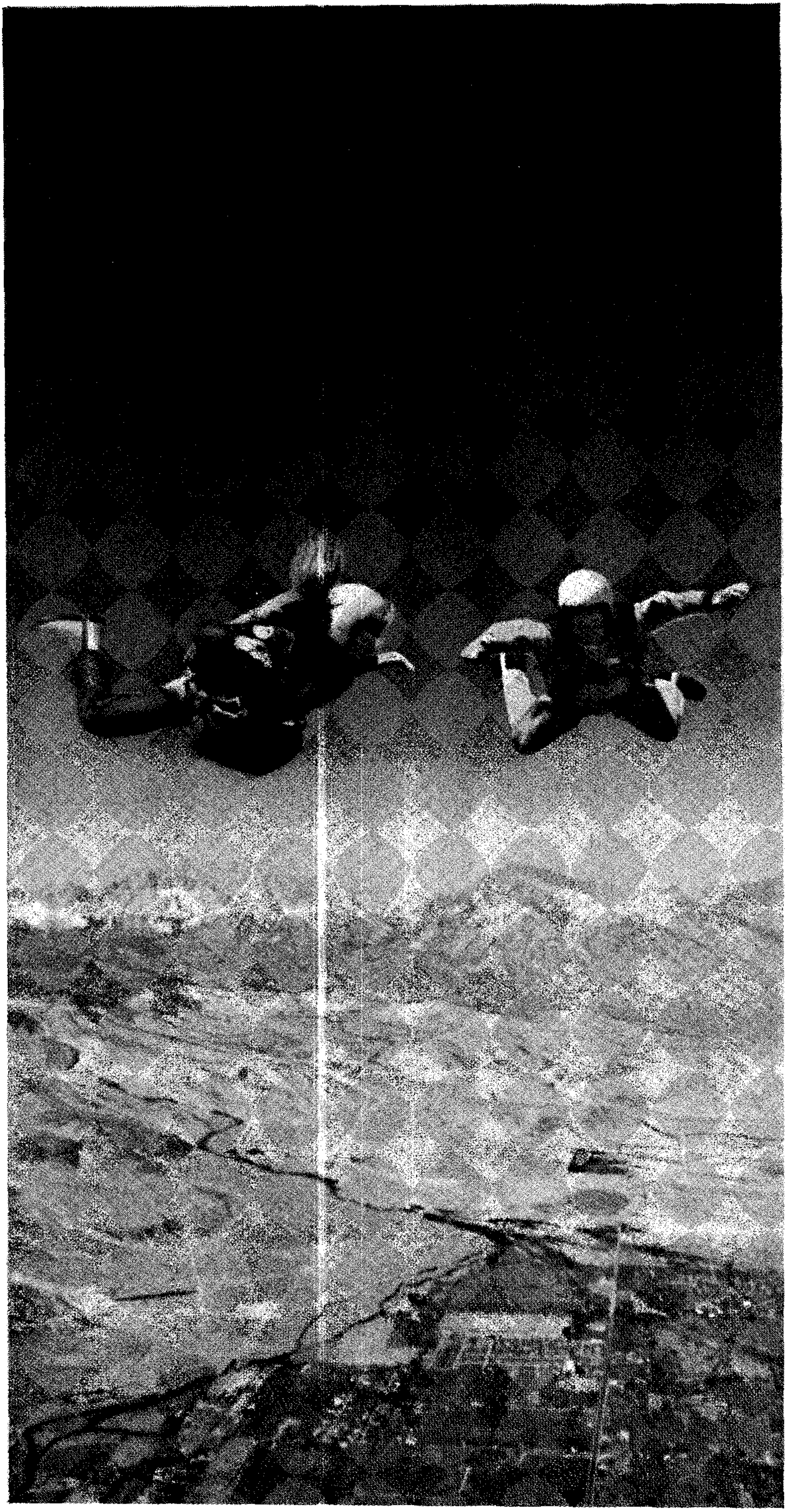

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